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REV. GEORGE BROWN, D.D.









GEORGE BROWN, D.D.

PIONEER-MISSIONARY AND EXPLORER

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

A NARRATIVE OF FORTY-EIGHT YEARS' RESIDENCE  
AND TRAVEL IN SAMOA, NEW BRITAIN, NEW  
IRELAND, NEW GUINEA, AND THE SOLOMON ISLANDS

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAP

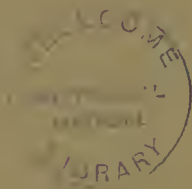
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BZ P (Brown)

"An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told."

*Richard III.*, Act IV., Sc. 4



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TO MY WIFE



## PREFACE

I HAVE written this account of my life very unwillingly, in deference to the oft-repeated wishes of my many friends and of the Conference to which I belong. I have endeavoured, however, to make it in some measure a history of the principal events in the Mission Districts with which I have been more immediately connected. My difficulty has been to condense the account into reasonable limits, and in doing this I have had to omit some details which might not interest the general reader, as well as particulars of the manners and customs, folklore, and other matters of interest to students of anthropology and ethnology. These, however, I hope to be able to give in a separate volume in the not distant future.

Descriptions of several collections and specimens of natural history which I forwarded to England will be found in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London for the years 1877 to 1881.



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(Photo by Mr. H. P. M. Berry.)

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THE EARLY YEARS AND THE CALL



# I

## THE EARLY YEARS AND THE CALL

THE little quiet town of Barnard Castle, in the county of Durham, in which I was born, had been the scene of many stirring events in border history. Many a fierce fight was fought under the walls of the old castle, which still rears its ruined walls far above the rushing Tees at the foot of the cliff on which the castle was built.

As it is the usual thing to say something of a man's ancestry in writing his life, I may state that the oldest member of our family on my father's side that I ever knew was his grandmother, an old lady at Staindrop, a few miles from Barnard Castle. She always declared that she could trace her ancestry in a direct line to Bishop Ridley ; and I may say, in passing, that when I was home in 1886 and visited Staindrop, I inquired of the old parish clerk, and he assured me that the lady was quite correct in her statement. My own grandfathers and grandmothers I never knew.

My father, George Brown, was left an orphan at thirteen, and had ever afterwards to depend entirely on his own exertions. He came to Barnard Castle as an office-boy for a solicitor, and step by step won for himself a very important position in the town and county in which his life was passed. I may be pardoned, perhaps, for giving here a quotation from a memoir published by the Rev. Brooke Herford. He says : " The name of George Brown was not only familiar through all that country side, but was known and regarded with a rare respect throughout Durham and the whole North Riding,

and tenderly beloved by many a little flock of Christian people in those parts. Though he was a Dissenter, and not only a Unitarian but a Unitarian who preached in the little chapel Sunday by Sunday, his townsmen felt that in him they had lost their ablest man; his funeral became spontaneously a public one, and the parish church bells rang muffled peals during the service."

Of his career his biographer says: "He gradually won that singular confidence alike of rich and poor, which was perhaps the most noteworthy thing in his life. And it was not mere respect for his justice and kindness. He became known as a man of wide information and great aptitude in varied kinds of business. His shrewdness and ability in public affairs, his spirit of high, scrupulous, Christian honour, his enthusiasm for every good cause, and his tenacious perseverance in every work he took up, gradually became conspicuous to all; and, though a man of singularly modest and retiring character, he insensibly came, by the simple gravitation of natural ability, to occupy a leading place in every movement affecting the industrial, intellectual, or moral well-being of his town. He originated the *Darlington and Stockton Times*, and was its first editor. He was one of the founders of the Mechanics' Institute, and for some years he was its secretary. He was secretary of the South Durham and Lancashire Union Railway and the Eden Valley Railway, clerk to the Board of Health, and in his later years was 'called' to the Bar in the Middle Temple. His services in that capacity were in constant requisition, and he soon won the reputation of an able and thoroughly upright lawyer, whilst a small handbook which he published on a subject which his railway experience had rendered of special interest to him, *The Law of Common Carriers*, is referred to as an authority. He was a very early riser. In the winter mornings books were his companions. He was, as a friend of his has described him to me, 'a devouring reader'; and he appeared never to forget what he read. In the summer he loved to spend his mornings in the open air,

reading in the woods, cultivating his love of nature and of science. He gained an intimate knowledge of every nook and cranny for many a mile, and became thoroughly skilled in the botany and geology of the whole district. He once gave a course of lectures on the 'Wild Flora' of the district, when he had the flowers collected and arranged on a long table across the room, and beginning at one end, taking up the flowers one by one as he came to them, without a note of writing, and with the whole air of one talking out of the fullness of a mind that knew and loved them thoroughly, he described their structure, the functions of their different parts, and their medicinal or other properties; and then wandered off now and then into beautiful digressions about their associations with poetry and mythology. His solicitude for the poor was evident, and his efforts to ameliorate their condition only ceased with his life. No man in the neighbourhood was so universally consulted; men of every class looked to his calm, thoughtful judgment with singular confidence; and no man was more ready to afford counsel, even, as was often the case, at great personal inconvenience.

"To those who knew him in his beautiful and simple private life he was still more endearing—a man of deep religious and happy piety. It was this religious life, indeed, which was the most interesting feature in his character; but I have dwelt so long upon his career as a worker and citizen, because religion shows the noblest when it appears as the crowning grace and strength of a life manly, capable, and active all round. From youth it was conspicuous in him. He began life as a Methodist, and learned among the associations of Methodism that outspoken piety and love of the Scriptures and prayer which characterised him to the end. He never seemed so happy as when he was conversing on the great themes of God and Providence, of Christ and His holy work, and of the hopes and foreshadowings of the heavenly world. 'At such time,' says one who had spent many an hour with him thus, 'his whole countenance beamed with light



his conversation grew unusually animated, and the utterances of sages, prophets, and poets flowed rapidly from his lips and mingled with his own earnest and impressive words.' His reverence for 'The Book' grew upon him year by year, and he often expressed his indebtedness to it for many of his happiest hours, as well as for support in his sorest trials. But what he loved most of all to dwell upon of late years was the character of Jesus. In his preaching, as well as in private conversation, he seemed never tired of dwelling on the beauty and strengthening power of that marvellous Life; and his services in the little chapel were characterised by an intensely devout and reverential spirit, which those who met with him there will never forget."

I have given these extracts from a memoir prefixed to a volume of sermons entitled *Words from a Layman's Ministry*, the second edition of which is now out of print. The Rev. J. J. Taylor, B.A., wrote the preface to the first edition, the Rev. Brooke Herford, now of Boston, wrote the memoir, and James Heywood, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., the preface to the second edition.

My father, so far as I remember, like the late Rev. Dr. Martineau, never considered himself a Unitarian in the generally accepted meaning of the term. His opinions were those which find their noblest expression in the works of Channing and Martineau; but there is little of them to be seen in the sermons which are published, most, if not all, of which might be preached in any Methodist pulpit to-day. When I was home I found that a church called the "Brown Memorial Church" had been erected by the people to whom he gratuitously gave the best years of his life. I preached in our own Methodist church in the morning, and many of those who were present attended the service which I conducted in the memorial church at night.

Of my mother I have no recollections. She died when I was five years of age. Her father, Mr. William Dixon, was one of the first and best known members of our Church

in Barnard Castle. For many years he was class leader and local preacher, and his grandchildren still occupy prominent positions in the ranks of our Church workers. He gave one daughter, Mrs. Buddle, wife of the late Rev. Thomas Buddle of New Zealand, to the Mission work, which he dearly loved.

I was born on December 7, 1835. I have been told that I was a very quiet boy ; but amongst my earliest recollections is one of fiercely attacking a boy who had jeered at my elder brother on account of a slight deformity, and so excited my anger. I may have been good when I was little, and of course I believe the good people who have testified to the fact ; but I have no recollections myself of being what may be called a moral boy as I grew up. I had what used to be reckoned in that little town a good education, in a small private school, but I am sure it would be considered wretchedly bad in these days. The old master had a fad about some new method of parsing, and we boys were quick enough to see that so long as we were up in this we could pretty well do what we liked as regards other branches of education. I left school knowing very little indeed except about parsing, all of which I have long since forgotten.

My first entrance into business life was as an assistant in Dr. C.'s surgery ; but after nearly blowing up the establishment in trying to make hydrogen gas, and afterwards in preparing some phosphorus fire-bottles, which created a sensation in the streets, it was considered that I had no special gifts for the medical profession. Just about that time the Asiatic cholera was raging in Barnard Castle. I was attacked by the disease, and had a very narrow escape from death.

On leaving home I was employed in a large chemist's and bonded store at Sunderland, but failed again to manifest any special aptitude for the business. I was then apprenticed to a draper in Hartlepool. In this situation I was often employed in matters which were not at all connected with the drapery business proper. We did a great deal of business with the captains of foreign ships which came to Hartlepool for coals.

These men often brought over cigars, tobacco, and other dutiable goods, which were landed as the opportunity offered without the knowledge of the Customs authorities, and without paying the proper dues to Her Majesty's Government. These men then purchased from us large quantities of mole-skin and print goods, which they managed to smuggle into their own country on their return. They often needed help in landing the goods they brought to England, and the packages which they bought from us had to be conveyed on board at night, after the crew had gone to sleep. My employer seems to have found out that this occupation was far more congenial to me than standing behind a counter, and I was generally selected when any assistance was necessary. I do not think it would be at all profitable for me to give in detail the transactions in which I took part in those days.

It may be that this kind of life had some effect in confirming my desire to go to sea; at any rate I felt very strongly the desire to go, and at last determined to do so. It was somewhat difficult, as I was properly indentured, and so must be prepared to take the consequences of being caught and brought back again. Unfortunately, also, I had little or no spare cash. At Christmas time, however, in 1851, I determined to make a start, and left Hartlepool in company with my employer, who was under the delusion that I was about to visit my people at home. He, I imagine, was very much surprised when I did not return, and I know that he was specially annoyed with me because I had borrowed ten shillings from him, to pay my passage to London, and had got him to call me early in the morning when we both left. I went to Newcastle, and took a steerage passage in the *City of Hamburg* to London. On our way we encountered one of the fiercest gales that had been known for many years; we were in imminent danger of foundering, and at least six vessels were known to have gone down with all hands in near proximity to us. We managed, however, to get back to Lowestoft Roads, when the weather moderated. We continued our way to

London, passing large quantities of wreckage on our way. I landed in London with no money, and only the clothes that I had on me when I left Hartlepool. I stayed for two or three days on board a ship with some lads who had come from Newcastle to join her, and whose acquaintance I had made on the voyage. Day after day I tried to find employment ; but I suppose my clothes showed that I had never been to sea, and men were not anxious for the job of breaking in a new hand.

One day, however, I met a captain who asked me for my qualifications ; but he did not seem to be very much impressed by my account of them. At last he asked me if I could cook, and in desperation I answered, "Yes." "All right," he said, "turn to"; and so I went on board a smart schooner called the *Savage*, belonging to Penzance. She was one of the clipper schooners that were engaged in those days in bringing fruit from the Azores. I remember well the dinner that I had to cook that day—roast beef, cabbage, and potatoes. I put the lot on together, but soon found that the cabbage was cooked long before the beef. So I took it off, and stood it aside until the beef was done, and then warmed it up again. It did not improve the cabbage, and the captain and crew vented their wrath upon the greengrocer who had supplied it. Next day I knew better, and the greengrocer was re-established in the captain's good graces. On Saturday evening the captain gave his orders for Sunday's dinner, and said: "Boy, you make us a good 'plum-duff' for to-morrow's dinner." "All right, sir," I replied ; but I could not then face the job of making plum duff, and so on Saturday night I cleared. What they had for dinner on Sunday I do not know.

I next shipped on board a nice barque called the *Alice*, bound for Algoa Bay, but not this time as cook. I left that to another and more qualified individual. Just before we signed articles I had come back from the City, when the other boy handed me a card, saying : "There is a longshore cove looking for you, and he says if you do not go up to his house to-morrow



morning he will send the police down after you." I took the card, and found it was from Messrs. E—— & K——, solicitors, Bloomsbury Square; and I knew at once that my father's London agents had found where I was. Next day I went up, and was shown into the office; but Mr. E—— was engaged, and I had to wait. One of the clerks leant over his desk, and asked if I was Mr. Brown's son, of Barnard Castle; and when he found that this was the case, he and his fellow-clerks began to indulge in what is generally known as chaffing. I was confidently assured that I should be sent to prison, and would have to endure some other preliminary punishments. They succeeded in making me pretty angry, which was just what they intended to do. They were safe behind the partition which separated them from the general office, and I was in the full swing of giving them my opinion of their conduct, and inviting them to come out of the office one by one that I might impress it more strongly upon them, when the door opened, and they subsided at once into apparently hard-working and attentive clerks. Mr. E—— told me that I must go back home; but I told him that it was no use my doing so, that I had determined to go to sea, and that I was quite sure it was the best plan for me, and would give the least trouble to my father. It ended in my being supplied with a little cash to purchase a suitable outfit, with my father's reluctant consent for me to go. A day or two afterwards I received a letter from my uncle in Sunderland, saying that if I was determined to go he would find a ship for me under the command of one of his own friends; and so a few weeks afterwards I left London in midwinter on board a large East Indiaman called the *Santipore*, Captain L——, chartered by Her Majesty's Government as a troop-ship.

We had a very long and stormy passage on this my first voyage. I had no favour shown, and had to do my full share of work in all weathers. We had new sails, and there were no double topsails in those days. I well remember being up with others on the topsail yard for hours as we vainly



tried to handle a new sail frozen and stiff until it was almost as hard as a board, as we tried to reef it in some of the fierce gales that were blowing. If anything would have disgusted a lad with the sea, that voyage from London to Cork would certainly have done so. At Queenstown we took on board a regiment for Corfu, which was then a British protectorate. From Corfu we moved another regiment to Malta, and whilst in that part I saw a very grand sight. The Mediterranean fleet were all assembled there under Admiral Dundas, who had his flag on board the *Britannia*. They were waiting for orders from England, and whilst we were there the Admiral received instructions to take up a station at the Dardanelles, which was one of the first acts prior to the declaration of the Crimean war. I think there were no ironclads in those days, and I shall never forget the sight of such a large number of wooden walls of England as were gathered together in that port.

From Malta we shifted another regiment to Gibraltar, and then took on board the 26th Cameronians for North America. We had a good passage across, and landed all in safety at Quebec. On the day on which the troops landed there, an event took place which I believe altered the whole course of my life. We were breaking out the lower hold, to get some of the cargo which was to be landed with the troops. I was sent up from the 'tween decks to get a light, and whilst I was away the ladder had been taken away from the chocks of the lower deck, and stood upon one of the hatches. The consequence was that as soon as I stepped on the ladder it slipped away at the bottom, fell down the hold, and carried me with it. I fortunately fell across the combings of the 'tween-deck hatch, and so escaped death; but my leg was broken in two places, and I had to be taken ashore at once to the hospital. The vessel sailed without me, and poor Captain L——, I believe, was lost on his next voyage, with all hands. Had it not been for the accident at Quebec, I should in all probability have been amongst the number. I

lay for many weeks in the hospital, and I shall always remember with gratitude the care and attention that I received there. I still remember making an impression upon one of the young medical students which I am sure he remembered for a long time. I had a machine fixed to my leg to draw and keep the bones apart, and occasionally one of the surgeons had to tighten this, which, of course, gave me very great pain. One day, however, the doctors came, examined the leg, and found everything satisfactory. But after they left one of the students decided to practise a little on his own account, and took hold of the key to tighten the machine up another cog. This I did not approve of, as the doctors had not themselves ordered it, and I manifested my disapproval by shooting out the leg that was well full into the young man's stomach with such force that he was nearly sent on to a bed on the opposite side of the room. He turned quite pale, and passed on after the staff; and I noticed afterwards that he generally gave my bed a wide berth. He most certainly never again attempted to give me a taste of the rack!

I felt very sad indeed when I left the Marine Hospital at Quebec. I decided to go off into the backwoods if I could, and my first stay was at Montreal. As soon as I got there I went, of course, to the barracks, to see the men whom we had brought over. They were delighted to meet one of the *Santipore* lads again, and I was at once taken into the barracks, and kept there until I was strong enough to leave. No men could have been kinder than these men were to me. They shared their rations with me, and always managed to find a bed for me somewhere; and though my being there was quite against the rules, the officers inspecting at night seemed always to take care not to look in the direction where I was placed. It was just at this time that what are known as the Gavazzi Riots took place. Father Gavazzi had been preaching against Romanism in Montreal, and this had caused some rioting. The 26th had been called out to suppress the rioters, and on

one occasion the Mayor gave orders to fire. The men elevated their muskets as far as possible before firing, but some people on the top of the hill unfortunately were hit, and there was much bad feeling excited.

After leaving Montreal I managed to work my way up on to the Lakes, most of my time being spent on the deck of a cargo steamer called the *Reindeer*. For such an old tub as she was they could not have selected a more inappropriate name. I have a very distinct recollection of sleeping for many nights on a lot of nail kegs which formed part of the cargo on deck, and many times I had to get up to turn over a keg from which the nails were projecting. However, she carried us safely up the St. Lawrence, through the canals, over Lake Ontario and Lake Erie; and finally I landed at a port some distance from New London, in Ontario West. Finding my way to New London, I found some relatives there, by whom I was kindly received. Mr. D—— and his wife, who was my mother's eldest sister, had lived there for some time, and through their influence I obtained a situation in a large general store. New London at that time was a very small place, and the district round was most of it still in a state of nature. The farmers, with whom our business was principally done, depended on the winter months for getting their supplies out to their farms, for there were few made roads in those days, and it was only when the snow had levelled up the ground that they were able to get their goods out. During my stay in this place I had one very narrow escape, and learned a lesson which I think I have never forgotten. In the store in which I was employed there was another young man called Edwin S——, who had been there much longer than I had. My education, however, was somewhat better than his, and I was rapidly advanced to occupy positions to which he thought himself fully entitled. In addition to this there were some other reasons which made him very angry with me. The consequence was that, like foolish young men, we were often

quarrelling. He was much stronger than I with his hands, but I had the advantage over him when it came to the use of hard words. One day I angered him so much that he came to strike me, and I, in a furious rage, seized hold of a large knife, and threatened to kill him. A few days after this we both went out shooting pigeons one morning before breakfast, and were in a lonely place about six miles from the town. We only had one gun, and he, after firing it, gave it to me to shoot. I had loaded the gun, and took aim at a flock of pigeons, but thinking they were out of range I dropped the piece across my elbow, and was putting the hammer down when it slipped from my finger and exploded the charge, which passed within a few inches of my companion's head. Had he been killed I cannot see how I could possibly have escaped. It was known that I had displaced him from his position, that we were constantly quarrelling, that I had threatened to kill him only a day or two before, and that a boyish love affair had increased the bad feeling between us. It would have been very difficult indeed to prove that he had been killed accidentally. We were both very much upset, and no more shooting was done by us that day.

I might have done very well indeed in this position. The gentleman I was with pleaded hard with me to stay with him, and promised that if I would remain twelve months he would set me up in business in the rising town of Goderich, on Lake Michigan; but I felt drawn strongly towards England, and finally decided to return. I could not possibly give any good reasons then for that wish, but I have done so many times since God sent me to the Mission field. I have often felt the truth of Bushnell's words, that every man's life is a plan of God, and I feel certain that He brought me back from Canada to carry out in me His Own loving purposes.

I had a rough experience going home. When I reached Quebec I found that men were very much needed, as there were many ships lying there whose crews had deserted them. I thought it better, therefore, to go home before the mast



rather than pay for my passage, and so shipped as ordinary seaman on board a barque called the *Olive*, of Gloucester. I selected this vessel because I thought she would make the longest passage of any vessel in port; and as the wages were good, the longer the passage the more money there would be to draw. However, she disappointed us all in that respect, for we had strong westerly gales nearly all the way across the Atlantic. We had a large deck cargo, which soon shifted in the heavy gales. The vessel shipped large quantities of water, and we did little or nothing but man the pumps the whole of every watch. The crew consisted of a set of the biggest ruffians I have ever sailed with. They were what are called "runners," and came from New York to Quebec simply to get ships to take them home. Mine was the only chest in the fore-castle; all the rest had what is commonly known as "a stocking full" of clothes each. The captain was armed, and I think had to keep his cabin door secured every night. We were glad enough to know one evening that the captain expected to make the land early in the morning. It was my morning lookout watch, and when I was relieved at eight bells (4 a.m.) I told the man whose watch it was that the orders were to keep a sharp lookout for land. He appeared to be very sleepy. I did what I could to rouse him up, but he was always a useless, careless fellow. Going to my berth, I laid down without undressing, as I felt restless, and my mind was very busy thinking of the home and friends I had left some five years before. In about an hour I heard a great noise on deck, and all hands were called. I was one of the first out, and, to my amazement and horror, I found that we were almost ashore on the west side of Lundy Island in the Bristol Channel. Fortunately for us, there was a strong ebb tide, which took us out of danger, but no ship, I think, ever had a narrower escape. There is a good lighthouse on the island, but we had run almost against the inaccessible cliffs at the rate of about six knots an hour against a strong tide. In a few minutes longer we should have struck the rocks

and drifted off immediately down channel, and in all probability every one of the crew would have been drowned, or crushed to death by the floating logs. There were men on board who had lived a life-time at sea, but were so impressed that morning that, with a sailor's superstition, they refused all offers to ship again in any vessel bound for Bristol.

I was glad to get ashore, and as soon as we were paid off I started for my old home in the north. I could not, however, settle down in England, much to my father's sorrow. I had the choice of several situations, either in one of my father's offices, or in other establishments to which I could readily have gone through his influence; but I felt very unwilling to accept any of them. It was a source of wonder to many why I persisted in my wish to go abroad again, and I myself could at that time give no satisfactory reason for it. I can, however, do so now, as I firmly believe in the guiding hand of God. He had something for me to do, though I knew it not, and He was leading me by a hand which I did not see. I decided to go to New Zealand, I think simply because it was the farthest place from England. I would as readily have decided to go to Central Africa if there had been any chance of getting there. My father at last consented, making it a condition, however, that I should go as a passenger and not as a sailor.

I left London in the ship *Duke of Portland*, in March 1855. Amongst our passengers were Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, Rev. J. C. Patteson, afterwards Bishop of Melanesia, and Rev. — Carter, another of Bishop Selwyn's clergymen. I have none but pleasant memories of that voyage, though life on board an emigrant ship, especially if you were not a saloon passenger, was very different indeed to what it is in these days; but I was young then, and cared little for what are called the inconveniences of ship-life. During the voyage I joined a Bible Class conducted by Mr. Patteson, and though I cannot remember receiving any great spiritual benefit at that time, I have always been thankful to God that I was



brought into such close connection with one of the grandest and best men I have ever known. Bishop Selwyn conducted a class for learning Maori, which I also joined, and some of the lessons he gave us then in the proper pronounciation of native names I have never forgotten.

We landed in Auckland, and, after making inquiries, a young companion of mine and I started for Onehunga, where I was told my uncle and aunt, the Rev. T. and Mrs. Buddle, were living. I well remember one incident of that walk. When I was leaving England, my father begged of me to give up the bad habit of smoking, which I had contracted at sea. I said then that I was afraid to promise to do so on the voyage, but that I would do my best if spared to reach New Zealand. On our way I found that I had neglected to bring tobacco, etc., on shore. I purchased some as we were going up the street, and smoked as we went along. When about half-way to Onehunga I was going to smoke again, but just then I remembered the promise I had given my father, and I threw pipe and tobacco over the hedge, and decided at once to give it up.

I had a kind and loving welcome from all at the Parsonage, and it would be simply impossible for me to state all that I owe to the good man and his loving wife who took such an interest as they did in the friendless lad from the old home. I soon found a situation in town, but the home at Onehunga was always my home. Every holiday was spent there, and invariably I stayed there from Saturday till Monday each week. The influence of that Christian home caused me to feel that there was something wanting in my life, and, under God, I attribute my conversion to the good impressions received there. I was not preached to except by the powerful influence of Christly lives. Day by day I realised more and more that there were higher things than I had dreamed of, that the life I had lived was very far from that which I ought to live. I realised with a great sorrow the imperfections and sinfulness of my life. Every week I experienced the power of sermons which were never spoken or preached at me. In a short time I felt con-

strained to meet in class. My first class-leader was the late Rev. J. H. Fletcher, afterwards Principal of Newington College, Stanmore, but then Principal and Headmaster of Wesley College, Auckland. I have never forgotten some of our meetings in that old college. The class was composed principally of young men, and I have never met with any man better qualified to deal with young men than my old leader, whose memory I revere and love. It is a great pleasure now, in the latter years of my life, to think of those days in Auckland; and I often wonder how it is that the Church-life of to-day seems so different to what it was then. I well remember some years ago, in Sydney, hearing Mr. Fletcher say that he had never known such prayer-meetings and such week-night meetings as were held in the old High Street Church in Auckland. We young men never dreamed of staying away from the Monday prayer-meeting, and the large schoolroom at the back of the church was always well filled with an earnest and devout congregation. Often, too, the congregation at the week-night service was almost as large as that which gathered in the big church on the Sunday. The names of the Revs. R. B. Lyth, John Whiteley, J. H. Fletcher, Alexander Reid, and Isaac Harding are always associated in my mind with those services, which I so valued and loved.

I cannot call to mind any particular day on which I first realised the pardoning love of God. I had long experienced the throbbings of a new life, new thoughts, new desires, and a new purpose in life; and at some special services held in Auckland, when the Rev. J. Whiteley was in that circuit, I fully realised my acceptance through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and determined to live in accordance with His will, and to labour for His sake, that some might be the better for my life. I became associated with the Young Men's Christian Association, and afterwards became a local preacher in the Auckland circuit. In the year 1859 the Rev. Isaac Harding, who was at that time the superintendent of the Auckland circuit, spoke very earnestly to me about offering for the regular work of the ministry. Living as I was in the family of one of the old New Zealand

missionaries, and being associated continually with one of the grandest missionaries that God ever gave to our Fiji mission, the Rev. R. B. Lyth, I had often thought of devoting my life to mission work. Mr. Lyth had often expressed a strong desire that I should go to Fiji to engage in the work which he loved so well. When Mr. Harding spoke to me, I told him that I was willing to offer myself exclusively for foreign mission work, and that, if accepted, my desire was to go to Fiji.

I cannot give the account of the quarterly meeting at which I was recommended as a candidate better than by telling the story as told by Mr. Harding, at a Sydney conference many years afterwards, when I had returned from the New Britain mission. He said at that meeting: "Mr. President, I claim the privilege of saying a few words on this occasion" (the annual missionary meeting), "because I think that I have done something for mission-work in my lifetime. I well remember that many years ago I had a great fight with a quarterly meeting in another colony. My work, sir, was to convince that quarterly meeting that my young friend, sitting over in the corner there" (pointing to me) "was fit to be a missionary. They said he was not: I said he was; and so we discussed the point. I only succeeded in obtaining the recommendation of that quarterly meeting by a very small majority. Mr. President, do you know what was the objection which they persistently urged against my nomination? They had no objection against his character, or against his ability as a preacher; but I will give you, in their own words, the objection which they persistently urged. They said: 'Mr. Harding, he is a good young man, but he is such a meek, mild, young lady-like person that we are sure he has no spirit whatever that would make a missionary. He is utterly devoid, sir, of any self-assertion, and we, therefore, do not think that he is fit for the mission-work.'" I need not say that when Father Harding gave that speech there was some laughter in old York Street Church; but I myself have always thought that the members of the Auckland quarterly meeting were very good judges of character.

I was accepted at the conference of 1860, being first appointed to Fiji, as I wished ; but this was changed during the conference to Samoa, as another missionary had arrived from England, and it was thought better that he should go on by the first vessel, whilst I could wait until the second voyage in the end of the year.

As soon as I received notice in Auckland of my appointment I began to make preparations for my work. One of the most important was that of securing a suitable helpmeet in the great work to which I was appointed. This necessitated a visit to the mission-station at Waingaroa, where the young lady was living whom I had long thought to be best qualified for that position. There were no railways or coaches in that part of New Zealand in those days, and so I had to make a long journey of five or six days along the west coast before I arrived at my destination. I was naturally somewhat anxious to get there, and on the last day I pushed ahead as long as I could, and arrived on the shores of Waingaroa harbour some time after sunset. There was no boat available, and the distance was certainly too far for any one to attempt to swim ; and so I had to camp down on the sandy beach almost in sight of the mission-station. My poor pony shared with his rider the misery of nothing to eat. The mosquitoes, however, evidently considered that there was a good feed for them, and in order to disappoint them I had to dig with my hands a deep hole in the sand, put my saddle in it, and then lie down myself and cover every part of my body except my head with sand, whilst the poor horse stood patiently by trying to eat the tough bush which grew on the beach. However, the longest night passes, and at early dawn I managed to get a native canoe, which landed me at the mission-station. Here I was fortunate enough to succeed in the important matter for which the journey was made, and I then prepared to return to Auckland, intending to come back in a few weeks to be married. Just, however, as I was strating, a native messenger came from the Rev. T. Buddle, the Chairman of the District, informing



me of the date on which I was to arrive in Sydney, which was much earlier than we had expected. It was very clear that there was no time to return to Auckland, and so preparations had to be made for our marriage at once.

I could give, I think, an interesting account of the troubles I had to get a licence from a magistrate living in a wild, out-of-the-way place in the bush, and in inducing a gentleman, who was also intending to be married, to let me have the ring which he had provided for his own expected wife, but this is not necessary. Let it suffice to say that on August 2, 1860, I was married to Miss S. L. Wallis, the second daughter of the veteran missionary, the Rev. James Wallis, of Waingaroa. In this instance the statement that, "Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord," received a good illustration.

Our honeymoon was as different from the ordinary one in these days, in some respects, as it is possible to imagine. We had to swim two horses across the Waingaroa harbour the evening before we started. Then on the next morning we all crossed in canoes. The horses were saddled, and in a short time my dear wife's friends said good-bye to her for many long years, and we, accompanied and blessed by many prayers, began our long overland journey to Auckland. Our party consisted of a young brother of my wife and two Maori lads. My wife rode one horse, and the other one carried a large number of bundles, parcels, and boxes, which were all thought to be absolutely necessary, but many of which I often fervently wished had been sunk in the harbour before we started.

I sometimes think I could write a book about that journey. We travelled over a small narrow bush track, which led us along the sea coast, with long divergences round the head of some immense swamp; and then again through some portions of dense bush, along which some large mobs of cattle had been driven a few days previously. In some parts of this vile road the mud was almost up to our knees, especially where some great root crossed the track. These roots were often completely hidden from us by the mud, and only became

apparent as we tripped or fell over them, and "fetched up" on our hands and knees in a deep pool of liquid mud. We had to camp out to leeward of a flax bush, or in some dirty native house, each of the six nights we took on the journey; and I need hardly say that the flax bush was by far the cleaner and more comfortable place. When we reached Waikato Heads I got a canoe, and proceeded to swim one of the horses across this wide deep-sea harbour. All went well until we got about half way across, when the brute refused to swim another stroke. I had her head up on the canoe, and I let her go once or twice, just that she might experience the sensation of drowning; but she had evidently made up her mind to drown rather than to swim. So I had to haul her head on board again, and the natives who were pulling the canoe had to drag her all the rest of the way. She was a valuable mare, worth in those days about £100, but during that long pull I often wished that I was a rich man, and could have let her go, for she was only shamming after all. When at last I saw the bottom, I did let her go, and she sank very quietly until her feet touched the bottom, when she decided to live a little longer, and so swam to the beach, from which she quietly regarded us with great satisfaction. I returned to the other side in the canoe, but we decided not to risk the other horse. So when we had all crossed the harbour we packed the impedimenta on the one horse, and all walked the rest of the way.

Our last night out on the west coast was by far the worst, as a very furious gale, accompanied with heavy, driving rain, blew down our little shelter tent, and drenched us most pitilessly, long before daylight. But space will not permit my telling the whole story of the memorable journey. It may have been an appropriate introduction to the life my wife and I were to live, but it was certainly not a pleasant picnic, when considered from one side only. Going and returning, however, it was the best journey I have ever made, and, with the exception of the time I spent in the canoe at Waikato Heads, I was happy all the time. We received great kindness from the Maoris along the way, and,



in fact, the only lack of hospitality we experienced was when we took shelter in an old deserted Maori whare, and were at once attacked by thousands of fleas, that absolutely compelled us to stand shivering on the hill top, turning our backs to the pitiless driving rain, against which it was not possible to proceed. However, we got home at last, and were received most lovingly at Onehunga by those who, ever since my arrival at New Zealand, had been to me, not uncle, aunt, and cousins, but father, mother, sisters, and brothers, and who now rejoiced greatly that the sailor lad whom they had received so kindly some years ago had been called to the work in which their own life had been lived, and that he was being accompanied to his life-work by the daughter of one of their oldest friends and fellow-labourers.

We left Auckland in the steamer *Prince Alfred*, on Tuesday, September 4, 1860, and had a quick (for those days) though stormy run to Sydney of five days and five hours. I had been reading the beautiful memoir of Richard Williams, one of the missionary heroes of Captain Allan Gardiner's unfortunate mission to Tierra del Fuego, and had laid the book on one of the skylights. I saw a gentleman, Captain Cellum, take it up, and read a little, and then begin to speak about it to his wife. On my offering to lend him the book, he told me that he was chief officer of the *Ocean Queen*, the vessel which conveyed the party to Tierra del Fuego. He gave us a very interesting account of the mission band, and was specially loud in his praise of Dr. Williams. It will be remembered by those who have read the pathetic story of the death from starvation of every member of the party, how they went to those inhospitable regions with an utterly inadequate supply of provisions, depending for their subsistence on fish which they were not able to catch, and on birds which they had no ammunition to shoot. Captain Cellum asked me if there was any mention in the book of the loss of their powder, and was much distressed when I told him how fatal that loss had proved. He told me that when the vessel arrived at San Francisco he was breaking out stores in

one of the stern lockers, and to his surprise and dismay he discovered the powder which ought to have been sent ashore at Tierra del Fuego. I have always regarded the memoir of Richard Williams as one of the best books I have ever read, and have wondered how we, as Methodists, know so little of one of the holiest and most devoted missionaries that ever went to preach to the heathen. Dr. Williams was a medical man, who had established a most lucrative practice in England. He was local preacher and class-leader, and though he joined the Mission which was organised by a member of the Church of England, he remained an earnest and devoted member of our Church to the time of his death. His memoir ought to be in every Sunday School library.

We were kindly received in Sydney, and were much encouraged when we heard ourselves often commended to God in the prayers of our many kind friends. I was ordained by Revs. J. Eggleston (president), S. Rabone, S. Ironside, and T. Adams, in the York Street Church, on Wednesday, September 19; and on the following Wednesday, September 26, we sailed in the *John Wesley* for our appointment, and arrived in Tonga on October 18. The brethren there told me that they had decided to keep us in the Friendly Islands, instead of going to Samoa, and they wished me to consent to this arrangement. I told them, however, that I could do nothing to interfere with my Conference appointment, and that if they thought that a change should be made, the chairman himself must take the responsibility of making it. The end of the matter was that we went on to our own appointment, and arrived at Samoa on October 30.

It may, I think, be interesting in these days of steam communication to realise how different the conditions were in those early days. The captain of the *John Wesley* would not approach the Samoa Islands within five or six miles, and it took several hours' hard pulling in the boats after the vessel had been sighted before any one could get on board. In our case Mr. Dyson did not reach the vessel until nearly dark, and then we and all our

goods and chattels were put into the boats far out at sea. We did not reach the shore until about three o'clock in the morning, after the crew had been pulling nearly all night in heavily laden boats and having had to come through a passage which was very seldom smooth, and often a very dangerous one. As soon as we were clear of the ship, the vessel was on her way back to Tonga.



SAMOA





## II

### SAMOA

THE first Samoan Methodists of whom we have any account were some natives of Savaii, who visited Tonga in 1828-9, and during their stay there abandoned heathenism and publicly professed Christianity. Many other Samoans, who in those days were constantly visiting the Friendly Islands, had joined them. These returned to their own land, and the work gradually spread, until, when Rev. P. Turner, the first Wesleyan minister and the first resident white missionary, landed there in 1835, he found at least 2,000 people on Savaii and Upolu who were professed adherents of the Methodist Church. On his first journey this number was increased by about 2,000 more people. When our missionaries were compelled, by orders from the Missionary Committee in London, to leave the group in 1839, there were at least 13,000 adherents, of whom 3,000 were Church members, with 6,000 adults and children attending the schools.

I do not think it necessary here to enter into details of the dispute (now, I trust, amicably settled) between the Directors of a sister Society and our own Australasian Conference with regard to the resumption of our Mission in 1857. Of the justice of that action I have never had any doubts, though I have always felt that the question as to whether it was expedient to resume the Mission after the lapse of so many years might at one time have been fairly questioned. On calmly considering the matter, however, when far away from the turmoil of controversy, I feel constrained to say that, in my

opinion, the action taken by our Conference towards our own people in Samoa has been, and still is, a benefit to the sister Society. The Samoans are in some respects a fickle race, and are easily induced under some feeling of irritation or annoyance to take a certain course of action of which in their cooler moments they may disapprove, but from which their pride will prevent them withdrawing. The different sects which have taken root in Samoa abundantly prove that it was not possible for any one branch of the Church of Christ to unite the whole people; and the greatest hindrance to the spread of Roman Catholicism, Mormonism, Seventh-Day Adventism, etc., in Samoa at the present time, is the fact that two of the recognised Evangelical Churches are in the group. The controversy, which is now, I repeat, happily ended, was to us who were in the field at one time a very painful one, but the position which I took up was that I was sent to Samoa by the Conference to take charge of our people in that group, and that it was my duty to be a loyal servant to the Conference; and this, I am thankful to say, I was able to do without lessening in any degree the hearty and sincere personal friendship which existed between the missionaries of the sister Society and ourselves.

My Circuit consisted of the whole of the large island of Savaii. I have had a pretty extensive knowledge of the Pacific, and I can safely say that, in my opinion, the boating around the Samoan group is as rough, to say the least of it, as in any other part; that the coast contains fewer landing-places to the mile than any of the islands that I have visited; and that the openings through the reef are the most dangerous of any that I have ever passed through. The circumference of the island, following the coast line, as we had to do, is between 200 and 300 miles, and there are several stretches of coast from 20 to 30 miles in length on which no landing whatever is possible; so that once we left the reef for the open sea the boat was all that we had to trust to. Each visitation of my Circuit involved a continuous absence from home of from five to six weeks. Each District consists of a number of villages, to each of which



MISSION HOUSE AT SATUPAITEA SAMOA.



a teacher is appointed, one of whom is in the position of catechist. They are, in fact, small Circuits, of which the catechist is superintendent. Once a year, or oftener if necessary, these teachers and catechists gather to meet the missionary, either at the home station or at some other appointed place, for consultation and the consideration of any cases of discipline affecting them or their position. At another time a large general meeting of the missionaries, native ministers, catechists, and teachers of both Circuits is held, at which meeting cases of discipline and matters of policy and administration affecting the district as a whole are dealt with.

The principal work in which I was engaged, apart from my regular ordinary work, was that of training the most promising of our young men in a large school at Satupaitea, where I lived. These young men were brought from all the different sections of the Circuit, and were educated by that grand old native minister, Barnabas Ahogalu, and myself, until they were deemed advanced enough to be drafted off to our Training Institution at Lufilufi, on Upolu.

It may be owing to the fact that Samoa was my first mission station, or that I was received with such kindness by the people, that I have always considered the Samoans to be amongst the nicest and most lovable people with whom I have ever lived. I may say, without egotism, that I was very popular with the people, and I always feel very thankful that I still retain their confidence and love. Amongst the causes of my kindly treatment by the Samoans was the fact that I readily acquired sufficient of their language to speak and preach to them. I gave myself absolutely to the task of learning the language; and as the plans I adopted may be of some use to others, I will give them briefly. I determined, in the first instance, never to speak a word in English that I could possibly speak in Samoan. I took the Samoan Bible and committed to memory many of the passages with which I was most familiar, and repeated them aloud. I then wrote out many of the prayers and petitions in the Old and New Testament, joining



them together with suitable conjunctions, committed them to memory as far as possible, and used them in public services. Every morning, after breakfast, I used to go away from the house, sit down on the side of the road, and wait until some native came along, who was certain to try to talk to me ; and I, of course, had to do my best to talk to him in reply. After a short experience of this kind I took the further step of going away in a boat for several days, having no one with me that could speak or understand a single word of English. In three weeks I conducted prayer-meetings. Then I took the preliminary service when Mr. Dyson preached, and on the eighth Sunday I took the whole of the service, and began my regular work amongst the people. In after years I was generally regarded, both by Europeans and natives, as having a good knowledge of Samoan ; but I can safely say that I was learning the language up to the very last week of my residence amongst the people. The more a man knows of some of these languages the more he is amazed at the wealth of their vocabulary and of the numberless niceties of expression which they contain. In Samoa, as is well known, there are many words of the same meaning, but which cannot be used indiscriminately ; and the excellence of a Samoan speaker is in knowing which word to use in its proper place.

But politeness is specially manifest in their language ; and I have always maintained that the Samoans are the most polite people in the world, in their language and in their manners and customs. The essential condition of polite intercourse in Samoa, at all events, is that a man shall never brag or boast about himself, and that he shall always consider the man or men whom he is addressing as entitled to the utmost respect. To show this, he always uses words in addressing them which he would never dream of applying to himself. Perhaps I can make this more clear by giving a few instances. The Samoan has at least four words signifying sickness, or to be ill, namely, "ma'i," which is the common word ; "gasegase," which is the next higher ; then "faatafa" ; and then "pulupulusi." Now,





LARGE STONE CHURCH AT SATUPAITEA, SAMOA.



supposing I was dispensing medicine to the highest chief, I should ask, "What is your illness?" using the word "pulu-pulusi"; but he would never dream of replying, "My pulu-pulusi" is so-and-so. He would, on the contrary, use the lowest term, and would say, "My ma'i" is so-and-so. Again, I should speak of the wife of a chief of rank as his "masiofo" (queen) or as "le tamaitai" (lady); but if he were speaking of her he would either use the common word "ava," or would not even claim a personal right to his own wife, but would speak of her as "the woman of our family." Once more, the ordinary word for opinion or wish is "loto," but the polite word is "finagalo." Supposing the speaker were asking the person addressed what was his opinion or wish about a matter, he would say, "What is your finagalo?" But the man in reply, no matter how high his rank, would simply say, "My loto" is so-and-so.

They had a great aversion also to using any word which they thought should not be mentioned in polite society; and if at any time they were compelled by the exigencies of the case to use such a word, they would always preface it by an apologetic phrase, "vaeane," which can best be translated by the words, "saving your presence." If, for instance, a native were compelled to use the word "pig," he would before doing so say, "Saving the presence of the gentlemen, saving the presence of the ladies, and saving the presence of the house in which we are assembled—pig"; and this he would do as often as he was compelled to use the obnoxious word. For other words which it was thought disrespectful to use, words of entirely opposite meaning were substituted—as, for instance, firewood was called "polata," meaning a banana-stem; and such things as knife, axe, and many others were described in this manner.

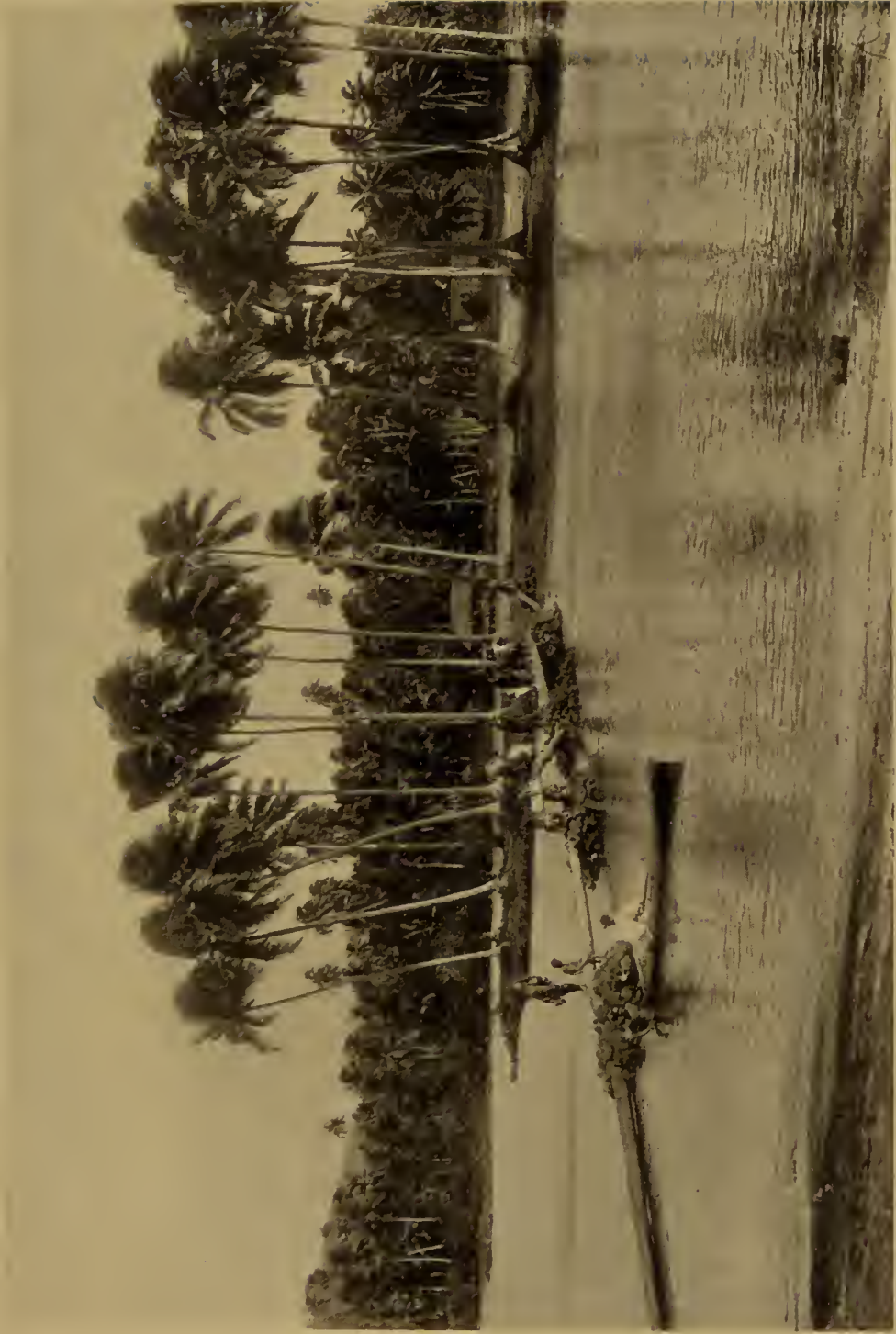
The people were also very particular on points of etiquette. It was considered very bad taste to extend the legs when sitting down, to pass in front of any one sitting, or to walk on the footpath in front of the chief's house, more especially if any

visitors were sitting in it. A carpenter would always stop working when any one passed the house or canoe on which he was engaged; and they, in their turn, would diverge from the path, with some complimentary phrase in doing so. Lighted torches were not allowed to be carried past a chief's house, and umbrellas had to be shut on similar occasions. It was very disrespectful not to speak to those who were met on the road, and complimentary phrases were always exchanged on such occasions. I could easily give scores of instances illustrating the politeness which characterised the Samoans, even in the older days prior to the introduction of Christianity; but I shall have to leave this for some other time.

Soon after our arrival my wife and I were taken to our station on the large island of Savaii, and there was great joy amongst the people when the missionaries for whom they had pleaded were actually located among them. We lived for some two years in a bamboo-house, with earthen floors, which, though fairly comfortable in fine weather, afforded very little protection from heavy night dews, wind, and rain. We soon, however, prepared to build a suitable mission-house, and for two years, with considerable intervals of rest, we were engaged in that work. Coral was burnt for lime in immense ovens; stones and coral collected; large trees cut down far inland and dragged to the beach to be sawn into beams and rafters, or used as firewood for the ovens. The whole of this work was done by the natives without any monetary consideration. My part was to make the frames in which the concrete was afterwards put, to fix and plumb them in position, and generally to superintend the whole of the operations. I have had a fair experience of hard work; but I certainly never worked harder than I did during the building of that large house, and it was a great joy to me when the work was accomplished.

I have described these people as being kind, lovable, and polite in their intercourse with each other; but they were extremely sensitive to what was considered to be an insult,





NATIVE BRIDGE AT SAFUNE.





and were quick to resent it. A proverb often used by them will illustrate this: "Stones decay, but words never decay," meaning, of course, that an insult is never forgotten; and it may be safely said that most of the wars which were carried on for generations between contending districts had their origin in some word or act which was considered to be an insult by one of the parties concerned.

When I began my work in Samoa most of the people were professing Christians, though with many of our people in the outlying parts of Savaii this was only a profession, and heathen practices and dances were still carried on by them. An old chief at Salelavalu, and several of his family, were the only professed heathens on Savaii. I tried hard to induce the old man to unite himself with us, but without effect. He called himself "the king of hell," and was determined to die as he had lived. He still maintained in his village a sacred tree, which was the only remaining "heathen temple" in Samoa.

The record of fifteen years' continuous life amongst these people is full of interest to me as I recall the many boat journeys around that rough, iron-bound coast; the exciting times we had in entering the dangerous passages which afforded the only chance of gaining the shore; the joys and sorrows of mission-life; the days of glad exultation when all seemed prosperous; and the times of depression we had when we seemed to be labouring in vain. These, however, cannot be given in detail here, and I can only select a few incidents and illustrations of our life and work.

Soon after our house was finished we experienced our first hurricane, which began on Thursday, January 26, 1865, with a very heavy gale from the north-east, and with certain indications which the natives told us were the precursors of a hurricane. We began at once to make preparations for it by strengthening the roof of our house. On Friday the gale increased, and all exposed doors and windows had to be protected. On Saturday we had to lash down the roof and thatch

with all the ropes we could muster, and then the school-boys came and covered the whole of the thatch with heavy nut-leaves. I think one of the most awe-inspiring feelings during a hurricane is caused by the fearful roar made by the wind, and it is not at all difficult to understand how people have often described it as the fancied roar of baffled fiends. When the wind was at its height the bread-fruit trees were falling in all directions. One fell about a yard from one of our windows. The nut-leaves were torn off and blown about like small branches. The tide was lashed into fury by the wind, and broke over the path, and in through our garden gate; and so great was the noise caused by the storm that we never heard the fall of an immense tree just behind the house. We were, of course, very anxious indeed as to whether our house would stand or not; but we soon found that we had no cause for fear. About 9 p.m. the wind suddenly dropped, and the natives immediately predicted a change; and they were right. In a few minutes it began to blow in heavy puffs from the south-west, just the opposite quarter from that in which it commenced, and it continued to blow very heavily all the night. One of our neighbours did a very brave action. There was an immense cocoanut palm some eighty feet high at the back of our house, which we all feared might at any moment fall on to the building; but after the change of wind it was quite impossible to cut it down with safety. After several schemes had been discussed and abandoned, I saw one of the men take a large knife in his hand and deliberately begin to climb the tree, which was bending and swaying violently with the force of the gale. He managed, however, to reach the top, and in a few minutes had cut away the heavy leaves and nuts, and so removed the only cause of danger. It was a daring feat, and we were glad when he was safely down again. The hurricane was also severely felt in other parts of the group; and in the harbour of Apia a large vessel, called the *Alster*, was driven from her moorings, and twelve men and the captain were drowned, only one man escaping of the whole crew.



NATIVE BRIDGE AT APIA.





One very important part of my work was the visitation of the outlying parts of my large Circuit, and this I did regularly at least twice a year. These visits occupied from five to six or seven weeks, more especially those on which the schools were examined and the missionary meetings held. We always impressed upon the people the duty of contributing not only to the expenses of their own District, but also to the fund for extending our Missions to the heathen world. Most of the speakers at the missionary meetings urged this latter duty and privilege upon their hearers, and many good collection speeches were made. Certainly they would not sound very grand if translated, but they were first-class Samoan, and garnished with as many classical allusions as any one could wish, however great his taste was for those things ; but he would first have to study Samoan classics, and then he would find many a tale quite as absurd, and with quite as much truth in it, as any of those which amused or frightened the good folk of days gone by. I will give a few examples which, though very much condensed, will give some idea of the speeches made, and also of Samoan oratory and modes of thought.

The unpardonable sin in Samoa was to be mean and stingy, especially as regards the distribution or sharing of food. A teacher at one of our meetings used this fact with good effect. He told a story of an old couple in an adjoining village, who in a time of scarcity had got possession of a nice piece of tasty shark (rather "gamy," I expect). This they naturally wished to keep for themselves, and so went and hid themselves, that they might eat it in peace. An old man, however, got scent of it—perhaps he was to leeward, in which case his olfactory nerve would acquaint him with the fact that there was shark in the neighbourhood. However, to smell it was with him to desire it, and so he set off to get a piece to keep his teeth in working order. The old pair, however, who had got the prize remained hid, would not answer to his call, and ate their shark alone. The teacher, in applying his story, likened the people of the two societies in Samoa to the old couple ;

the shark was likened to the Word of God, which they possessed in Samoa, and the blessings resulting from it; the old man was likened to those heathen lands which have heard of the good things which they enjoyed in Samoa, and wanted to share in them. But if they gave no collection to help and send the Gospel to other lands, they were like the old couple who ate their piece of shark alone, and would not share it with the old man who wished to taste it also.

Another speaker, in his exhortation not to give small pieces of silver and keep the large ones, told a story of an old woman who was sick. The teacher went to visit her. Just then a boy of the family came in with a basketful of nuts, and so the old lady felt compelled to give the teacher one to drink. The first one she took up was a nice nut, "niu muamua" (a nut with the kernel just formed). However, she begrudged that, or wished it for herself; so she said: "Ah! that's a bad nut; mustn't give a bad nut to the man of God." Then she took up another equally good. "Ah," she said, "niu sami again; that won't do for the man of God." So she tried again, and that time got an old nut in reality. "Ah," she said, "this is a nice young nut; this will do for the servant of the Lord." So the poor teacher only got the old nut. He, however, knew a good nut as well as the old lady, and told her so.

This tale told well; and the burthen of many of the speeches following was: Don't pass by the niu muamua (good nuts, *i.e.* dollars) and give niu sami (old nuts, *i.e.* dimes). So when a man threw in a dollar so as nearly to smash the plate, "Ah," they said, "that's a niu muamua."

Another man in speaking of the necessity of individual effort said: "I will tell you a story I have heard about a wreck that took place in Papalagi (white man's land). There was a large vessel wrecked on a bluff, rocky coast. She was wrecked at night, and no one could render her any help. In the morning when the people of the town assembled, the sea was covered with the wreckage; but there was no trace of





INTERIOR OF CHURCH, MANONO, BUILT BY SAMOANS.



any of the crew, and the rocks were so steep that no man unaided could possibly get up them. The people of the town met together to talk over the matter, and they agreed to go and look for any of the crew who might have got on shore in any way. On this being decided, some of the foolish people began to run off. Just then, one wise old man cried out: 'Stop! hear what I have to say. It is good what you propose, that we should go and look for those poor men and try to help them, but just consider what good you can possibly do if you go without anything. My plan is, let every man go and fetch a rope, the strongest and best he has got, and then it will be some use our trying; but without ropes we can do no good, for the rocks are high and there is no path down.' This plan was approved by all, and soon every man had his rope hanging down over different parts of the cliff, just as if they were fishing. When a man felt nothing at one spot he let it down at another. At length one man thought he felt a tug at his rope just as if a fish had got hold of it. He waited to make sure; and the second time there was such a tug that he could not mistake. So he shouted for help, and men came and all pulled away until they landed a poor half-dead man safely on the top of the cliffs. And then they all rejoiced greatly. Now, that is the story. Listen, and I will apply it. I liken that poor shipwrecked man at the bottom of the cliffs to the heathen around us. There are plenty of islands in these seas, and in Fiji, where the people want the light but cannot get it. They are crying for help; they want life, but they cannot scale the rocks themselves. I liken those men who are running about without ropes to many of our people here in this land. They say they have great love to the heathen, but their love is all in their mouths, and talk won't draw the man up; we want ropes. I liken those who got the ropes and went fishing for the men to those who love in deed and in truth—who not only say they love the heathen, but give their money, and do all they can to help God's work and save souls from death. Now listen again. We

cannot all go to foreign lands, but we can all find ropes (contribute to the Mission work). Take care that your ropes are good and strong—ropes that won't break, and then God will bless us, and many, very many, will be saved."

It would be quite easy to give other instances of the really excellent addresses I have heard, but I must limit myself to one more speech, which was delivered by dear old Barnabas Ahogalu, one of the grandest men I have ever known, and one of the most devoted workers I have met with. At one of our missionary meetings he had been reminding his hearers of the blessings they had received from Christianity, and of the absolute necessity of their doing their part to spread abroad the knowledge of Christ's love to all. He finished as follows: "And now, ye people of Manono, and you our visitors, listen, and I'll tell you of a circumstance which happened in my own family. I have a daughter, and some time ago she came on a visit to my house. I have nothing to say against my daughter except this, that she is a very sleepy woman, and has a baby who is very cross and often cries, especially at night. Well, so it was that night after night this baby cried, and the mother's mind was distracted with two contending wishes: she had love for her child, and didn't like to hear it cry, but her own desire for sleep was also very great indeed. So she would just sit up for awhile and try to sing, or rather mumble out, a song of which the burden was: 'Oh, my child, alas, my child—oh, my child, alas, my child'; and then down she would go again and try to sleep. But again would that contrary child cry; and again would we hear the same old song, and the same old tune: 'Oh, my child, alas, my child'; and then she would snore again. And so it went on night after night, until at length my mind was grieved, and I determined to talk about it. At night the child again cried, and again we heard her commence the same old drone; but she didn't sleep quite so soon again that time, for I cried out to her: 'Oh, woman, do have some love towards us, and try another tune and another song. Do you think your child's a fool, to be made quiet by





GREAT FEAST, SATUPAITEA, AT OPENING OF NEW CHURCH.





such a miserable ditty as you are singing? It only makes him cry more. Try another tune, woman, if you have any love for your child, or any thought for us, who also wish to sleep.' She was startled, and kept silence for awhile, and I thought: 'Now is she cross because I have scolded her?' But it was not so, for in a little time she sang a nice cheerful song, and patted her child on the back, and spoke lovingly to it, and the consequence was that we slept in peace. That's my tale; now listen to the application. You see my daughter only wanted awakening, and then she loved her child and supplied its wants; and in the same manner I wish to awaken you to-day. I liken you Manono people to that mother, and I say that the work of God, and especially the Mission work, is your child, given to you to tend and love. We who labour in that work are also your children, and we cry to you—we cry to tell you of our pain, we cry to tell you of perishing souls, we cry to tell you that we want help; and we cannot give up until you awake and answer us. And how have you answered us? Tell me! How have you answered us? Why, lately you have answered our cry with a miserable tune that you have sung with closed eyes and nodding heads: 'Oh, my child, alas, my child'! as if that would make us quiet. I know you excuse yourselves with the war, but that won't do now; the fact is, you must sing another song. We must have better collections. Nothing short of a hundred dollars (£20) from this chapel to-day will satisfy us; you've tried a fifty-dollar tune, and that didn't do; now try a hundred-dollar tune, and if it doesn't stop us altogether we will at all events be quiet for the present. But I tell you again, 'tis no use trying again that miserable song: 'Oh, my child, alas, my child'! for it will do no good at all. We will still cry on."

This speech, to which no translation can do justice, was well received, and Manono sang another song that day, and instead of £10 14s. given the previous year, they put £22 19s. into the plate when "the collection was made."

I have repeatedly said that the Samoans were, at all events in my time, a very kind and lovable people ; but it is equally correct to say that they were a people quick to resent an insult or injury, and quite ready to fight with their neighbours for what we would think most trivial causes. Some six years after my landing I was on a long journey round the island, and had arrived within twelve or fifteen miles of home when I received a letter from our native minister Barnabas to inform me that Satupaitea and Tufu were fighting, and that a man from the latter district had been killed. He said "The devil is aroused at last, that Satupaitea has been awaking so long." This note quite upset all the plans I had made to visit Upolu; and leaving my boat's crew behind, for fear they also should be implicated in the quarrel, I started at once, accompanied by a few teachers, for a long and rough walk through the bush.

We arrived at Satupaitea some time after dark. The town seemed deserted, all the men being away at the boundary (the usual fighting place), whilst the women and children had taken refuge in the teacher's house. We found that two men were killed and several others severely wounded. Next day, Thursday, July 18, 1866, after dressing some frightful wounds, I started for Tufu to visit the chiefs of the opposite party. We sat on the ground outside the house, according to Samoan custom in such cases. In a few minutes they all assembled, and we had a long speech from one of the rulers about the grievances of his party. We replied, and urged them very earnestly to make peace; but in vain. The next few weeks were spent by both parties in holding meetings and preparing to fight, but the general opinion was that an amicable arrangement would be made. On September 11, however, we received information that the Tufu people intended to attack our people the following morning. I had a consultation with the native minister and teachers, and we decided to start to the boundary at midnight, in the hope that we might yet induce the opposite party to return. After a long and weary wait in the bush by our fires the day dawned, and the teachers and Church members



A SAMOAN LADY OF RANK WEARING THE TUNGA, AN ORNAMENTED HEAD-DRESS MADE OF HUMAN HAIR.





from Tufu joined us to help us in our endeavours to make peace. Soon after this we saw the vanguard of the Tufu troops. I immediately sat down on the ground, surrounded by the teachers and Church members, and quietly awaited their approach. In doing this I took advantage of their customs, and of the respect which they had for me as their missionary. Samoans are very punctilious about many things; and though we only stopped the footpath, and they could easily have passed us by going a few yards into the bush, not one of them attempted to do so. They were afraid, in fact, that they would be unfortunate (*malaia*) if they passed by, or, as they would say, "trampled upon" those who were trying to make peace. On they came, a band of stalwart fellows, almost naked, brandishing their guns, spears, and clubs, leaping and shouting, to the place where we were sitting. Their bodies were smeared with oil, their hair dressed with scarlet flowers, and their foreheads bound with frontlets made of the bright inner shell of the nautilus. It was difficult to recognise the features of those with whom we were acquainted, as every one had tried to make himself look as hideous as possible. The chief led the way, dancing up to us, and shouting: "What is that for?" "Why are you sitting there?" "Why do you stop us?" He soon settled down, however, and after a few more leaps, and throwing his hatchet in the air several times, to exhibit his skill, he sat down. His troop followed his example, and then talking commenced. We tried to convince them of the folly and sin of fighting—reminded them of our Lord's words, that they who forgive not shall not be forgiven, and did all we could to make peace. The chief answered, and tried to get us to rise and retire back to the place where the people from another part were sitting, that we might deliberate together. This, however, we refused to do, as we knew that if we once rose to our feet they would rush past us at once, as they were only afraid to pass the "*taofiga*," or peace-makers (literally, "the holders back") whilst they were sitting. Our object was to keep them there until the arrival of the ruling town of Safotulafai, as we quite expected that Falefa would yield to them; and this we

succeeded in doing. We were wearied out with sitting in the hot sun, with scarcely any shade, and after the arrival of Safotulafai I went down into the village. After many speeches, all met together, and were discussing the matter preparatory to making peace, when news came that the outlying pickets had met, and that two of the Satupaitea men were killed. We heard this just before sunset. I hurried up, and found that it was too true. All talking was at once given up, for it was felt that any attempts at mediation just then would be quite useless. Satupaitea people determined at once to start and bring in the bodies, but were at last prevailed upon to allow men from a neutral village to go. They were at first refused, but a second application was made by another party, and they returned with the two heads, the bodies having been horribly mutilated. We were all greatly shocked when the head of poor Vaalepu was brought to his weeping wife. He was a kind, good fellow, and was one of our principal carpenters in building the Mission house. The other poor woman was doubly afflicted, as she was not only the wife of the second murdered man, but the sister also of Vaalepu. I returned home about 7 p.m. heartsick, weary, and tired, having been in the bush from about 1 a.m.

I had quite forgotten this incident, until many years afterwards I was walking along the same road with a large number of Samoans, and one of them pointing to a part of the road asked me if I remembered the place. I answered: "No; why should I remember this?" "Because it was here that you sat for a whole day in the sun keeping back the Tufu people when they came to fight us." And then they told the story in their own way, saying how they were frightened when the Tufu chiefs first endeavoured to persuade me to get up and go to a more convenient place for a talk, lest I would accede to their request, as it was only a pretext for getting me to rise, and how they were again afraid when some of the more aggressive young men appeared to threaten us with very serious consequences if we would not rise. They laughed heartily as they related the



A SAMOAN TULAFALÉ (ORATOR).  
The staff and fly-whisk are the insignia of his office.



incident, but I remember that they did not consider it a laughing matter at the time.

After this incident a period of truce ensued, but there was no real peace between the parties. Satupaitea had lost two more men than Tufu. So, according to their ideas, they had two men "unpaid for," and so long as this was the case they felt humbled and disgraced. Other causes of quarrel arose, which I need not detail here, but the consequence was that the adjoining district of Palauli united with Tufu, and determined to attack Satupaitea. I did all that I could to prevent the war, as I was quite friendly with all the parties concerned; but my efforts were unavailing, and in August 1869 the allied forces of Palauli and Tufu took possession of all the Satupaitea plantations inland, and prepared to attack the town. August 30 I have entered in my diary as one of the most eventful days of my mission life in Samoa. I met the teachers early in the morning, and a party of us went up into the bush to the attacking party, and had a long talk with the chiefs and leaders. They were very respectful to us, but persisted in their determination that they would not make peace until they had, at all events, entered the town in force. This Satupaitea refused to allow, and as we could not succeed in our mission we returned to the beach. I fear that I then did a very foolish action—at all events it was one for which I received the only scolding I ever got from my dear old colleague Barnabas. I decided to go alone to make another attempt to bring about a compromise. I went alone, because the teachers were engaged in keeping back another company on the beach, and also because I knew that Barnabas would dissuade me from going if he knew of my intention.

On my way up I passed Asiata, the principal chief of Satupaitea, and asked him if he would consent to the proposition which I was going to make, viz. that they should allow the enemy to enter one end of the town on condition that they at once made peace, and engaged not to burn or destroy the town. I thought this would be acceptable to the other party, as it would constitute them victors without absolutely disgracing



their opponents. He said : " Do what you like. I will consent to anything that you propose." I thanked him, and asked him to keep the young men quiet until I returned. I then passed through the vanguard of the Satupaitea troops, who were all painted and in full fighting costume. As I went along the path I could not see any signs whatever of the men, as they were all carefully hidden ; and it was somewhat startling to be confronted every now and then by one after another of these armed warriors, who had evidently been taking notice of all my movements. I spoke to them kindly, and begged them not to precipitate a fight until my return, and this they promised to do. After I left them I took great care to make as much noise as possible, to let the opposing party know that I was going as a non-combatant, for I knew that soon after I left the Satupaitea troops I entered upon a part of the road which was occupied in full force by their opponents. I was soon challenged by them, and I spoke to them from time to time as I had done to the Satupaitea men, and especially urged them not to precipitate the fight until I returned. This they promised to do ; but I had very good reason for believing that the proposition which I was about to make, and which would probably be accepted, was one which did not commend itself to the young fellows of both parties, who earnestly desired a fight. At all events I had just stated my proposition to the rulers of Palauli, and they were considering it—I believe favourably—when we were all startled by a gun fired about forty or fifty yards behind us. I shall never forget the startling effect that gun produced on us all. We almost held our breath until it was answered by another, and then we knew at once that all mediation was at an end.

At this time I was between the two parties, or rather between Satupaitea and the advanced troop of Palauli, on one side, and the main body of Palauli on the other, and in no little danger of being struck by the bullets fired by both parties. As there was then no chance of getting down to the beach again by the road, and it was far from safe to remain where I was, I had to take to the bush alone, and, making a good circuit



A SAMOAN ORATOR AND THREE GIRLS.



to keep well clear of bullets, try to find my way out. This I did with a sad heart. The fight was now going on in earnest, and volley after volley was fired without a moment's intermission. Not knowing the bush or the road, I got astray, but at last found my way out on the beach about a mile from where I left in the morning. The native missionary and the teachers were glad to see me again, as they had been very anxious, and two of the poor fellows nearly got shot going up into the bush to look for me. I made my way home at once, and found our houses and grounds full of women and children, and all the old and sick. One boy was brought in wounded, and others soon followed, so that we were in a great state of excitement. I was much affected in going out, to find all the women scattered in groups on the verandahs and the outhouses, offering up most earnest prayers to God. Poor creatures! They wept sore and we wept with them. It was a sorrowful sight. In one of our outhouses I heard one of our best leaders praying most fervently, and I longed to go and join them, for God was there; but I had work to do.

All that day they fought hard. Towards evening Palauli had got possession of an end village which was undefended. This they commenced to burn, and then built walls to fortify it. By this time, however, the tide flowed, and we soon heard the drums of the large double-canoe belonging to Satupaitea as she moved along the beach to dislodge those intruders. She was well barricaded, and seemed to inspire great dread. As soon as she got within range, the Palauli people fired volley after volley at her, but she moved steadily along, and not a shot was fired in return until she got into a position to rake the ground behind the walls. We then saw the Palauli men take to their heels, and the Satupaitea people on shore at once reoccupied the village. The canoe then moved on further, to the temporary fort built by Palauli, and there they continued fighting until dark. There was a good deal of noise, but not much damage done, as the Palauli people were behind stone walls, and Satupaitea behind the barricades of their canoe. In the bush

also the fight continued until it was too dark to see one another. The Satupaitea people fought against great odds, but at night they were still in nearly full possession of their town. Up to about 8 p.m. the firing continued. It was then found that a large number of Satupaitea people had been outflanked, and were still in the bush, so that there were few left to defend the village. At that juncture we again entreated Satupaitea to leave the town, as it was very apparent that any further fighting would only involve more loss of life. They were unwilling at first, but afterwards consented. They prepared all their boats quietly under cover of the double-canoe, which still kept firing away at anything that moved. After all was ready, one boat dropped quietly down and took on board all the wounded, with the old men and boys, leaving the women and children in our house and grounds. This was soon done, and then the other men left the walls, behind which they had fought, leaving the Palauli troops to fire away at a deserted position. After this we had a little peace, and the poor heart-broken creatures who filled our rooms tried to rest. It was of little use, however, as every now and again some cause of alarm occurred, and often just as all was quiet, some loud reports would startle us all, and fill us with all kinds of conjectures. It was a dreadful night, and we eagerly welcomed the first signs of day. During the night most of the men who had been shut up in the bush found their way out. I dressed their wounds, and they went on board the canoe at once, as they were not safe anywhere else.

On Saturday, the 31st, the double-canoe moved away, and very soon afterwards they threw away their barricades and made sail for Safotulafai, the place to which the other boats had gone. As soon as they left we went down and told the Palauli and Tufu people that no one was left to oppose them. I begged, as a personal favour, that they would not burn the houses which remained, nor destroy the trees on the beach. This they consented to do. They also gave us permission to seek for the killed, and gave up to me the heads of those they had got. In





A VILLAGE TEACHER AND SCHOOL.  
A Study of Faces.



the afternoon the teachers and I went with the Institution boys and some women to look for the killed. We went into the scrub where the fight took place, and soon found traces of the struggle. The boys carried out those who were found, and we continued the search until night. It was a dreadful place in which to fight—a thick bush, full of vines and creepers, and so stony that it was almost impossible to walk over it. It was a ghastly sight to see men lying in that gloomy bush, headless and mutilated. Poor fellows! we had lived amongst them for nearly seven years, and were intimate with many of them; but there they were, men whom we had seen the previous day in health and strength, shot down in defending themselves from what I could not but regard as a most unjust and unprovoked attack. One man had prayed most earnestly in the prayer meeting a few hours before he was shot, that God would prevent war or bloodshed. Another chief had brought me a dollar a few weeks previously, and asked me to keep it for him against the time of the missionary meeting. Others were busy making oil for the missionary meeting, often scraping nuts with their guns by their side in case of an attack. Another went to bid his teacher good-bye, and told him with tears that he did not want to fight, but he could not stand aloof and see his people killed. He was no coward, as his subsequent actions proved. All these were slain. We found that there were ten men killed on each side, and several others severely wounded. The principal chief of Satupaitea, with whom I had spoken on my way inland, was shot, and I saw his head brought in as I passed from the village.

This fight, and the abandonment of the town, necessitated our removal to Saleaula, on the north-east coast of Savaii, where I spent some very happy years in the latter portion of our residence in Samoa. There was a great deal of fighting both on Savaii and on Upolu subsequent to that about which I have written; but I do not think it necessary to give any account of it, much less to attempt any explanation of the reasons alleged for it. There are, however, some of their customs and superstitions connected with war which I may

mention here. When Vaalepu and Tapusoa were killed, as I have related, their friends went some days afterwards and spread a piece of siapo (native cloth) over the place where the bodies had lain. They then offered up prayers that the spirits would have love and come to them. They then waited until some animal such as a lizard, ant, or beetle, crawled on to the native cloth. This they at once covered up and brought down to the beach, and buried it. They thought that the animal was the embodiment of the spirit of the dead, and when it was buried the spirit found rest.

In commencing a fight in the olden days the Samoans were extremely polite to each other. When the vanguard of the two opposing parties first met one called out, "Aiga matavao"—"You, the eyes of the forest." The other party at once answered: "Yes," or, "It is I." The other then called: "Who are you?" If the reply was "Satupaitea," and the opposing party wished to fight that village, all was well, and they passed on to the other observances; but if they did not want to fight Satupaitea, but some other village, the answer was: "Go ye, and seek your appointed guests (opponents); but where is Sagone? Tell them to come." Satupaitea would at once return to the main body, and as soon as they were seen the question would be at once asked: "Who is wanted?" and they would reply "Sagone." Then these would leap up and start for the boundary to answer the challenge made to them. After they got there, they would at once make themselves known, and then one would walk out unarmed to the opposite party, and taking a piece of dried ava or kava, from which the ceremonial drink was made, would give it to the opposing party with many marks of respect, and using the most polite language, saying: "This is a piece of kava for you chiefs and warriors to drink." This was received with thanks and many polite acknowledgments. The first speaker would then retire, and at once a chief from the opposing side would walk out and present a similar piece of kava to the first party, using the





THREE SAMOAN GIRLS.





same words and expressions. After this one of the parties would ask: "When shall we trample the grass?" *i.e.* "When shall we fight?" The others would answer: "It is not becoming to us to dictate to such renowned chiefs and warriors as you." The others would reply in much the same terms; and so the talk might go on for a long time, until at last some one might casually observe that the sun appeared to be getting low. The others would at once take advantage of this, and would say: "Well, if that is so, let us sleep to-night, and pray for success, and trample the grass to-morrow; it is too late now." The other would then answer: "Yes." And they would retire, to fight at dawn next morning, but would sleep in peace that night, as such a truce was never broken. This sounds like very exaggerated politeness, but some such ceremony was always observed in the olden days.

Heralds or messengers were always held sacred in war. A messenger of the land would never go off the path, or show the usual marks of respect in passing through a village or meeting any one on the path. Each land had a name for its herald or embassy, and this, whether consisting of one or many, was never called by any other name than that adopted by the district which it represented. No one, for instance, would say that a messenger had come with a command or request from Safotulafai, but simply "The Tagaloatea" had come; from Satupaitea, "The Vasa" had come; from Palauli, "The Taulua"; from Falefa, "The Laufa"; from Manono, "The Maina," etc., etc.

When war was being carried on it was generally accompanied by the revival of the old heathen dances, and always resulted in a great loss to our Church, as large numbers of our members felt it to be their duty to join in the combat through feelings of loyalty to their respective districts; and under the law which then existed all such forfeited their membership. I never approved of this regulation, but it was universally acted upon by all the missionaries.

We had, however, much to cheer us in the changed life and character of many of our members. I well remember at one time, when we were feeling very dispirited at the slow progress which we thought was being made, being very much encouraged at our meeting of teachers by the record given of the death of one of our oldest workers. I could give many illustrations of the truth that "Our people die well," but one must suffice for the present. Siaso Leasi was one of Mr. Turner's local preachers, and from the time of his appointment he remained true to his first love. Through all the long war and the many temptations to which he was exposed he bore an unblemished character, respected and loved by all who knew him. He was a quiet, simple old man, and never took an active part in any of our meetings; but his genuine, earnest piety made itself felt by all. According to custom, at our united meeting the teacher gave a short account of his death in these words: "I went to visit Siaso many times during his illness. The last time I went he was very weak, and I said: 'Siaso, you are very weak now. How do you feel in the prospect of death?' He said: 'Yes, I'm very weak indeed, but my heart is strong. My desire is to look to Jesus. I feel very sorry for you, teacher; there are so few left to carry on the work of God, but I cannot deny that my desire is to go to rest. I look for the resting-place. My heart is strong yet for the work of God.' I (the teacher) began to comfort him, but he presently began to comfort *me*, and tell me how sorry he was to go away and leave me to do all the work alone; but he wanted rest. He said after a little while: 'There is not one single thing I doubt about. I have finished my running.' There was not a single word wrong or uncertain. He said again: 'I shall gain the kingdom of God. I have the witness of the Holy Spirit to that; then I shall gain the end of my running.' He also said to his wife (a leader): 'Don't cry; don't be troubled on my account. We shall meet again in the kingdom of God.' I (the teacher) said to him: 'How will you meet with Maata (his wife) as



TWO SAMOAN WARRIORS IN FULL COSTUME.





your wife again?' He said: 'When they shall rise from the dead they neither marry nor are given in marriage.' He called to his family: 'Don't go far away; I am expecting the message soon.' His last words to me (the teacher) were: 'Bring me some food for my journey.' He meant for the teacher to read and pray with him. In the night he began to arrange his clothes, bedding, etc. His wife woke, and said to him: 'Siaosi, why do you dress yourself and arrange your clothes just as if you were going to preach somewhere?' He said: 'I am going to heaven now. I shall preach there to-morrow.' Then he laid himself quietly down, and died."

This was the story as I took it down at the time. Before he finished there were very few dry eyes in the chapel. We all knelt down for silent prayer, but the emotion excited by the story of Siaosi's triumphant death could not be restrained, and sobs and cries of sorrow and thanksgiving were heard all over the chapel. It was a very solemn time. Several engaged in prayer, and many a petition was presented to God that we might gain more of that faith which enabled Siaosi to "overcome" and to come off "more than conqueror through Him that loved us."

It may be readily seen from the above story that the Samoans were very familiar with their Bible, and that the Book they studied so much was always regarded by them as their infallible guide in perplexity and doubt, their strength in weakness, and their only comfort and joy in the hour of death. Every missionary can give numberless instances of the knowledge which the men and women under his care had of the Word of God. I well remember one instance in which a young local preacher proved his familiarity with the Bible, and his ability to quote it to further his own wishes, in a way which, though satisfactory to his hearers and to himself, was not considered so satisfactory by some of his fellow-preachers. The story necessitates an account of a very curious fact in natural history, which may well be given here.

Satupaitea, where we lived in Samoa, was celebrated throughout the group as the place in which the largest quantities of a sea-worm, the scientific name of which is *Palolo viridis*, are found. This annelid, as far as I can remember, is about eight or twelve inches long, and somewhat thicker than ordinary piping-cord. It is found only on two mornings in the year, and the time when it will appear and disappear can be accurately predicted. As a general rule, only a few palolo are found on the first day, though occasionally the large quantity may appear first ; but, as a rule, the large quantity appears on the second morning. And it is only found on these mornings for a very limited period, viz. from early dawn to about seven o'clock, *i.e.* for about two hours. It then disappears until the following year, except in some rare instances, when it is found for the same limited period in the following month after its first appearance. I kept records of the time, and of the state of the moon, for some years, with the following result : that it always appeared on two out of the following three days, viz. the day before, the day of, and the day after, the last quarter of the October moon. This worm is regarded as a great delicacy by the Samoans. At Satupaitea it also brought a considerable addition of income to the women of the 'village, as they were accustomed to take the cooked bundles of palolo and exchange them for native cloth or money with the people of the adjoining villages. The day on which the palolo was expected was the great gala day of the year. For some days before this the girls and women prepared sweet-scented garlands, and replenished their stocks of perfumed cocoanut oil. The men, on their part, prepared every old canoe and boat that was available, and even the cripples and the sick who could by any means manage to reach the beach found a seat in one of the numerous canoes or boats there. Some of the members of the mission-house were also generally found amongst the crowd. We always started for the reef about an hour before dawn, but even so we found the place filled with canoes and boats full of merry, laughing natives, young and



TULAFALES AND HEADS OF FAMILIES, WHO HAVE BROUGHT A PRESENT OF FOOD TO VISITORS,





old, whose voices we could hear, though we could rarely distinguish the canoes through the mist and gloom. The whole of the lagoon was perfumed with the odour of the garlands and scented oil, which had been lavishly used. As soon as it was dawn we kept putting our hands down into the warm sea-water, until by-and-by some of the worms were found hanging to the fingers, and at once the fun commenced. I cannot hope to give my readers any idea of the quantities of these annelids, which literally appeared to cover the whole surface of that part of the lagoon. We, in our mission-boat, took as many tubs and buckets as the boat would conveniently hold, and these were nearly always filled. Many times I have seen the native canoes so full of these worms that the occupants could not remain in them, and had themselves to swim the canoes to land. In about an hour after the first appearance of the worms they began to break up into small pieces, and then the natives left them and returned to the shore. I believe that the explanation of this regular appearance is that the palolo is propagated by fission, and that each piece becomes impregnated at this time, and develops into the full-grown palolo during the year.

I must now explain how the appearance of the palolo is associated with the matter of the exposition of the Scriptures. I was sitting in my study one day when a deputation, consisting of the older men of the village, asked for an interview. When this was granted they informed me that they had come to ask what was my count as to the day on which the palolo would appear. They, of course, had fixed the matter in their usual way, which, I believe, is by the position of some of the stars and the state of the moon, but they knew that I had kept count for some time, and so they wished for my opinion. I told them at once that the small quantity would probably appear on the Saturday, and the great bulk on the Sunday, but that there was, of course, the possibility that this order might be reversed. They looked at each other, and one of them said mournfully: "Oh, the pity of it! That is just our opinion also." This



ended our interview. I had never said anything to them about getting the palolo on Sundays, or otherwise; but I found afterwards that our people were strongly tempted that day by some members of a large journeying party in the village who belonged to the Roman Catholic Church. They said to our people: "Who sends the palolo? Does not God send it? If He sends it on Sunday, does He not intend you to get it on Sunday? Come and join our religion, and you can get the palolo on Sundays, and go to heaven also." A small quantity of palolo was seen on Saturday, and every man in Satupaitea knew that if he did not get the palolo on Sunday he would not taste that great delicacy for at least another twelve months, and every woman knew that if she did not get it on Sunday there would be, in addition, a very serious loss of income. I confess that I had some doubt on Sunday as to the attendance at the morning service. There was not, however, a single individual absent. As we were returning from church our people saw the Roman Catholic visitors actually swimming their canoes ashore filled almost to the gunwales with palolos.

Next morning our chiefs and rulers gathered together in the house in which the visitors were located, in accordance with the regular Samoan custom to drink kava with them before the presentation of food by the village. The practice in such cases is for the villagers to take small portions of food with them; the visitors also produce their share, and all eat together. On this particular morning the visitors' share to the general feast consisted of a number of dishes of palolo, and these were distributed as part of the feast. Most of our people were members of the Church, and some of them were office-bearers. These people knew that if it was wrong to get the palolo on the Sunday, it was equally wrong for them to eat those which had been caught on the Sunday by other people; and yet it was to them a terrible temptation. This was their great delicacy, and this was the only chance they would have of getting it. Each man looked longingly at the dish before



WOMEN AND GIRLS BRINGING PRESENT OF FOOD TO VISITORS.



him ; each of them was anxious to partake of it, but each one was looking for some one else to begin. At this critical moment one of the local preachers spoke as follows : “ Chiefs and friends, I see the difficulty in which we are all placed this morning, but I wish to tell you what the Apostle Paul says about it. If you look in his first Epistle to the Church at Corinth you will find these words : ‘ If one of them that believe not biddeth you *to a feast*, and ye are disposed to go ; whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no question for conscience’ sake.’ ” These words were accepted by our Satupaitea people as a sufficient guarantee for their eating palolo. It showed, at all events, that the young man had studied the Bible to some purpose. The matter was brought up at our next Church meeting, but I had neither the heart nor the wish to do more than give them what I considered to be a better explanation of the verse in question. This, however, is only one instance of many which could be given to show how familiar the Samoans are with the Bible ; and many more could be given to show how precious its teachings are to them.

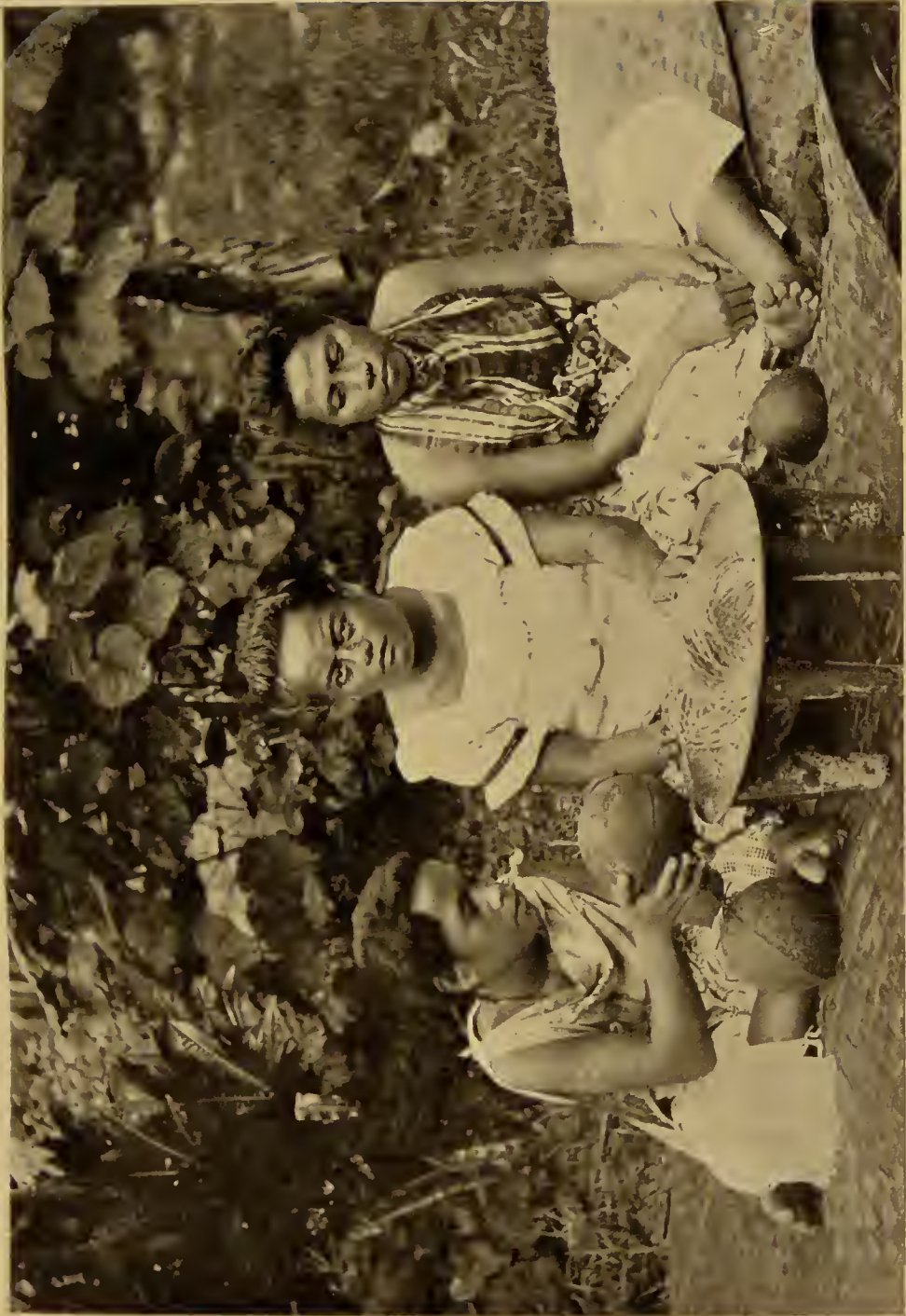
Some time after our people at Satupaitea were dispersed we moved to Saleaula, on the opposite side of the island. Here we were kindly received by the people, and we spent some happy years amongst them. During our stay at Satupaitea I crossed the large island of Savaii, of the interior of which little or nothing was previously known. We slept one night at an inland village, the next night on the shores of a mysterious lake in the centre of the island, about which we had heard many wonderful stories. The third night we slept at an inland village on the north coast. The lake in the interior, called Matau Lano, is, I think, the crater of an old volcano. The natives told us that it was very deep, in fact fathomless, in their opinion ; but after bathing I proved the fallacy of this by having soundings taken, which gave only two or three fathoms deep. The account of a journey made by the late Rev. George Pratt, the late Mr. J. C. Williams,



British Consul, and Mr. Reid, and myself, to investigate the truth of the report that a large extinct crater was situate some fifteen or twenty miles inland, is interesting in view of the recent volcanic outbreak in that district. At the time we went there was no trace of any recent active volcanic forces in the island: there were no hot springs or fumaroles in any part of the island, though on many parts of the coast, and for some distance inland, there were large fields of lava, which showed that there had been extensive flows in years past. The natives, however, had no traditions of the event, and the fact that certain districts were described as "le mu," meaning the burnt or the burning, was the only record of it known. The mountain, we found, consisted entirely of ashes, up which it was somewhat difficult to climb. There was no soil on the outside of it, and the few stunted trees that were growing on some places seemed to derive nourishment only from decomposed scoria and constant rain. We did not go down the crater, but walked part of the way round it. It was almost perpendicular on three sides, and in the bottom there were immense forest trees growing, proving that it must have been many years since there was any volcano there. The name is Tutumau, and it is about eight or ten miles from the inland village of Aopo. It was a very great surprise to me, as to all others acquainted with the group, to hear of the terrible eruption which took place a short time ago. So far as I can learn, the new volcano commenced in a deep valley some distance eastwards of the old crater. It has filled up the whole of the valley, and covered, to the depth of eight or ten feet, an immense area of land extending from Le-Alatele to Saleaula. My old house there is now in a well of solid lava, and any one standing on the lava can look down into the rooms of our house.

One of the hardest trials we had to bear during our residence in Samoa was when we had to send away our two eldest girls to New Zealand for their education. We had long felt that they ought to be away from the influences of native life, but no favourable opportunity for their going presented itself until we





MIXING THE AVA (KAVA), A CEREMONIAL DRINK.



heard of a small schooner going to New Zealand, and on which a lady passenger was travelling. She promised to look after the girls, and we finally decided to send them. The opportunity seemed to be a very good one, but, as subsequent events proved, it was an unfortunate experience for the two girls. After placing the children on board we very foolishly accompanied the vessel in our boat some distance outside the harbour, and had to say good-bye to them at sea. It was indeed a hard trial to my wife and myself when we turned the boat towards the beach and saw the two little ones holding out their hands and crying to us most piteously to come back, and not leave them by themselves on board. We could only comfort ourselves with the thought that it was the kindest action for the children themselves, but it was indeed a hard trial. Instead, however, of their having a passage of a few days only to New Zealand, we found afterwards that they were exposed to continuous gales and bad weather almost from the time of their leaving port; that for long periods they were battered down in the little cabin; and, in addition to this, the supply of food on board was almost entirely exhausted. I had fortunately placed a lot of cocoanuts on board the vessel for the children to give to their friends when they reached Auckland, and these were almost the only food which they and the crew had to eat for some days before they reached Whangaroa, at the north end of the North Island, where they took on board some fresh provisions. They had again a very bad passage from there to Auckland, but at length arrived there after a long voyage of six weeks instead of one of about ten days, as we had expected. This necessity of parting with the children was certainly one of the greatest trials which missionaries had to endure in those days.

We finally left Samoa towards the end of 1874, after receiving innumerable proofs from the natives of the affection which they had for us and of the work which we had been permitted to do amongst them during so many troublous years of their history. I have since been privileged to visit the islands on several occasions, and it has been a great joy to me

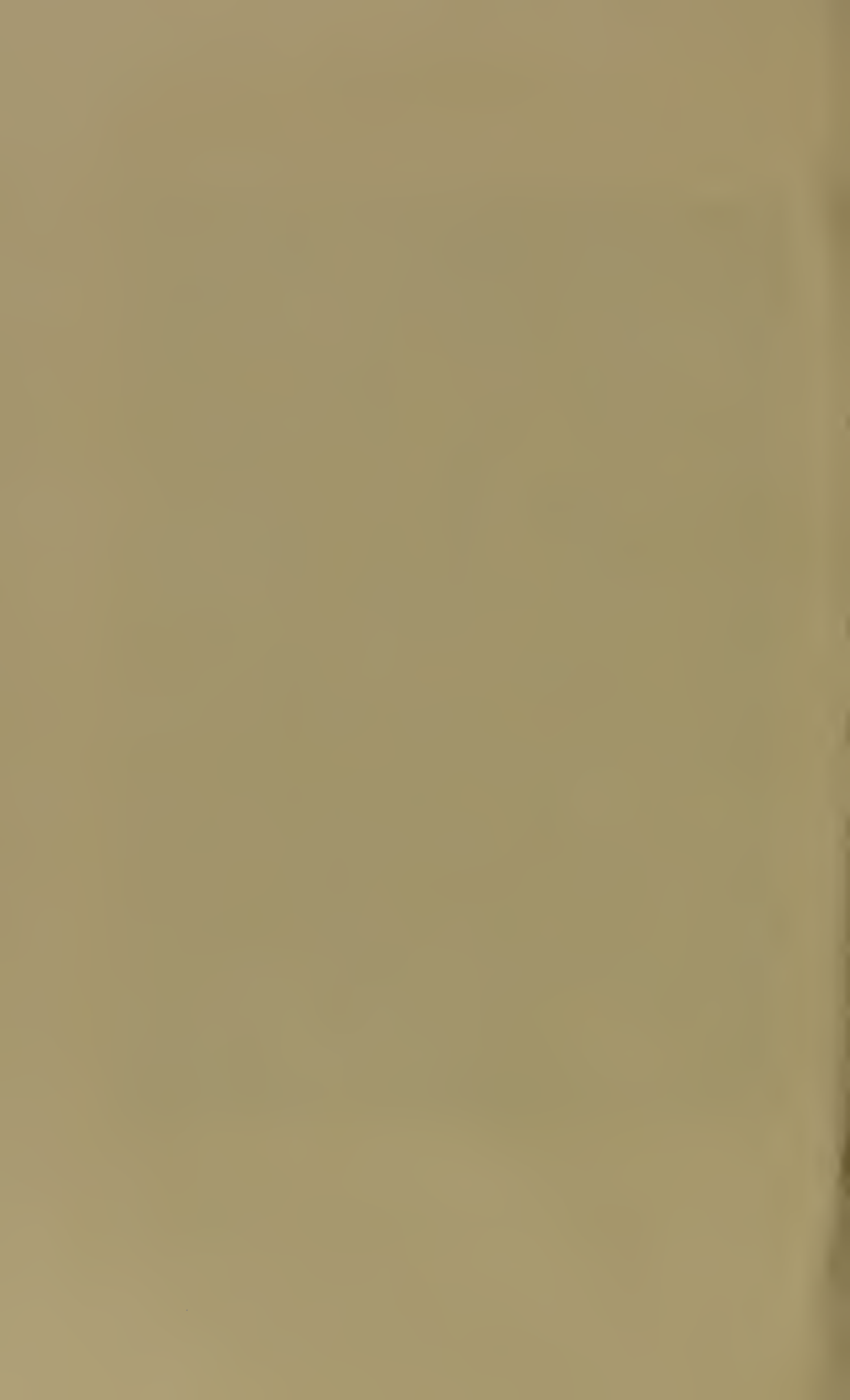
to meet on those visits so many of my old friends. On one of these occasions, in 1890, I visited most of the towns and villages on the north side of Upolu, and also our old station on Savaii. It was very interesting indeed to Mrs. Brown and myself to look upon the scenes of our labours after the lapse of so many years. On Manono we sought out the grave of dear old Barnabas, one of the noblest men that God ever gave to our Church, and one of the dearest friends we had in the early days of our mission life. I could not describe the memories of bygone days which rushed upon us as we stood at the grave and read the inscription upon the neat monument which we, who were his old colleagues and dear friends, had placed to mark the spot where the remains of a good man were laid. At Satupaitea we were kindly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Collier, and lots of old friends came crowding around us, some of whom we could easily recognise and name, much to their delight. The dear old place still retained many evidences of the work which was done in past years. The fine house which we built of solid stone was in most beautiful order, and, so far as the walls were concerned, would last for centuries. Mr. Collier lowered the roof after the hurricane which wrecked it, as the iron roof did not require the same pitch as thatch, and it was stronger than it had been before. The cemented stone wall which we built in front of the house was still standing; and as I looked at it from Mr. Collier's verandah my thoughts went back to troublous times, when the house was filled with trembling old men, women, and children whilst the war was raging in the bush a little inland, and when we saw, time after time, headless bodies carried past that low wall amid the wailings of friends and relations. As we wandered over the grounds almost every tree and every stone seemed to remind us of incidents in past years. A fine large and beautiful tamarind tree, which then overshadowed a large area, was brought by me from Tutuila as a seed, and planted where it then grew; a cocoanut tree that I planted on the day when our first child was born had stood the three hurricanes which blew down so many hundreds





THREE YOUNG WOMEN, SAMOA.





of the trees which once surrounded it ; and on every side there were reminders of the past. But with much that was pleasant there was also much to sadden. We missed many old friends, some of whom we sincerely loved, and with whom we had laboured and suffered hardship together ; but the visit was to us and to many of the people a great pleasure. I was much pleased with the state of the work, and with the beautiful order in which both the house and mission premises were kept. Visiting the other towns we received many proofs that we had not been forgotten by the people amongst whom we had lived and laboured. I lectured, and showed the New Guinea views, almost every night. As we were walking through one of the villages the people pointed with great pride to a nicely kept public well, which supplied all the families near it with good water, and told me that it still bore my own name. I had forgotten all about it, but they reminded me how in digging a pit in which to burn lime for the house I had seen signs of water, and how upon my urging them to do so they had set to work with crowbars and spades, and soon found a plentiful supply of water, which had never failed them since. They had built up the sides with large stones, and had passed laws, too, to compel people to keep it in order ; and clean and nice it was when we saw it. So our labour was not in vain.

On another of these visits in 1898 I had the great privilege of opening a large stone church at Satupaitea. This building is 132 ft. long inside, by a width of 48 ft. 6 in. The walls are 3 ft. in thickness. The church had cost the people of Satupaitea about £1,400 up to the day of opening, in addition to their own hard personal labour for many months. The total debt owing was 32s., but the collection made at the opening services amounted to £108, leaving them with a large balance in hand, which they purposed applying towards the cost of ceiling the building. Needless to say, there was a great feast given on that day, one which they intended to be a record in the history of the group. Nearly all the bread-fruit trees along the walks throughout the town had

bunches of ripe bananas hanging upon them, which any one was at liberty to eat. 809 pigs roasted whole, 2 kegs of beef, 3 bullocks, and 112,940 heads of taro were presented to the visitors in the "malae" (open space in the town). This was, of course, in addition to large quantities of food presented by the people to their visitors in their respective homes. My share of this feast was 10 large pigs, 1,000 head of taro and other vegetables, and 2 large roots of kava. One of my absent daughters, who had been adopted by the chief of the village, and to whom one of their titles had been given, was also remembered in the division of food. I could not help contrasting the state of the people, and the joy which they experienced on this day, with some of the trying times which, as I have already mentioned, we experienced together.

One of my visits to the Pacific is memorable to me as the time when I first made an acquaintanceship, which ripened into lasting friendship to the day of his death, with Robert Louis Stevenson. This was in the year 1890, soon after I had arrived in Sydney from my first visit to New Guinea. I was at that time the Special Commissioner of the General Conference to Tonga; and as it was deemed desirable that I should at once proceed to that group, I left on the first opportunity, and sailed for Tonga in the S.S. *Lubeck*, leaving Sydney on September 4, 1890. Mrs. Brown accompanied me. The only passengers were Rev. J. Chalmers and wife, of New Guinea; Rev. — Hunt and wife, also of New Guinea, but now returning to Samoa; and Robert Louis Stevenson and wife—a name so familiar that it seems quite out of place to put the prefix "Mr." I need not say that we had a very pleasant time on board. The weather, I believe, was rough, though I have no recollections of it myself, and take it for granted that Chalmers and Stevenson were right in their judgment in this respect. I only know that, rough or not, I thoroughly enjoyed the passage. I have seen notices in print from Chalmers, Stevenson, and Hunt, of the voyage, but content



A SAMOAN YOUNG WOMAN.





myself with reproducing those which are now available to me.

Chalmers, in a letter dated September 26, 1890, says: "We met the Hunts in Sydney, and accompanied them in the German steamer to Apia. We had rather a rough passage here, and were thirty hours behind time. Louis Stevenson and his wife were on board, and we enjoyed the trip well. They have bought 400 acres of land behind Apia, and are going to squat. George Brown, of the Wesleyan New Guinea Mission, with his wife, was also with us, and you may be sure the smoking-room, the best place in the ship, was well patronised. We called at Tonga, but did not see the King, now 98 years old. We visited the College, and were much pleased with the students and their work."

Chalmers again, in the sketch of his wife, gives a fuller account of the meeting with Stevenson: "We spent some time in Sydney, and then were off to the Islands. We had as fellow-passengers Mr. and Mrs. Louis Stevenson on their way back to Samoa. We had a very rough passage, but the smoking-room was well patronised, and we spent many happy hours in it with our new friends. Dr. Brown and Mrs. Brown, of New Britain, were also with us. Oh! the story-telling of that trip. Did that smoking-room on any other trip ever hear so many yarns? Brown surpassed us all, and the gentle novelist did well. His best stories were personal. My dear wife often said: 'How gentle and lovable he is! Just one to nurse.' He was in very bad health, and was well nursed and cared for by his clever wife. We were the only passengers, and the events of the voyage must have made an impression on all of us."

Stevenson, writing to his mother in September 1890, from the S.S. *Lubeck*, between Sydney and Tonga, three days out, says: "We have a very interesting party on board: Messrs. Chalmers and Hunt, of the London Society, and Mr. Brown of the Wesleyan. Chalmers and Brown are pioneer missionaries, splendid men, with no humbug, plenty of courage, and the

love of adventure : Brown, the man who fought a battle with cannibals at New Britain, and was so squalled over by Exeter Hall ; Chalmers, a friend of Mrs. Hannah Swan. . . . I have become a terrible missionaryite of late days : very much interested in their work, errors, and merits. Perhaps it's in the blood, though it has been a little slow in coming out. No, to be sure, I always liked the type. Chalmers, a big, stout, wildish-looking man, iron-grey, with big bold black eyes, and a deep straight furrow down each cheek. *Ætat* forty to forty-five."

I think Stevenson had been somewhat prejudiced against missionary work. He had either formed his opinions from statements made to him by prejudiced parties, or he had seen only some unfavourable examples of the work which has been accomplished. We never discussed, so far as I can remember, the necessity, expediency, or obligation of missionary work amongst the heathen. Chalmers, Hunt, and I, of course, took all this for granted, and assumed that Stevenson did the same, not trying to convert him by argument, but giving him facts from our own experience, and illustrating our work by some of the incidents of our every-day life. Many of those which to us appeared very commonplace appealed very strongly to Stevenson's sympathies, and he often pointed out the bearing of some of them upon the great problems of life. We all felt the better for our free and friendly intercourse and exchange of thought, and I think that the letter to his mother quoted above shows that a great change took place in Stevenson's estimate of missionary work. To myself personally he was most kind, and it has always been a source of great regret to me that I was not able to avail myself of his great wish to write the story of my life. I would very gladly have taken advantage of his very kind offer ; but both he and I felt that it was utterly impossible at the time, owing to the many engagements which I then had. I never forget his saying to me at the close of one of our conversations : " Well, Brown, if we cannot do it now, we must just wait ; but I want to tell



R. L. STEVENSON'S HOUSE, VAILIMA.



you that if at any time I can help you in any way by the use of the gifts which God has given me—and folks say that I have some gifts for writing—I shall be very glad indeed to place the best I have at your disposal.” Needless to say, I thanked him very sincerely. I met him from time to time afterwards when I visited Samoa, where he took a deep interest in the welfare of the natives. He asked my advice on several occasions with regard to the people amongst whom he lived, and I was very glad indeed to talk to him about them. I saw him at his own home in Samoa for the last time about a year before his death. He knew that I took a deep interest in the Samoan people, and sent me a copy of his book, *A Footnote to History*, in which he has written: “Dear Brown, Please accept this attempt to tell the truth, from yours sincerely, Robert Louis Stevenson.” Needless to say, this is one of the treasures of my library.





NEW BRITAIN



### III

#### NEW BRITAIN

AFTER fourteen years' residence in Samoa we left that District for Sydney. Two of our children had already proceeded to New Zealand for education. On our arrival in Sydney I brought the matter of extending our missionary operations in the Pacific before the Board of Missions at the first possible opportunity. I had for some years past urged the consideration of this matter by the Board, and I had also written letters on the same subject to the Fiji District ; but the way had not yet been opened. On my arrival, however, I commenced to agitate the matter on every possible occasion. As a result, a meeting of the Executive Committee of Missions was held on September 9, 1874. The Minutes of that meeting are as follows :

“ The Rev. George Brown, late of Samoa, addressed the Committee respecting the establishment of a mission in New Britain or New Ireland, etc., and after an earnest consideration of the subject, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to :

“ 1. That this meeting has listened to Mr. Brown's statements with very great interest, and believes that the financial position of the Australasian Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society is now such as to justify the enlargement of its sphere of operations.

“ 2. That the meeting regards with favour the proposal to send the missionary ship *John Wesley*, on her next voyage in March or April of 1875, to visit the large islands of New Britain and New Ireland, with a view to the commencement of

missionary operations; and if upon inquiry it should still appear that there are openings of importance, and that the enterprise is practicable, it will give its sanction to the undertaking.”

For the furtherance of the object stated, the Committee asked me to visit the respective Colonies, to bring the matter before our people, and, as far as possible, to secure funds for carrying it out. I had just returned from Samoa, and was naturally anxious to settle my family in New Zealand and to see the dear children we had sent there; but I felt that this was the call of God to me, and I dare not refuse it. During the next few months, therefore, I visited the principal Circuits in New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, and New Zealand, and was able, by God's blessing, to excite a considerable interest in the minds of our people. The first place in which I spoke after formal sanction had been given by the Committee to the proposal was at Ballarat, in Victoria. Our meetings in Tasmania were very successful indeed, and whilst there I succeeded in interesting the late Henry Reed, of Mount Pleasant, Launceston, and found him to be during the remainder of his life one of our most valuable supporters. He was interested in any scheme for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and, as he himself said, he regarded it as one of the great privileges of his life that he was able to help in the establishment of our New Britain Mission. He promised to give £500 for a steam launch which I considered to be a very necessary part of our outfit. The Committee was much encouraged by the result of our appeal, and preparations for the first voyage were at once commenced.

I went to New Zealand, arriving there in January 1875. After settling my wife and family in Auckland I returned to Sydney, and made further preparations for our voyage. The late Commodore Goodenough and Lieutenant Dennison of H.M.S. *Basilisk*, who had recently returned from a marine survey of the northern coast of New Guinea, very kindly supplied us with the latest information regarding those places. The steam launch, which we named the *Henry Reed*, was





OUR FIRST HOUSE AT PORT HUNTER.



obtained, and very careful consideration was paid to the question of supplies and articles for trade.

We left in the *John Wesley* on April 27, having as fellow-passengers Revs. Lorimer Fison and Jesse Carey, with their respective families, and also Baron A. von Hugel, a European naturalist, and two assistants, who went for the purpose of making researches in zoology and collecting specimens in natural history. We had a fair passage of nineteen days, and arrived in Fiji on May 16, just after that fearful epidemic of measles, during which about 40,000 of the people perished from the disease. The *John Wesley*, I think, was the first ship which was allowed free communication with the shore. On our arrival we found that it was quite impossible to get the men who had been appointed to go with us. Some were dead, and others were scattered about in different parts of Fiji. I consulted the brethren, and finally decided to visit Bau and Navuloa.

I started in the *Henry Reed* on June 26, with Brother A. J. Webb, who was then stationed in the Rewa circuit. We left Bau at 8 a.m., Navuloa at 10 a.m., Rewa at 3 p.m., Davuilevu (Rev. T. Baker's old station) at 4.20 p.m., and came to anchor a little below Mr. Storck's plantation at Viti at 1 a.m.

The Rewa is a fine river, and I thoroughly enjoyed the trip though we heard sad tales of the fearful ravages caused by the measles. At one small village where we landed we were told that more than eighty of the inhabitants had died. In many of the towns one-half of the people were dead, and in very few indeed did the mortality fall below one-fourth of the inhabitants. Whole villages were struck down at once, so that there was no one to dig the graves or prepare the food, and starvation helped the disease in its deadly work. We were told of some villages where there was no one to take out the dead for burial, so the sick and the dying had to scratch holes in the houses by the side of their own beds in which to cover up their dead. The stench from the houses was intolerable, and those who went about from day to day among the people on their errands of

mercy did their work amid circumstances which involved no inconsiderable amount of suffering and self-sacrifice on their part. Our missionaries and teachers had nobly done their work during this fearful visitation. I felt proud of our missionaries and their wives, and of our noble band of teachers in Fiji. With regard to the work done by our teachers, I can give the testimony of a respectable planter, who had the best opportunity for judging. He came alongside the launch, and stayed with us some time, telling us of what he had seen during the prevalence of the epidemic. I need not repeat the sad tales he told us, but gladly give his testimony to the faithful labours of one teacher, far away from the missionary under whose care he was placed. He said: "I saw him hard at work every day. One day I watched him as he buried six of his people, and noticed as he buried the last one that he himself was scarcely able to move about from weakness and exhaustion ; but he kept manfully at his work." The kind heart of the planter was touched with the sufferings and manifest weakness of the poor fellow, and he had a fowl killed, and sent it over to him to strengthen him a little. I believe most of the planters and merchants did all they could to help the natives. They made perhaps no very great profession of affection for the Fijians, but the true English heart ever melts at the sight of suffering, and is ever ready to respond to an appeal for help ; and so it was in Fiji.

Of the missionaries themselves I do not care to say much ; but I can tell of one who, with his own family sick, with a large town stricken down at once to attend to, had to work day and night to minister to their wants until his own stock of stores was expended ; and but for the kind help of one of the Government officials, he and his family would have suffered from hunger. I can tell of another missionary who, when there was no one in the town able to dig the yams, went into the bush himself, dug the yams, brought them home, and cooked them for his starving people. I can tell of his having to watch them day by day to keep them from injuring themselves



through their own ignorance—one day having to go and drag a poor half-maddened Fijian woman from a waterhole into which, in her despair, she had rushed, in the vain hope of cooling her fevered body. I can tell of one good lady (the wife of the one just named) who was away washing a poor little motherless Fijian baby, and returned home only to find that one of her own dear little ones had died in her short absence. I can tell of another missionary who went from house to house visiting the sick, and almost compelling them to take the medicines with which he supplied them, when he himself was so weak with his long-continued labours that one of the few young men who were not attacked had to accompany him with a chair, on which to sit while he attended to the wants of the people. But why multiply instances when every mission station, and almost every village in Fiji, could furnish similar proofs that the spirit of self-sacrifice and self-denying love was as apparent then as it ever was in the old days of heathenism ?

As we went on our way up the river we met a messenger bringing a letter from one of the native ministers to Mr. Webb. The writer was stationed amongst some of the mountain tribes, who had but recently made a profession of Christianity. In addition to the sad news that 1,072 had died in the section under his immediate charge, we were told of some towns whose people, under the influence of superstition, and imagining that this fearful scourge was sent as a punishment for abandoning the religion of their fathers, had driven away their teachers and returned to heathenism ; and of one town where the teacher having died they buried his wife and child alive in the same grave. These were dreadful tales to hear as we steamed up that beautiful river ; but we were comforted by the recollection of the many triumphs of the Gospel amongst these people, by the assurance that many of those who were dead had manifested the power of the religion of Jesus both in life and in death, and by the sure and certain trust that God could make even this severe trial an instrument of good both to whites and to Fijians, to ministers and to people.



I shall not soon forget our midnight voyage. It was a fine clear night, and the calmly flowing river reflected in a most lovely manner the shadows of the trees and of the hills, around the bases of which it flowed on its way to the sea. The silence was unbroken, except by the fierce puffing of our little launch as she belched forth flame and smoke, to the surprise and admiration of the natives, and especially of some who were sitting in front of their town, and who suddenly broke the stillness of the night by a most weird, unearthly yell, as we passed close by them, which was repeated with interest as the engineer sounded the shrill steam whistle for their amusement.

On our way down the river we passed close to Beard Rock—so called because any young Fijian who wished to have his face ornamented with a good flowing beard could have his wish gratified by rubbing his chin long enough and hard enough on the face of the rock. Just after we passed that place we met a canoe paddling up the river, and Mr. Webb called out to me: "See, there's Aisea Nasikai, one of the two teachers who escaped when Mr. Baker and party were murdered"; and then the tale was told how the poor fellow rushed into the reeds when he was struck, and crouched down there, hearing the talk of the murderers as they mutilated the dead bodies. So nearly was he discovered that one of the men who were looking for him actually stood upon his foot. Whilst he was hiding he heard the men calling out for a light with which to fire the reeds, in order to drive him out, but fortunately they went away without carrying their purpose into effect. A few miles farther down we passed one of the boats of H.M.S. *Blanche*, and exchanged salutations with Captain Simpson, R.N., and some of his officers who were going up the river. And so the past and the present came very vividly before us—old cannibal Fiji, with the yells of the murderers and the beat of the death-drums almost sounding in our ears, and a Crown colony of Great Britain, the peaceful mission of the survey ship, and the quiet homes of the planters on the river's banks,

Next day (28th) we reached Bau, calling at Navuloa on our way. On June 1 we held our meeting at Navuloa with the missionaries and native ministers, and I afterwards met the students. I shall never forget that meeting. The late Rev. Joseph Waterhouse was the principal of Navuloa at the time. When the bell was rung for the meeting we went into the large school-hall, which was but dimly lighted by a few small lights. Mr. Waterhouse and I sat on the teachers' platform as the students assembled. Many of them were pale and haggard from the ravages of the terrible epidemic through which they had passed. I stood up, and can honestly say to-day that not one single thing was hidden from them. I told them of what God had put it into my heart to do. I told them that the men who had been appointed to go with me could not now be obtained, and that I had come with the consent of the missionaries to bring the matter before them. I told them all that we knew of the place, and of the character of the people who lived there; of the ferocity of the natives; of the unhealthy character of the climate; that they would be exposed to dangers on every hand; that in all probability many of them would never see their own Fijian homes again. I warned them also that they might be left there alone without any white missionary to look after them, as up to that time I had not decided to act contrary to the instructions which I received in Sydney, to return at once in the *John Wesley*. I assured them that we could not take the responsibility of appointing any one to go; but that the decision must rest entirely with them; that if no one volunteered we should not in any way blame them, but that if any of them were willing to go we should be very thankful. I repeat again, the whole matter was placed before them in its blackest and darkest colours. At the close of my address I asked if any were willing to volunteer, but at this point Mr. Waterhouse rose and said: "No! Young men," he went on, "you have heard what Mr. Brown has told you, but I do not think you ought to answer his question to-night. Go home and put the whole

matter before God in prayer for His guidance. Consult also with your wives and with your friends, and then after this time for calm and quiet consideration, come again to-morrow, and we will take your answer then."

Next morning we gathered together again in the hall, and Mr. Waterhouse put the matter fully before them, and then asked if any were willing to volunteer; and I am sure it ought to be remembered to the honour of our Fijian students that every one of the eighty-three present expressed his willingness to go. It was a most impressive scene, one which I can only very inadequately describe, but which left an impression on my mind which continues unto the present day.

We selected six of the married men and three of the single men. Good old Joel Bulu gave them a very stirring address, and there was a deep and solemn feeling in the meeting as he told them of his own experiences in the days gone by in Fiji, exhorting them to put their trust in the same God who had watched over and protected the missionaries and teachers in their labours in this land, and who had so signally blessed them in their work. He finished by pointing them to the glorious reward which awaited the faithful soldiers of the Cross.

After all our preparations had been made for leaving on June 12, we heard a rumour to the effect that the Government were going to throw some obstacles in our way; and when Captain Mansell went to clear the ship at the Customs he was told that he could not do so that day. On the afternoon of that day a gentleman waited upon me with a letter from the Colonial Secretary, inviting me to meet His Honour the Administrator of the Government at the Executive Council Chambers, Nasova, with the Fijians who had been appointed to accompany me. I replied at once, stating that I should be very glad to take them to Government House the following morning at 11 a.m.

In the meantime we heard that two gentlemen connected with the Government had gone to the teachers and asked

them whether they were going of their own free will, how much salary they were getting, etc., etc.; and finished up by asking them if there were no heathens in Fiji to convert. This was the account given to us by the natives. The gentleman who brought me the letter told me that he was one of those who had been sent to the teachers, but he wished me to understand that they had only gone in obedience to orders, as the Government wished to know from the natives themselves on what conditions they were being sent.

I had previously determined in my own mind how I would act in any negotiations with the Government, so I simply stated that I was very glad indeed that the Government manifested such a kindly interest in the welfare of the natives. I also said that I was very glad that they had obtained the testimony of the teachers in such an independent way, as they must now be certain that it was impossible for us to have prepared them for such an examination, as we had not the slightest suspicion that the Government intended to move in the matter. I told him also that whilst we were glad that they had seen the teachers, I as an individual thought that they might have manifested their confidence and shown a little simple courtesy by informing us of their interview. He seemed to feel this to be true.

At 11 a.m. next day I attended at the Government buildings with the teachers. The meeting was held in the Executive Council Chambers and was composed of His Honour the Administrator, Messrs. Thurston, Horton, Bentley, Frazer, Ratu Mele, Ratu Tevita, Scott (interpreter), Secretary of Council, myself, and the nine teachers. I was very kindly received, and had a chair given me next to Mr. Layard. He told me that the reason why the Government wished to meet the teachers and myself was that reports were being circulated that the men were not volunteers, that they were being kept in ignorance of the real facts of the case, and that as they were now British subjects the Government considered themselves to be responsible for them, and therefore wished to



have the whole matter fully explained to them. He also told me that he had a dispatch from home which positively forbade any Fijians being taken away to other groups, though he scarcely thought that that dispatch was meant to apply to such a case as this.

I replied by giving a short account of the history of the mission up to the present time. I told them of the selection of the first lot of volunteers, of the time which had been given for consideration, the number who had volunteered in each Circuit, etc.; then of our coming here and not being able to collect these men, and so having to make a second call for volunteers. I informed them that in response to that call the whole of the students in Navuloa volunteered; that we had selected nine of the number who were now present, and finished by assuring them that no one had spoken to the teachers on the subject, and that up to that very moment they were in complete ignorance of the reason for their being then present.

Mr. Layard then addressed the teachers through the interpreter, and told them that they must remember that they were now British subjects; that no missionary or any one else had any right to compel them to go to any place where they themselves did not wish to go; that they were free to go and free to stay; that he was responsible for their safety; that if any of them went away now and got killed and eaten, the Government here would be blamed by the Home Government, and so he wished to tell them himself all about the countries to which they were being taken, and then to hear from them their own opinion and wishes. He then told them about the people—that they were great cannibals and very fierce; that the islands were very unhealthy, so that almost every one that went there suffered much from fever and ague; that food might be very scarce, and that although we might take food with us, yet it was not the food to which Fijians were accustomed. He told them that they would be left alone, without protection or support, for some months, and asked them to consider the matter, and if after hearing what had been told



them they still wished to go, he would not prevent them, but would wish them Godspeed.

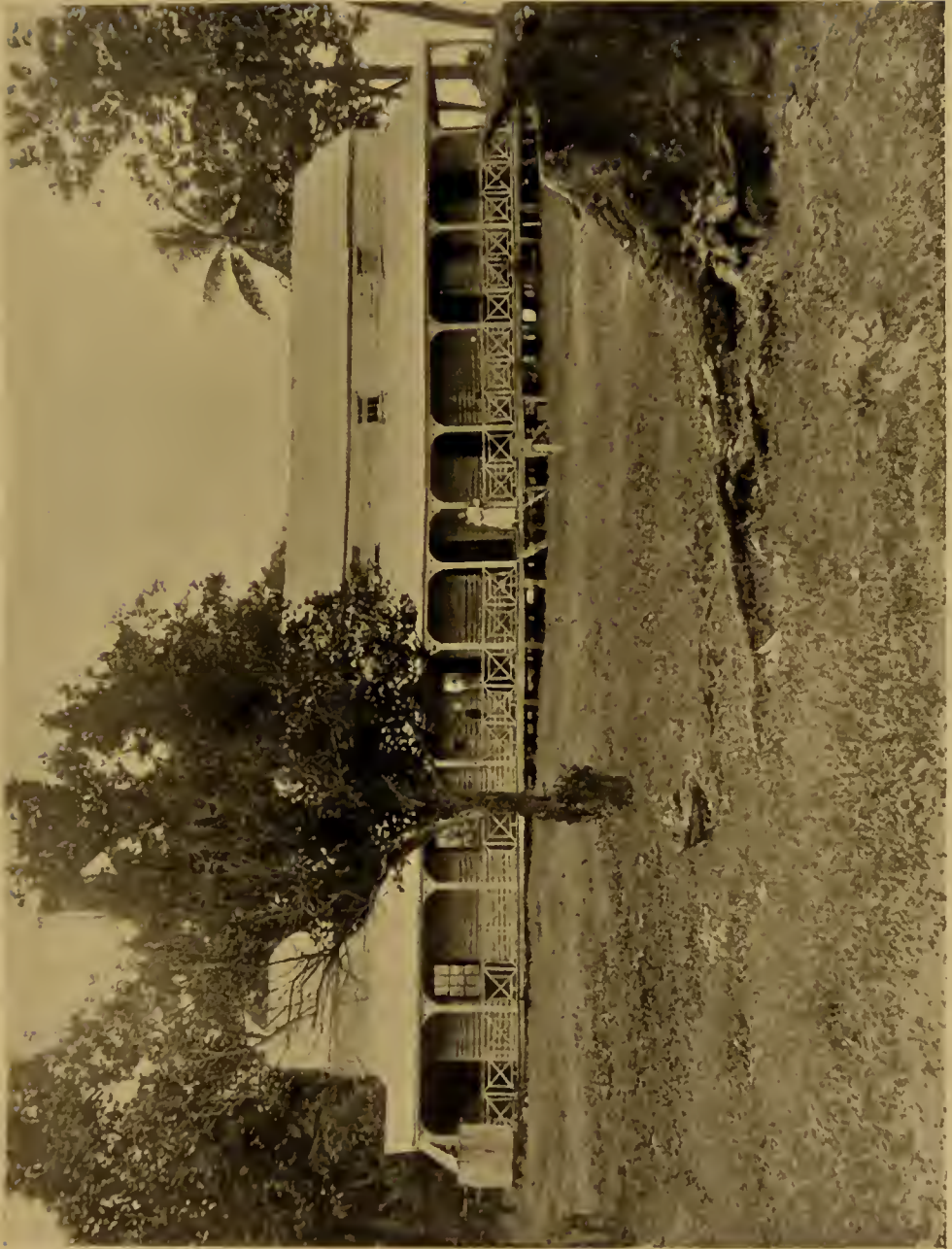
I confess that after hearing the address given by His Honour the Administrator, I felt some degree of alarm. I know natives well, and I knew that the reasons given against their going were such as were most likely to influence them to remain. It was, for instance, touching the Fijian on a very tender spot when he was told that in all probability food would be extremely scarce, and that the biscuits and rice which we were taking would be both unsuitable and insufficient for his maintenance. It was also a very strange thing to say, as was virtually said, that the diseases prevalent in the land to which they were going were far worse than that terrible epidemic which they had just passed through. But perhaps the most powerful of all reasons to a native mind for not going was that he might probably die away from his own home. There is nothing which a native dreads more than this ; and I have often known them, when almost in the article of death, plead to be taken back to their own homes, that they might die there.

After consultation together, the teachers asked if they were to reply individually, or if one should speak for them all. Mr. Layard said that if they had appointed one to speak he could do so, or they could all speak if they wished. They were placed at a different part of the room, and away from the place where I was sitting, so that there was no consultation between us. After they had conferred together Aminio Bale stood up, and with deep feeling thanked His Honour for the remarks which he had made to them. He went, in native fashion, over the whole of His Honour's address, thanking him for each particular item of information, and for the advice which he had tendered to them. He then said : " We wish, however, to inform your Honour that this is no new thing to us. Mr. Brown told us all that you have told us about the character of the people, the unhealthiness of the climate, and the dangers we will probably have to encounter. No one

appointed us to go. We were simply asked whether we would volunteer. Mr. Waterhouse also told us that we were free to go, or free to remain, and that no disgrace would be incurred by us if we decided to remain in Fiji. After consultation we decided to volunteer, and we, sir, are very thankful to God that we have been selected for this great work, and our comrades at Navuloa are sad at heart to-day that they are not able to go with us." And then, in words which I shall never forget, he added: "We wish also to thank Your Excellency for telling us that we are British subjects, and that you take such an interest in us, and that if we wish to remain you will take care that we are not taken from our homes in Fiji. But, sir, we have fully considered this matter in our hearts; no one has pressed us in any way; we have given ourselves up to do God's work, and our mind to-day, sir, is to go with Mr. Brown. If we die, we die; if we live, we live."

My heart was full as I heard this noble fellow speak out so well, and his reply evidently made a good impression; but Mr. Layard began again telling them of the hardships endured by the London Missionary Society's teachers in New Guinea, and read extracts from the *Morning Herald* of May 8, with the accounts of the sufferings and death of teachers and their wives.

Here I thought that it was time for me to speak, and so I told His Honour, in as quiet and polite a manner as I possibly could, that I thought he was only frightening the natives unnecessarily; that the dangers of the work were being put before the teachers, not as possible contingencies, nor even as probable ones, but as absolute certainties. I pointed out that there was a great difference between the mangrove flats of New Guinea and the islands to which we were first going; that food, so far from being scarce, was plentiful indeed, and of the same description as in Fiji, and quoted as my authority Captain Simpson, of H.M.S. *Blanche*, then in port, Captain Ferguson, Lieutenant Sanders, etc.



MISSION HOUSE, PORT HUNTER.





Mr. Thurston here addressed the teachers by His Honour's request, and made an excellent speech, saying that he quite concurred in what I had just said about the teachers being frightened, that he could substantiate my statements about the plentiful supply of food, as several gentlemen had told him about the immense terraces of New Britain cultivated by the natives and full of all kinds of food. He said, also, that it was quite true that the Duke of York Island was probably healthy, though he believed that on both the larger islands there would be plenty of fever and ague; but this should not stand much in the way, as in seven-tenths of the world we can find plenty of that disease. He said that, with his Honour's permission, he would put the matter again before the teachers. This he did, dwelling, however, more particularly on the assurance that the Government did not wish to hinder them, but only to protect them, and to be able to assure the Home Government, in case any of them got killed, that they went of their own free will, and knowing well the dangers to which they were exposed.

He then said that His Honour wished, after this further explanation, that each man should answer for himself as to whether the matter was quite clear to them; and it did my heart good to hear the noble fellows say in loud tones, and with an accent that carried conviction to all: "It is all perfectly clear to us. Sa macala saka."

Mr. Layard asked me about terms of service, payment, etc., to which I replied by saying that when they were ill, or when from any other cause it was deemed right for any of them to return, we considered ourselves pledged to bring them back to Fiji. As to payment, they went on the same footing as our other teachers placed in similar circumstances, but that as soon as ever it was practicable the people would be expected to support them. A document was then produced, which they were asked to sign. A translation was read to them, and they all replied: "It is all right," or "It is all clear to us." The following is a copy:



“We, the undersigned Wesleyan teachers, do solemnly and truly declare that we were fully and carefully informed by the promoters of the mission to New Britain, New Ireland, etc., of the dangers which may be incurred to life and limb from the cannibal propensities of the natives of those islands and the insalubrious nature of the climate, which produces fever and ague, and diseases of that character. We also were fully acquainted with the discomforts we may undergo from want of the food to which we are accustomed, and from not being able to speak the language of the people, among whom we should be left without protection or support for some months ; and we declare that, fully knowing all this, we make an election to proceed on this mission of our own free will, not compelled thereto by any orders or authority of any one, but simply desirous of spreading the knowledge of the Gospel of Christ among the heathen inhabitants of those islands.

“DEPARTMENT OF NATIVE AFFAIRS,  
“NASOVA, *June 12, 1875.*”

After a little general conversation, and an expression of goodwill and kind wishes from Mr. Layard, the meeting adjourned.

With regard to this action taken by the Government, I scarcely know what to say. Most people at the time spoke of it as a vexatious interference and a manifestation of petty spite ; but I did not look upon it in that light. Mr. Layard certainly seemed at one time to be trying to frighten the teachers against going, and I protested against it ; but whether he really wished to stop them or not was, I think, very doubtful. I myself gave the Government credit for sincerity in the matter. They had instructions from home to look after and protect the Fijians ; and probably believed that we were going to sacrifice our men in some fanatical way ; and as they knew that if any Fijians were murdered in the islands to which we were taking them, there would be an inquiry made into the matter, as they were then British subjects, they would naturally

desire to be in a position to prove that all due precautions were taken by them to protect the interests of the people whom they were appointed to govern.

We were detained four weeks in Fiji, owing principally to difficulties connected with the Customs Department, which was not then in proper working order. I was naturally impatient to get away, but in the light of past experience I felt that it was all ordered aright. Had we got away from Sydney at the time first appointed, or had our passage been a shorter one than it was, we should have arrived in Fiji before the termination of the epidemic, would not have been allowed to communicate with the shore, and might have been compelled to abandon the voyage to New Britain for that year. In a letter which I wrote to the General Secretary at the time I said: "We have got a fine lot of men. I really wonder how they stood that ordeal before the Government, which was a most trying one to them; yet they passed through it nobly. Mr. Layard said to me after it was over that it was most satisfactory, and the other members of the Executive Council seemed to be of that opinion. Every day as any of our teachers passes along the beach some 'friend of missions' laughs at them, and tries to frighten them. 'Are you one of the fellows going to the new land?' 'Yes.' 'Oh! oh! oh! what a fool you are. You will be killed and eaten most certainly,' etc. It is really wonderful that some of them do not get faint-hearted about it; but they only smile when these remarks are made." We got away finally on June 15, 1875, and arrived at Samoa on June 30.

We intended just to go into the harbour of Saluafata, but the Rev. J. E. Mathieson came over to us in a boat, and said that we were not allowed to land there on account of our coming from Fiji so recently after the epidemic of measles there. We had consequently to go on to Apia for medical inspection. The medical officer boarded us outside, and granted pratique. After taking on board two Samoan teachers with their wives, and two of my old boys who went with me, we

left Samoa and arrived at Rotuma on Friday July 23, after a passage of three and a half days. Here we were joined by Rev. W. and Mrs. Fletcher and family, who decided to go with us on their way to Sydney.

At Rotuma I decided to depart from the instructions which I had received in Sydney, to return in the *John Wesley* after leaving the teachers in New Britain. I did this after full consideration, as I determined that it should never be said that we placed Fijians and Samoans in any place where we were afraid to remain ourselves. I had of course made no provision for staying, but I purchased a whale-boat in Rotuma and a few boards, whilst Mr. Fletcher kindly gave me one or two old doors and sashes.

We left Rotuma on Saturday, July 31. During the whole of the passage from Fiji to New Britain, and for a long time afterwards, I was in very poor health, and suffered very much from a very painful chronic inflammation of the mucous membrane of the bowels. It is difficult for me to write much about this matter; but as this is the story of my life it is scarcely right to omit all mention of it. I suffered very severely, and often felt very much depressed in mind. It was, I think, the feeling of the great responsibility which was placed upon me, and a strong, earnest longing to see the work which I had taken in hand carried through, by God's blessing, which enabled me to continue my work. I find in my diary constant allusions to this matter. When passing through the Solomons I wrote on August 11: "I feel very weak, and often get very low-spirited, fearing lest this sickness should hinder my work. I hope to be guided aright. They are beginning to say on board that I ought not to stay behind, but my way seems quite clear to do so yet. I do not fear any ill results, and sometimes when they are brought to my mind I seem to regard the idea of even dying there with a strange degree of complacency."

On August 20 I wrote after our arrival in New Britain: "Not very well again to-day. I do so wish that I was stronger and healthier. There is a fine field of usefulness here, and I long

to labour for Christ ; but these attacks all seem to weaken me a good deal." Almost every day has its record regarding this complaint, but occasionally I felt, of course, worse than at other times.

On September 11 I must have been feeling very dull, for I wrote: "I do so wish that I was well and strong. I want to work for God, but feel kept down by this sickness. Oh! for faith to recognise God's loving hand at all times and under all circumstances. I feel much depressed sometimes."

Again on September 15: "Still far from well all day. I tried hard to do some work for the sake of exercise, but could not do much. I managed to saw some battens in the morning, but had to rest after dinner." Then follows a description of my illness and the medicine taken, and then I wrote: "Oh! how I feel the want of my dear wife when I am so unwell. I feel such a longing to-day to have her near me. Still, I feel that I am doing what is right, and God is with us." It is painful for me to write of this, but it may be of use to others, as showing the necessity in these tropical climates of fighting to the last against the depressing effects of sickness. It would, I am sure, have been quite easy for me to have lain down and died, but I felt I could be of more use in the world by living, and I determined by God's blessing to do so.

During our passage we had, of course, regular services on board, and I think it well here to give an outline which I took at the time of a sermon preached by Elimotama, one of our Fijian teachers, on August 8, whilst we were passing the Solomons group. He preached from Romans xv. 20 and 21: "Yea, making it my aim so to preach the Gospel, not where Christ was already named, that I might not build upon another man's foundation: but as it is written, They shall see to whom no tidings of Him came: and they who have not heard shall understand." After a brief introduction, in which he spoke of St. Paul's history, of the time when this letter was written, and of the condition of the people to whom it was sent, he treated his subject under three divisions. He first spoke of St. Paul's way, dwelling



particularly on the fact that it was a way marked out for him by God, not a path of his own choosing, not an appointment given him by men, but that God called him to his work, and told him what to do, and how to do it; that his path or work was that of preaching the Gospel. He then drew an analogy between our present circumstances and those in which the apostle was placed, saying we also are like St. Paul in these respects. Our path has been marked out for us by God; we have not been appointed or ordered to do this work by the missionaries or by the teacher's meeting, but God has called us, God has told us what to do, and He still shows us the way in which we are to walk. We have not chosen this work simply of ourselves, but God's Spirit tells us to walk in this path and preach the Gospel.

His second division was, that St. Paul's path or work was a new path. He showed that the apostle went to preach to those who had never before heard the Gospel: others had to preach to the Jews, but St. Paul's work was that of a missionary. And are not we, he asked, the missionaries and teachers on board this ship, like St. Paul? There are plenty still left behind in Fiji and Samoa to preach to the people there, but ours is a new path, ours is a new work. We go to a heathen land and to a heathen people, to tell them about Jesus and the Gospel.

His third division was, that St. Paul's path or work was the path of the Book, the meaning of which, as explained by him, was, that it was a work which God had promised in the Book should be accomplished. He showed that God had promised that the Gentiles should be partakers of the blessings of the Gospel, and that St. Paul was simply an instrument in the hand of God in carrying out His own purposes, and bringing about the fulfilment of His promises. And then, in true Polynesian style, he applied this part also to themselves, assuring his hearers that they also, in going on this mission, and doing this work, were but instruments in God's hand for carrying out His own purposes of love and mercy to the heathen amongst whom



they were going. Then, with a few earnest words of encouragement and counsel, he concluded his discourse.

I give this outline as a fair sample of the style of a native teacher's sermon, and also as showing most satisfactorily the knowledge they possessed of the work in which they were entering, and the spirit in which they engaged in it. When the teacher sat down I gave out a hymn in Samoan, founded on the words of that old favourite,

“Oh happy day that fixed my choice,”

which the Samoans sang, and I then gave them a short address in their own language. In the afternoon the Fijian service was held again, and in the evening Mr. Fletcher met the Rotumans for prayer, etc., and afterwards preached in English to passengers and crew. And so the Sunday passed away. We had services on board in four different languages, in which the same glorious Gospel was proclaimed and the same plan of salvation set forth.

On Saturday, August 14, we saw the land, and by 1 p.m. were well within St. George's Channel. A large square-rigged vessel was in sight right ahead, which we conjectured to be the barque *Sydney*, Captain Woodhouse. New Ireland was close to us on our right hand, whilst away on the left stretched out the large island of New Britain. And so at last we were in sight of the islands we had so long hoped to see; there were the fields where we hoped to labour, and there dwelt the men to whom we were bringing the glorious Gospel of our Lord Jesus, with all its privileges and blessings, and with the responsibilities which it entails upon those who receive it. As I looked at those large islands I had many strange and solemn thoughts about the mission in which we were engaged. I tried to think of the work which we were going to do, and wondered what trials we should have to bear, and what joy and gladness would be ours; how many fights and how many victories were before us; how long it would be before the people there received the Gospel and rejoiced in the assurance of a Saviour's love.

The teachers, of course, were all excited, but I did not observe the slightest sign of cowardice or regret at the step they had taken. Not one of them, I believe, felt any doubts as to the final issue of the work in which we were engaged. 'Twas not *will* these people receive the Gospel, but *when* will they do so? 'Twas not *will* the enemy be vanquished, but how many battles have to be fought, and how many will find a soldier's grave there before the victory is gained and the victors' reward secured?

At 8 p.m., as we were concluding family prayer, the officer on watch knocked on the deck to call the captain, and we at once guessed that some canoes were coming off from New Ireland; and on going on deck we found a canoe almost alongside. The natives seemed to be very suspicious, and it was some little time before we could reassure them, and get them on board. They sold us a little pig, and seemed disposed to be friendly. We took one of them down into the cabin, and by a few little presents made friends with all of them. They were quite naked, and not at all prepossessing.

On Sunday, August 15, we made sail early; but having little wind, several canoes from New Ireland came off to trade. We gave them a few little presents but refused to trade. Barque *Sydney* was in close company with us. At 1.36 p.m. we anchored in Port Hunter, Duke of York Island, and very soon had a great number of natives on board, all eager to trade. We had to explain to them that on that day we could neither buy nor sell, and they soon understood our meaning. We found all the tales we had heard about them confirmed by our actual experience. Not one of all those who came on board had a single article of clothing or any covering whatever. Looking around the cove we could see no houses, but it was soon evident that there must be a large number of people living close to us. Topulu (alias King Dick), the principal chief, came on board in the afternoon, and seemed quite at home. His Majesty the King was not distinguishable from any of his subjects by any costly apparel or regal attire; in fact, a bead ornament about



CHURCH AT MATUPIT.  
Photo taken just after the baptism of ninety-five converts.





his neck, and a rattle of shells hanging over his back, constituted at once the whole of his dress and his insignia of royalty.

In the afternoon we held our first service on this island. One of the Fijians preached, and Mr. Fletcher and I concluded the service. Many of the people were on board, and watched our proceedings with quiet, respectful interest. In the evening we had English service on deck, as it was a calm, still night, and with the intense heat in the cabin the poop was decidedly preferable. And so closed our first Sunday in the new mission. As I walked the deck after service, the silence and stillness of a tropical night, broken only by an occasional shout from inland, by the mournful cry of some night bird, or by the splash of the large fish playing around the ship, I thought much of God's love manifested to us throughout the voyage, and my heart was filled with gratitude to Him for His watchful providence and care over us in the past, with earnest desires to do the work He had given us to do, and with an assured trust that He would still be with us and would bless us. I realised that He had certainly been with us in the past, and had caused all things to work together for good. Had we left Sydney when we first intended to do so our mission could not have been begun that year, as we should not have been able to procure teachers. As it was, however, we reached Fiji just when the measles had so far abated as to render teachers available. And then those long detentions and many hindrances on the voyage, what did they all mean? They certainly made me feel very plainly that I must remain behind with the teachers, and it was at this time that I definitely decided to do so. I could not endure the thought of leaving them alone in that strange land, more especially as there was no sufficient time to make adequate arrangements for locating them in villages and under the assured protection of the chiefs, as we at first intended to do. I fully and fairly considered all that could be urged against the step, especially as regarded the state of my own health, the position of my wife and children in New



Zealand, the claims they had upon me, as well as the amount of physical labour to be done, and the risks to be run in visiting the large islands ; and still it seemed clearly to be my duty to remain behind.

Monday and the following days were spent in examining the different sites suggested for a mission station, in which work Mr. Fletcher gave me valuable assistance. It was of course thought very desirable to secure Topulu's favour, and he naturally wished the missionary to be stationed in his own village ; but we found that though the harbour of Makada, on which he lived, was a much more capacious one than Port Hunter, with far better water close at hand, yet the site appeared to be low and unhealthy. We finally decided to fix the station on a fine high piece of land in Port Hunter, in which Topulu had also an interest. This we bought, and got a properly executed conveyance for it from Topulu, Waruwarum and Naragua. Having to pay separately the three claimants for the land, the aggregate price paid was more than it was really worth, but we all felt it best to let the natives see that we wished to act fairly and honestly with them. Topulu wanted a musket and ammunition instead of the goods given him ; but we explained to him that such articles could not be supplied by us, and he was well satisfied with our explanation.

On Thursday we commenced preparing the land for the erection of the house. The natives were very friendly, and some of them were willing to help us with the work. I had two men pointed out to me that morning who were slaves. They told me that they belonged to bushmen who lived in the interior of the island. They said that these bushmen covered themselves with leaves, and so well did they conceal themselves that though they might be standing close at hand it was impossible to distinguish them from the surrounding bush. It will give some idea of the condition of these people when I state that they appeared to live in continual dread of attack. They never went far away from their houses without taking their fighting tomahawks with them, and we could not get them to

the other side of the cove for water or ballast unless they were guarded by some one from the ship.

We had that morning our first intimation of the existence of secret societies here. We invited Waruwarum and Naragua to breakfast, and they ate heartily, but absolutely refused to taste pork. They told us that it was "tabu" for them to touch it, and we found out afterwards that they were thus forbidden because they belonged to a society called Iniat, an account of which I shall give later on. On walking through the small village scattered round the bay we were all much pleased with the cleanliness of some of the houses; but they were very miserable structures, most of them being only eight feet long by five feet wide, and very low. There was about room for two people to lie down on the ground, with a bit of fire between them. They had no mats except a few made of plaited cocoanut leaf, and the general bed was a bit of board consisting of the side of some old canoe. The women and children were all friendly, and many of the latter seemed bright and intelligent.

On Sunday the 22nd we had a very quiet day, which was a great relief after the noise and excitement of the week. We had requested the people on the Saturday not to come on board, and we had very little trouble in keeping the ship clear.

The following days were spent in house-building. The rough timber was cut in the bush by some of the crew and our Fijian and Samoan teachers, with occasional assistance from the natives. Grass for thatch, small posts and battens for the walls, were purchased from the natives. The house when completed was thirty-two feet long by fifteen feet wide, and in this one room, for some time, were all our stores, eight teachers, with their wives, children, and luggage, besides ourselves. I had to swing my hammock to the ridge pole, and climb up to it by means of the boxes and cases, whilst the teachers and their families camped down as best they could amongst the cases underneath.

On Tuesday, August 21, we left Port Hunter at 10 a.m.

with a fine, fair wind, and anchored at Blanche Bay, just off Matupit, at 2.15 p.m. Our arrival there caused great excitement in the whole of the Bay, as ships were very rarely seen there. The island off which we anchored had a very evil reputation in the group. The traders had made several attempts to establish stations in Blanche Bay, but always failed. About eighteen months before we landed two traders had been stationed at Matupit by Messrs. Goddefroy of Samoa. These men had a good house and boats, and plenty of trade. They were, however, able to remain only a few weeks, and during the most of that time they were barricaded in their house. The natives finally set fire to it, and the two men only escaped by shooting five of them as they fought their way to the boat. The people of Duke of York, and many of the neighbouring villages on New Britain, were especially afraid of those Matupit natives.

On Wednesday during the greater part of the day there were at least from ninety to a hundred canoes alongside, with an average crew of six men in each. We had hard work to keep them from crowding on board together, and many of the members of our crew were very frightened indeed. They came aft and demanded arms from the captain, but these were not supplied, and so they mounted hand spikes instead. Ropes were drawn across the ship, past which natives were not allowed to go. Topulu was employed by us in purchasing yams, pigs, etc., required for the ship's use. We interviewed several of the principal chiefs, and after first clothing each of them with a fathom of print, we invited them down to breakfast. All the natives here were as naked as the Duke of York islanders. We had to employ Topulu as interpreter, and it was just here that we encountered one of our big difficulties. I soon saw that he had no desire whatever that we should come to Matupit, or indeed to any part of New Britain. He, like all Polynesians, was evidently very jealous of anything being done which would give any other chiefs any greater importance than they already possessed, as that would, in his opinion, detract

from his own position and lessen his influence. Then again it was from New Britain that he drew a large portion of his supplies of food, and the tortoise-shell which he sold again to the ships calling at Duke of York ; so the old man was not at all anxious for any ships to go to Blanche Bay, and did his best to frighten any captains from doing so. He well knew that Blanche Bay was a much better harbour than Port Hunter, that supplies were much cheaper, and were much more easily obtained there ; and he was shrewd enough to see that if the place was made safe for ships they would prefer to go there and buy for themselves, and so he himself would suffer. That he was quite right in this, the present position of Matupit as compared with Port Hunter is abundant proof. No vessel ever goes near the latter port, but Matupit is now the centre of a very large trade, and the fine steamers of the N.D.L. berth at its large wharf every month.

The day after our arrival Mr. Fletcher and I landed on Matupit, and walked round the island. The people received us very kindly, and gave us some fish and taro. Topulu would not risk the walk with us, but preferred to stay in the chief's house. He had been visiting Blanche Bay and the neighbourhood for many years, but never before had he dared to land at Matupit, and most certainly would not have done so had he not come in our company. The chief who accompanied us round the island noticed this and said : " Missionary no come Matupit, ah ! Topulu he no come. Missionary come, oh ! Topulu he come. He go house belong Matupit." Such is a sample of the best kind of English that was then spoken there by the few who knew it. Matupit was very thickly populated, and seemed to be a very healthy island. Captain Ferguson told me that it was a comparatively recent upheaval, as some of the oldest men remembered the time when no such island existed. This was, I think, confirmed by the size of the cocoanut trees, as they were all young trees, and appeared to have been planted about the same time. There had recently been a considerable sinking along the shore, amounting to



more than six feet in some places, so that it could scarcely be considered to be a very safe dwelling place. We saw plenty of women and children, and noticed particularly the almost entire absence of elephantiasis and the loathsome scaly disease which prevailed so much at Duke of York Island. I often wondered whether the small number of cases of elephantiasis was in any way owing to the people chewing the betel-nut so much. I do not remember hearing of the disease being very prevalent among any people who chewed the nut ; but whether it is a preventive or not, I cannot say.

On Thursday, September 2, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Walters, and I started in the launch for Nodup, a village of which Tobula, one of the men we met on board, was chief. We went inland to several of the villages, but in each case had to sit outside in the shade, as the houses were neither large enough nor clean enough for us to sit inside. The enclosures, however, in which the huts stood were in all cases scrupulously clean. Whilst we were in the village, on the beach a quarrel took place between the people of two villages, and at once spears, slings, and stones were at work, and the women and children were flying inland out of the way. Some of our party were considerably alarmed, and one of them in particular was very anxious that we should make a rush down to the boat, and get away from such a dangerous place. I, however, could see no sense in trying to get through such a crowd, as they were between us and the boat. There was no great damage done, I believe, only one man being wounded by a spear. The incident, however, in addition to others which we had seen, quite decided one of our party never to trust himself ashore in New Britain again, and he never did.

On our return to the vessel we found a good many of the crew very anxious to get away, as they were not at all pleased with the appearance and conduct of the people, and I had to speak very strongly on the matter. Some of them were inclined to treat the men who crowded on board very roughly, there was too much anxiety to secure curios, and in some



instances very little was given in return. This, I saw, was making the people angry. During the night some of the natives came off, unknown to those on board, and made a lot of hieroglyphics in chalk on the bows of the ship. Next morning when these were seen some of our crew were very much concerned as to what they meant, and as to what consequences might ensue, and they were again very anxious to get away. The matter was getting serious ; and I was quite satisfied that if the natives saw that we were all so frightened of them when we were together, and in a large ship, it might make it very dangerous for me when the others left for Sydney ; and I told them so very decidedly. The captain asked me at night when we should return to Port Hunter, and I told him in the morning, which seemed to give great satisfaction. About 2 a.m., however, so far as I can remember, I woke up and heard the anchor being got up, and the launch with steam up ready to start. I asked the captain why such haste was being made. He replied that I had told him that we should go next morning. "Yes," I said, "but not before daylight, at any rate." He still persisted in going at once, and then I had to tell him that if he determined to go I would at once go ashore and stay behind. I did this because I had promised two chiefs that if they came on board early in the morning I would give them each a present ; and as I had always made it a rule never to break my word with a native, I determined that I certainly would not begin then. I attribute a good deal of the influence which I have had over natives to the strict observance of this rule. The matter was, however, finally settled by sending a boat on shore to wake up the chiefs and bring them off to the ship, and I gave them the present I had promised. We started just about dawn, and reached Port Hunter at 3 p.m., having been towed over all the way by the steam launch. Our good friend Captain Ferguson called on us there, and very kindly supplied both the *John Wesley* and myself with stores.

On Monday, September 6, the *John Wesley* left us, having

been in the group about three weeks. Up to the time of her leaving, neither of the men who had been engaged in Sydney to help us with the launch and boats would consent to remain. They had been very much frightened at the appearance of the natives. I had just finished my business matters with Captain Mansell, and was on my way up from the cabin to go into the boat, when I met an old sailor called Jack Holmes. He asked me who was going to stay with me, and I replied, "No one." He said, "Well, if no one will stay, I will stop." So I returned to the captain, and asked him if he would allow old Jack to remain. He replied, "Yes." I then very gladly told Jack to go and get his things ready, and put them in the boat which was alongside. Jack went at once, and as I found out afterwards, he not only put his own things in the boat, but a great many other things which were not his at all. He laid hands on paints, brushes, canvas, rope, needles, and a whole lot of other things belonging to the ship, which he thought would come in useful, and quietly passed them over the side whilst the captain was down below. The most difficult thing that he had to hide was a big vice, but he succeeded in taking this also. I was no partner in the transaction, but I was very thankful many a time afterwards that Jack had used his opportunity so well. When we got the *John Wesley* outside we left her, and she started for Sydney with a fine fair wind. I must confess that when we saw her leaving, knowing as we did that we were being left behind among such a people, and that there was no probability of our being visited again for twelve months, I had some very solemn thoughts. I thought of my wife and children and other loved ones in the homeland, and wondered if ever I should see them again. We watched the ship until she was round Waira Point and out of sight, and then went ashore to begin our work alone.

Captain Ferguson was very kind to us, and I should like here to pay a tribute to the memory of one of the best men that I have ever known in the Pacific. Both in Sydney and in New Britain he did all that he could for us, and up to the day when he was so cruelly murdered by the natives of Bougainville



MEMBERS OF DUKDUK, A SECRET SOCIETY.





Island I always felt honoured by his friendship. At this time he took the steam launch in hand, got his engineer to fix up the engine, and to give Jack and me some lessons in managing it. I had very few stores left by the *John Wesley*, though Captain Mansell very kindly did the best he could out of his short stock. Captain Ferguson, however, gave me all he could spare, and would take no payment at all except for some tea and flour.

On Thursday, September 9, Captain Ferguson sailed, and so we were left to ourselves, and began our regular work. At this stage it would perhaps be well for me to give a short account of the place and people amongst whom we laboured.

NEW BRITAIN GROUP (NOW NAMED BY GERMANY THE  
BISMARCK ARCHIPELAGO)

Of this fine group but little was known before the year 1875, when we landed there. Up to that time no trustworthy information was obtainable either about the place or the people. A trader called John Stevens had resided for some little time at Port Hunter, in Duke of York, and some traders from Messrs. Goddefroy & Sons had stayed for a few weeks on the island of Matupit, in Blanche Bay. At the time of our landing there were no white men living on any part of the group.

The New Britain Group is generally considered to include the two large islands of New Britain and New Ireland, the small group called the Duke of York Group, New Hanover, Sandwich, Gerrit Denys, St. John's, Sir Charles Hardy's, and Fischer Islands, and the Kaan Group, with a large number of outlying islets. New Britain is separated from the north-east coast of New Guinea by Rook Island, and a deep-sea channel about fifty miles wide. Dampier's Straits is the name given to the channel, through which that navigator sailed in the year 1700, and so proved that New Britain was a separate island, and not a part of New Guinea. Dampier called the whole group by the one name of New Britain, and thought indeed that it was only



one main island ; but Cartaret in 1767 discovered St. George's Bay (Dampier) to be a wide open strait varying from twenty to thirty miles in width, which he named St. George's Channel.

The earliest distinct notice of the discovery of any of the New Britain Islands is to be found in the account of Le Maire and Schonten's Voyages, in Dalrymple's collection. These navigators left Texel June 14, and Plymouth June 28, 1615. On June 24, 1616, they sighted and named St. John's Island, off Cape Santa Maria in New Ireland.

In 1643 Tasman saw St. John's Island, off New Ireland, on March 30, and Cape St. Maria on April 1. He also discovered Anthony Kaan and Gerrit Denys Islands. New Ireland was also visited by Commodore Roggewein in 1721, but no new discoveries were made.

On Monday, September 7, 1767, at English Cove, Gower Harbour (Port Praslin), Captain Carteret, in H.M.S. *Swallow*, "took possession of this country, with all its islands, bays, ports, and harbours, for His Majesty George III., King of Great Britain, and nailed upon a high tree a piece of board faced with lead, on which was engraved the English Union, with the name of the ship and her commander, the name of the cove, and the time of the coming in and sailing out of it." Carteret also discovered and named Duke of York Island, Cape Palliser, Cape Stephens, Man Island, Sandwich Island, New Hanover, the Portlands, and numerous other small islands.

Bougainville followed Carteret in 1768, and anchored in a part of Gower Harbour (Carteret), which he named Port Praslin. Here one of his crew found a piece of board faced with lead, on which he read the remains of some English words, from which he rightly inferred that an English ship had been there previously, and on further search they found the remains of the English camp, and the tree on which Carteret had nailed the board. "This," he says, "is a very strange chance, by which we among so many lands came to the very spot where rival nations had left a monument of an enterprise similar to ours."

There seems to be no record of any visit to the group from Bougainville in 1768 till Captain Hunter's arrival in 1791. This latter gentleman on his way home from Sydney *via* Batavia, in the Dutch transport, *Waaksambeyd*, passed through St. George's Channel and anchored at Duke of York Island in a harbour which still bears his name.

D'Entrecasteaux, in his search for the unfortunate La Perouse, followed Hunter, arriving in Port Carteret in 1792, and with his naturalist made some very interesting observations then. He also passed through St. George's Channel on his way to the Admiralty Group. Two French discovery vessels, the *Coquille* and the *Astrolabe*, also visited the group, the former in 1823 and the latter in 1827.

These were the principal visitors up to the time of our landing, though several small trading vessels occasionally called at Duke of York Island and Ports Carteret and Praslin on New Ireland, for the purpose of buying tortoise-shell and other produce. The best known amongst these were the late Captain Ferguson, who, as already stated, was subsequently murdered at Bougainville Island, and Captain Brodie, whose schooner, the *Lavinia*, was captured and burnt, and several men killed at Port Praslin, a few months before we landed.

The flora is principally of the Indo-Malayan forms, very few specimens of strictly Australian types being found. A species of eucalyptus was found by us on the banks of a river in Spacious Bay ; but the specimens of it were unfortunately lost in transmission, and so could not be positively identified by a competent botanist. The mountain sides are all covered with dense forests interlaced with vines and creepers, and on the flat lands these are in many parts so thick as to be almost impenetrable. The shores of the many inlets on the coast are often covered with mangroves, but trees of a very large size abound on the coast and on the higher ranges. Palms of many kinds, ferns, large orchids, tree ferns, pandanus, bamboos, rattans, the paper mulberry, are also found, though the latter plant is not much used by the natives. The islands

are almost covered in many places with ginger and turmeric plants, whilst the arrowroot is also very plentiful. The cocoanut is plentiful in some places, but along many miles of coast only a few clumps in detached spots can be seen. The root from which the South Sea drink is made, usually called "kava" ("yaqona" in Fiji), is found in New Britain, but the natives do not use it, as they all chew the betel-nut. They cultivate large quantities of yams, taro, sweet potatoes, and bananas. The orange, lemon, lime, custard, apple, guava, and Chinese bananas were introduced by us in 1875, and fruit well. The mango is indigenous in the group. Many very fine varieties of crotons, coleus, and dræcena are found about the native houses.

The fauna contains many of the Northern Australian forms such as the wallaby (*Macropus Browni*), the cuscus, bandicoot, (*Perameles Doreyanus*), the flying phalanger (*Belideus Ariel*); but no echidna have as yet been found. The wild pig is common, as is also a species of dingo, which, however, is found only in a domesticated state. Snakes and lizards abound, some of which have not been previously reported from any other country. As yet no venomous snake has been found, and the natives at the northern end of the island deny that any such exist. Rats and bats are in great variety. The avifauna, like that of New Guinea, partakes both of the Northern Australian and Indo-Malayan character; but, unlike New Guinea, it does not boast of any specimens of the birds of Paradise. Previous to the year 1875 but little was known of the natural history of this group. During the years following 1875 several collections were sent by me to England, a description of which, by eminent naturalists, will be found in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society, 1877-81. Of the flora and fauna of the south and south-west coasts of New Britain, however, but little is as yet known.

The temperature ranges from 78° to 90°, very rarely indeed falling so low as 74°; the average temperature all the year round is about 80°. The atmosphere is very humid, and the

dew-fall very great. The natives assert that the monsoons were formerly much more regular than they are now; and in this opinion they agree with that which is held by the natives and European residents in Eastern Polynesia, who all assert the same of the trade winds there. From December to May the weather is often very squally, and the north-west monsoon prevails. During these months the rainfall is exceptionally heavy, a fact which particularly impressed some of the early navigators. I have very frequently recorded a fall of four inches in as many hours. The south-east monsoon blows very strongly from June to October, when a few weeks of variable weather precede the setting in of the north-west weather. The tides are very irregular, and seem to be much affected by the prevailing wind and currents. There is only one tide in the twenty-four hours. The flood-tide in the channel between New Ireland and Duke of York sets to the north along the coast of the latter island, and the ebb to the south. During the whole of the north-west monsoon, or from the end of November to the end of April, the current sets strongly to the south-east. During some of these months, especially January and February, it is often very strong indeed, and the channel between Duke of York Group and New Ireland is covered with trees, which, from the number and size of the barnacles adhering to them, and the quantities of crustacea and fishes in and about them, must have been a long time in the water. The current changes during the south-east monsoon, setting north-west in that season.

The people amongst whom we laboured were of the sub-Papuan or Melanesian family, of a black or sooty-brown colour, with frizzly hair, which generally grows in thick, short, matted curls, and is daubed with coloured clay or with lime. They have a fair amount of beard, and are generally lank in form, and not so tall or well formed as the Eastern Polynesians are. Their language is full and expressive, and, unlike that of the people in the eastern groups, is full of close syllables. The dialects are very numerous indeed, almost every district having a



separate one, and these in some instances, so far as the vocabulary is concerned, almost constitute separate languages, as the people in some parts cannot be understood by those living, it may be, only a very few miles away.

With regard to the controversy as to the origin of these peoples, I can merely state the conclusions I myself have arrived at. I think it is extremely likely that there was originally one great race occupying these different groups as far west as Borneo, and probably extending upon the mainland on the side of Siam, the Malacca Peninsula, and perhaps as far as Burmah. The traces of this race are or have been found in all the different groups, from the black peoples found in New Zealand by the original Maori settlers, and derisively called by them "black kumara" (sweet potato), to Western Malaysia, and also on the mainland. In Malaysia this pre-Malayan race, which was, I think, of Turanian origin, was modified by admixture with the Aryan races of the mainland of Asia, and this constituted the present Eastern Polynesian race, which still retains so much of its old Papuan element. After this I think it likely that the emigration eastwards set in, probably caused, as Judge Fornander states, by the encroachment of Malay and Hindu immigration. I am of opinion, however, that the Polynesian is Papuan, with Asiatic admixtures, and that there is no difficulty, either in the language or the manners and customs of the people, in considering them both as descendants from one common stock, of which the Papuan or Melanesian is the oldest representative.



PIONEER WORK IN NEW BRITAIN  
AND NEW IRELAND



## IV

### PIONEER WORK IN NEW BRITAIN AND NEW IRELAND

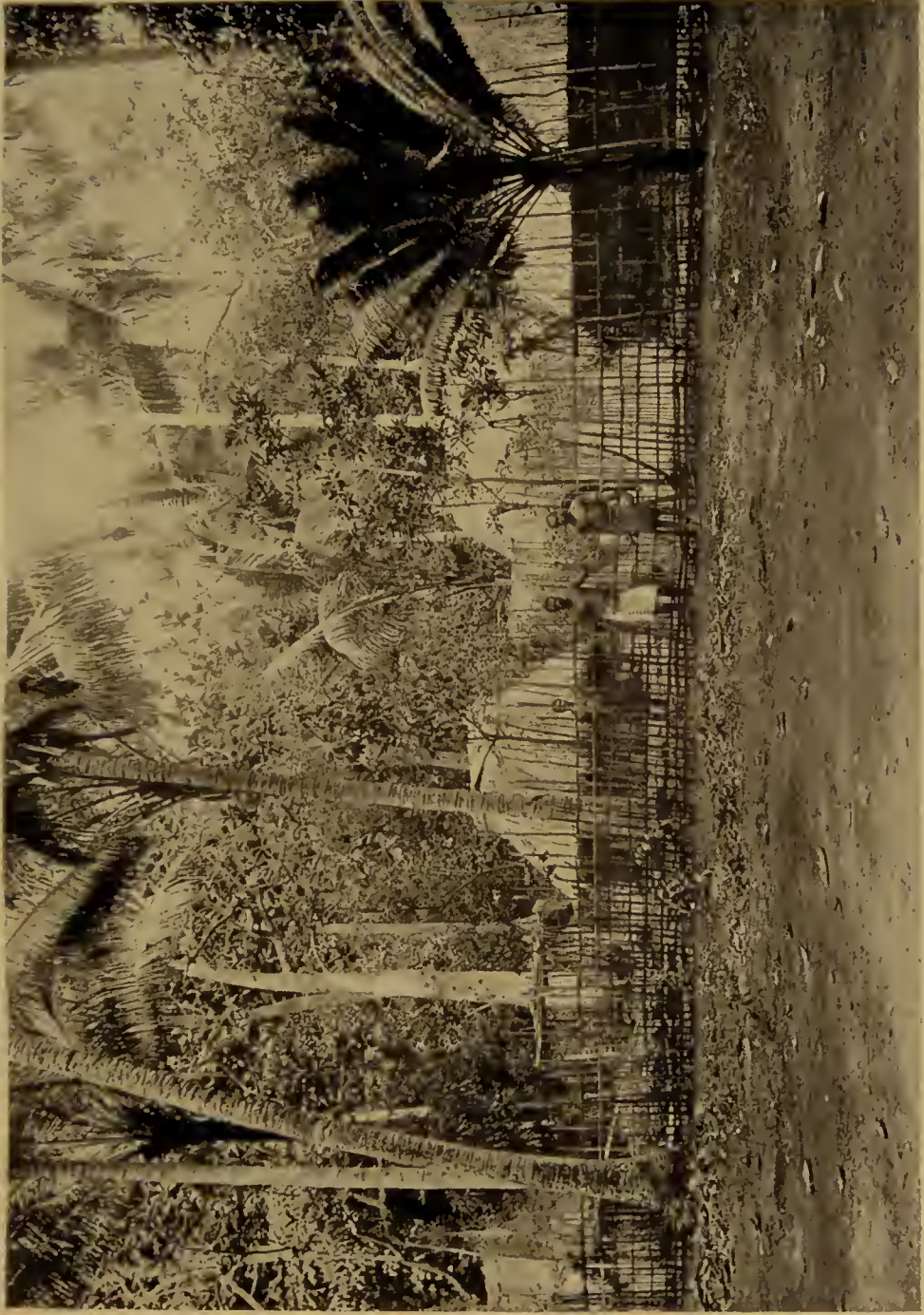
THE record of our life during the first two or three years is naturally an interesting one to myself, but I think it will be more useful to the general reader if I give in the first place an account of the earlier journeys we made in connection with the opening up of our work, together with some of the incidents connected therewith.

A great difficulty which confronted us in those early days was the isolation in which the people generally lived. It is scarcely credible now that the people of two villages living so close to each other as did the Outam and Molot people, who were our nearest neighbours, should never have any intercourse with each other. Outam was about three miles from our house, which was quite close to Molot, and yet I could not for a long time get any of the Molot people to go with me to Outam, nor would they dare to pass in a boat along the beach in front of that village except we went a long way out to sea. I felt from the very first that one great object of our work would be to break up this isolation; and in doing this we found the steam launch *Henry Reed* of invaluable service. The people were generally ready to go in her, and when we got them on board we took them just where we wished them to go. They were of course terribly frightened, but they soon found that the people with whom they had been at enmity all their lives were not so bad as they had feared when they met them on

neutral ground. It was often quite amusing to see how their mutual distrust and fear gradually passed away after they had had food and betel-nut together.

Our first visit was to a village called Waira, about six miles away from Port Hunter. The chief, Liblib, received us very well, and took me all round his villages. He professed to be very willing indeed to receive a teacher, and promised to visit me and talk the matter over. He showed me the skull of the previous chief, which he carefully preserved in his house. The body of the chief of Urukuk, who was killed in the same quarrel in which the boy Teem that I brought from Sydney lost his life, I saw in a tree just in front of Liblib's house; in fact, it was perceptible to smell as well as to sight. They bury the common people at sea, but the chiefs are placed in canoes, and hoisted up amongst the branches of some large tree. It was a great disappointment to us when Teem was killed, a few weeks after our arrival. He was a boy belonging to Port Hunter whom I got from Captain Ferguson in Sydney, and we hoped much that he would be of great service to us as an interpreter. I never found out exactly what he was killed for.

On September 25 we started for Meoko. This is a fine harbour at the eastern end of the island. It has now been for some years one of the principal trading stations in the group, and it is in this place that our native training institution at Ulu is placed. It seems almost incredible now that our journey to that place was considered at that time to be so very dangerous. I got our chief Waruwarum to go with me, and act as interpreter, for the Meoko people spoke a different language or dialect from the Port Hunter natives, and had little or no communication with them. My crew, as usual, were very frightened, and as they positively refused to land, I hoped that a white man who was in our party would land with me; but he also refused, and so real appeared to be the danger to them all that they would not even anchor the launch whilst I went on shore. I went up alone, and interviewed the old chief, Guriraram. I found him to be a very nice old man, and very friendly indeed.



A TYPICAL NEW BRITAIN VILLAGE.





Captain Ferguson had told them about me, and so had prepared the way for my friendly reception. I arranged with the old chief to visit me at Port Hunter. He promised to do so, but he never kept his promise in that matter. I always liked to get the people to visit us, not only because it helped to break down the state of isolation in which most of these little tribes lived, but also because it gave me the opportunity of showing them a little kindness. They also saw our teachers who were present at our services, and could learn for themselves the kind of house I wanted built for the teacher. I quite liked the appearance both of place and people, and decided to put Meoko down on the first list of stations.

Our next visit outside our own district was to New Ireland. I cannot give any correct idea of the great trouble we always had whenever I wished to leave home. The people professed to be very much afraid that I should be killed, and that they would be held responsible for my death ; and they took care to bring to us every story which they received, or which they professed to have received, with regard to the intentions of the people whom we were going to visit. Before going on this journey Waruwarum came and told me that he had just received most definite information from New Britain natives that the Matupit people were determined that they would fight the steam launch the next time we went over there. It was extremely difficult to decide as to what amount of importance we should attach to these tales. We well knew that the Duke of York people did not wish us to go to Matupit, because they were jealous of that place, and thought that if Blanche Bay was rendered safe, by the people being made friendly to whites, all the ships would go there for supplies, and so their trade and importance would be decreased. On the other hand, these repeated tales naturally left an uncomfortable impression on the mind, and we could not help feeling that though they were either unfounded or very much exaggerated, yet if any accident should happen we should be accused of presumption and folly

in acting in opposition to the warnings which had been given to us. It is very easy to call a man foolhardy because he went after being definitely warned of the consequences of doing so, but I am speaking quite within the mark when I say that if we had gone only to places of which we were not warned, we should rarely have left the mission station at all. I wrote in my journal at this time: "I do not believe the tales they tell us about Matupit, but I shall not press the location of a teacher there just now. Our best plan is to enter the *open* door, and wait quietly until those which now appear closed are open to us. The people will soon see that it is to their interest to get us among them."

At 6 a.m. on October 5 we started on our first visit to this large island. We had rather a nasty sea in the channel when we left Port Hunter; but as the wind was well abeam, we set the sail and headed right across for the nearest point of the island, so as to get well in with the land before attempting to steam to windward. We did this in the hope of finding smoother water and more shelter along the coast than we should have in mid-channel. The launch worked very well indeed, towing our whale-boat, and making good progress, though only under a low pressure of steam. I had by this time every confidence in Jack being well able to manage her, and I myself was able to attend to the engine when he was busy at any other work. We made the coast in about three hours after leaving Port Hunter, and then steamed in an easterly direction along the land, keeping close to the beach all the way. For several miles on this part of the island there were no natives living on the beach. The interior of the island is inhabited, but the people have little or no communication with the villages on the seashore. After going a mile or two we landed on a beach which was evidently of comparatively recent formation, in fact it was simply a bar of water-worn shingle brought down by the river and then piled up across its mouth by the heavy swell from the prevailing wind. This had caused the river to form a large lagoon, which was extending continuously to the eastward,

as every fresh outlet made by the river was being blocked up by the surf, and so the river's course was diverted farther eastward. The lagoon was a very extensive one, but we saw no signs of any natives living on its banks. The land in that part was high, and broken to the seashore, except where some flat land seemed to indicate a river deposit. We saw no large river, but a great number of small streams found their way to the sea along this part of the coast. We noticed no mangrove swamps; the water is quite deep close inshore, and in ordinary weather it is quite easy to land on any part of the coast, though about mid-day there is a nasty surf on some parts which are exposed to the prevailing wind. The beach is composed of water-worn shingle and gravel, with much conglomerate containing fossils and stone, resembling granite with quartz veins in it. There are no coral reefs at all in this part.

About 1 p.m. we reached Batigoro, and very glad we were to see the natives quite friendly. I had taken Liblib and Dukduk, two influential chiefs from Waira, and Waruwarum, from Port Hunter with us; and as they were well known here, we had a very good introduction to the people. Previous to leaving I had fully instructed these chiefs as to our object in coming and the plans we intended to adopt, and so we not only had the benefit of landing under their protection, but it was much easier to acquaint the natives with our object in visiting them than it would have been had we come alone. After engaging some men to take off water for the launch, I walked to the village, which is about a mile from the anchorage. We were taken to a large house in the centre of the village. This house was built without eaves, the rafters reaching from the ground to the ridge pole and, meeting those from the other side, formed a semicircle. Along the sides and down the centre of the house were raised wooden benches, which form seats by day and beds by night. These large houses are occupied at night by the unmarried men only, those who are married having separate houses in the village. A string of pigs' claws ornamented one end of the house, and spears, etc., were hung all about the roof.

Some human skulls were suspended from a tree outside. The people were very quiet and friendly, and I especially liked the appearance of the women and children. They were very quiet and unobtrusive, and all the women and girls wore a leaf or small piece of cloth, which, small as it was, showed that they had some sense of modesty, a virtue of which our Duke of York ladies appeared to be totally deficient.

About sunset I went on board, and the chiefs coming off with a present of food, I had a long talk with them. We had no reason to be apprehensive of danger, but we thought it best to keep watch ; and so the three teachers and I divided the task, the early morning watch falling to my share. Our sleeping accommodation amongst the coals and firewood was not so very comfortable as to make it a very great sacrifice to leave it for awhile. Before I had to go on watch I had turned over a great many times, and had come to the conclusion that the board on which I was lying was formed of the very hardest piece of Sydney "hardwood." Often did I wish that my bones had been better covered than they were, or that I had a softer plank to lie upon.

Next day, October 6, we started again at daylight, and made good progress during the hot, calm hours of the early morning. We passed several villages, where the chiefs on board wished to stay, but I refused to do so until I had first seen the chief Tomum, to whom Topulu (King Dick) specially directed me to go. I well knew that the chiefs only wished me to call for some little peddling transactions of their own, and I was unwilling to run the risk of offending Tomum by calling on all the inferior chiefs first. We first stopped at a place called Dilout, and found Tomum there gathering cocoanuts ; and here again I found that the chiefs on board were trying to lead me astray for their own purposes. They wished to sleep at this place, and so told me that we could arrange with Tomum here just as well as at his own place, as this was one of his villages ; but on going on shore I found that Tomum would not be at all pleased if we stayed, as he wanted us to go on to his own house.



On hearing this, I at once decided to go, and after resting for an hour or two, we steamed on with Tomum's canoe in tow, to Kail, where he resides.

In the evening I made the old man a few presents, and tore up a few yards of gaudy print into small pieces and gave one to each of the women and girls. After tea I went on shore again, and there, sitting on the ground in front of Tomum's house, in the still, quiet, moonlit night, and surrounded by a goodly number of people, I tried to tell them a little about the One God, and Father of all, the heaven which He has prepared for those who love Him, and the hell which they may shun by the acceptance of that Gospel which we declared unto them. I spoke most about the love of God, and of the great and glorious privileges of the religion of Jesus, and also tried to show them the temporal advantages which would accrue from the civilising and enlightening effects of Christianity. Waruwarum and Liblib acted as interpreters, and, as far as I could judge, they succeeded very well. The people were very attentive, and Tomum promised to visit me and to receive a teacher.

Next morning Tomum made us a small return present of yams, etc., and then we left Kail about 1 p.m. I walked down the coast for the first two miles, as I wished to see the river Topaia, which gives its name to this district. After leaving the river we called at a place called King, leaving there Tomamara, the chief of that place. Towards evening we stopped at a large village called Waatpi, chief's name Balan. Here we had the inevitable Dukduk or dancing mask affair again. I noticed here that all people outside kept clear of the masked figures, as they have the privilege of beating or stoning any who came in their way. After a stroll through the village I went on board the launch. Two of our lads stayed on shore to cook the pig. After we left for Port Hunter, our natives told me that some of the Waatpi natives were seen poisoning spears at the lads as they were cooking. I think, however, this must have been only in jest, as the chief was on board the launch at the time, and was

very friendly. And then it was rather a suspicious sign that they did not tell me of this until we had left Waatpi. In receiving native tales I found that I must always guard against the danger of utterly discrediting every tale they tell against people with whom they do not wish us to form any alliance.

On October 8 we started from Waatpi at 4 a.m., and reached Port Hunter at 9 a.m. I felt very tired but very thankful that this our first visit to New Ireland had ended so well.

Sunday, October 10, Peni preached in the morning. At noon I held a meeting with the teachers to tell them about our visit to New Ireland, and also to tell them about the opening on New Britain, as Tobula, the chief of Nodup, had come over and asked to have a teacher appointed to his village. After telling them about the two islands I asked who would go, as I did not wish to appoint any but volunteers. All were willing. I was very much pleased with the teachers. At 4 p.m. we held a prayer-meeting instead of our usual afternoon preaching, and earnest and hearty were the prayers which were offered up for those who are about to proceed as the advanced guard to the larger island of New Britain, where Satan had so long reigned supreme.

October 12, left Port Hunter at 6 a.m., called at Makada for water, and left there at 8.15 a.m. for Nodup, New Britain, taking with us Tobula, the chief of that village. We had a fine passage across. Our little steamer worked well, landing us at Nodup about 11 a.m. When we landed, there was a great crowd on the beach, and we soon saw that it was an exciting affair for the natives. After being introduced to some of the chiefs and their wives, the chief Tobula led the way to the house he had prepared for the teachers, and I was at once surprised and pleased to find a very nice large house built in a fine position upon a most suitable piece of land. The house was larger than any which they build for themselves, and with its three steeples gaily ornamented with streamers and feathers, really looked very well indeed. The

people gathered round, and we could easily see that there must be a considerable population in this part of the island. After resting awhile, I gave the chief a present, which was considered by him as payment for the house he had built. After this there was a great display of bananas, and the chief and his brother Tokarupa distributed shell money and bananas to all the chiefs who had helped to build the house. All passed off well, and the people who went with us were quite surprised at our reception. My own heart was full, and I longed to be able to get away into the bush to weep for very thankfulness. As it was, I could only lift my heart with thanksgiving to God for His goodness, and ask Him to bless this the first attempt to introduce the Gospel to this people.

After buying some yams, and arranging for some men to cut firewood for the launch, I determined to go with Towal, one of the principal chiefs, to visit his place that evening, as coals and time were precious, and I wished to do all the work I could whilst we had steam up. We found it much farther away than we expected, as his village is quite at the end of the island, close to Uatam, or Man Island. I landed expecting that the chief's house was near the beach, but found that the road went a considerable way inland, describing a semicircle before bringing us to the chief's village, which was situated on the top of a very high perpendicular cliff, some distance down the coast. I talked to him, and to the crowd which gathered round us, about our object in coming to them, and then, as it was nearly dark, I started to go, as I did not wish to be benighted in the bush road. I found, however, that my companion, Waruwarum, was deep in some trading transaction about a hatchet, and so we were detained some time longer, as I did not wish to offend him by going away at once. The Duke of York natives are inveterate traders and pedlars. They buy and sell continually from each other, and their social customs in that respect are totally unlike those of any Polynesians with whom I am acquainted. The launch could not anchor here, as the water was too deep outside, and the reef too shallow,

but we got aboard in a native canoe, and then started away for Nodup, and had a pleasant run back by moonlight. On our arrival there I determined to go on shore and sleep in the teachers' house to encourage them a little, but I found them all fast asleep, so I just slung my hammock as well as I could in the crowded house, and lay down with a thankful heart, secure in the assurance of God's watchful care over us.

Next day Toporapora and Tolingling, the two chiefs from Matupit, whom we met there on board the *John Wesley*, came to see me. They had been fighting there; and as there were some who were opposed to the appointment of a teacher, I decided not to attempt to force one upon them, but to leave Ratu Livai and Peni at Nodup together, until some suitable opening presented itself.

There were no large villages here. Every family seemed to have a separate enclosure containing five or six houses, and these were scattered all about the bush. The enclosures were kept scrupulously clean and, in that respect, were much superior to those in the Duke of York Island, as well as in the size and make of their houses.

After waving farewell to the two noble fellows and their wives, whom we had left to do God's work there, we started for Matupit, at which place I was determined to show ourselves, notwithstanding the protest of the chiefs and natives who came with us from Port Hunter. I was very much troubled about that place. It was one of the most important points, and one which we should occupy as soon as possible, yet the way seemed blocked up, and I did not think it wise to try to force an entrance. Matupit is a small but very populous island in Blanche Bay, quite close to the anchorage, and from its central position was admirably suited for the headquarters of the mission in that part of New Britain, as all the villages in Blanche Bay and Simpson's Harbour, as well as those near Nodup and the end of the island, are easily accessible from there. Before leaving Port Hunter I went to Topulu to ask his advice about it, and he was decidedly against our



attempting to place a teacher there; but then he was jealous of the place. However, as we were towing Toporapora and his crew, in their canoe, I determined to go close enough to the island, to give the people a chance of communicating with us, as I felt pretty certain, from my knowledge of native character, that they would feel themselves insulted if we passed them by and were to visit other places.

We passed close to the place where Lieutenant Praed and party of H.B.M.S. *Blanche* had an encounter with the natives some time before. They went to investigate the truth of a report that a white woman was kept in captivity by the natives. The natives here assured me that she was only an albino.

As we steamed up Blanche Bay there was some considerable excitement on board the launch. All the natives and one of our company objected to call at Matupit, and positively refused to go round the bay, stating that we should all be murdered if we went near any of the villages on the opposite shore. They were clamorous for an immediate return to Port Hunter. I reasoned with them, telling them that they had their own arms in case of any attack, a good steam launch and whale-boat, and that I did not intend to anchor or land anywhere, but simply to examine the coast, and try to open communication with the people; but 'twas all in vain. J. Holmes was the only one who at all held with me that, by taking proper precautions, we might go with comparative safety. I then quietly told the chief Waruwarum, and all on board, that I was determined to go, whether they went or not; that there was only one man who was captain, and that I would do as I thought right. I reminded them that before leaving Port Hunter I had told them where I meant to go, and that I had especially warned Waruwarum, whom I knew to be an arrant coward, not to come with us if he was afraid to go round Blanche Bay. I told them, however, that I did not wish to take any one against his will, and that I would therefore land all who wished to stay with Toporapora at Matupit, and that any one who wished to return to Nodup could be



landed on the opposite side of the bay. This, however, did not suit them, as they were afraid of being killed if they left us. Then there was a regular mutiny, and one of the two whites who were with us jumped up with a musket in his hand, and came to me in a threatening attitude, saying that they were determined not to go, and that they would not have their lives sacrificed for me or for any other missionary. I had of course to talk to him in a very decided manner. Then I heard that they had all agreed to haul up the whale-boat we were towing alongside the launch, and to return in her to Port Hunter, leaving Jack and myself alone. Speaking in Fijian, I told the two teachers who were in charge of the boat not to come near the launch, nor to allow any native to get into her on any pretext, and that if any attempts were made to haul the boat alongside they were to cut "the painter," and I would pick them up afterwards. I also told the men in the launch that if they did succeed in getting the whale-boat I would run her down. This may appear to be strong talk, but the occasion was a critical one, and made decided action very necessary. After this we kept on our course, but, in deference to their fears, I resolved to compromise matters and not to stop at Matupit except just to land Toporapora and his crew. This we did, steaming close to the island, and for a considerable distance around it, without seeing the slightest signs of hostility. The only suspicious circumstance I noticed was that no canoes came off. Whether they would have come had we anchored or waited long enough, I cannot tell.

After leaving Matupit we steamed right across Simpson's Harbour. All the natives were sulky except one or two, and regaled me with tales of the ferocity and cannibalism of the people whose villages we were so rapidly nearing. They told us of four Mioko men being killed and eaten a short time ago by the people right ahead, and one of them told me that he was with Captain Bennett when his ship was attacked by these same people. All the way across I reasoned this matter over and over in my own mind. I could not help



THREE NATIVES.

The one in the centre is a prominent member (or master) of a Secret Society called Iniat.



PROFILE VIEW OF TWO OF THE ABOVE.



feeling anxious after hearing all these tales, but still, after calm and prayerful consideration, I felt that I was justified in the action I was taking. I was well aware that there was some risk, but I knew that it was grossly exaggerated by the cowardly fellows we had with us, and I felt that if we did not make some use of the launch beyond going to places where we might go as easily and as safely in a canoe, it was of little use our having the steamer at all. I felt also that it was very important that we should, at all events, show ourselves to the natives and have some little communication with them, that they might get some idea as to what our objects were, and that the way might be opened for a better acquaintance at a future time. I wanted also to get some idea of the number of people, and of their friendliness or otherwise. These and other similar reasons seemed sufficient to justify me in going, even against the advice of the natives I had with me.

As we neared the shore a large number of natives came out in canoes to meet us. Our natives were greatly excited, and begged me most earnestly to keep away from the coast, but we kept on our course until the leading canoe was close to us, when I stopped the engine, and waited for the people to come up. On going forward to see that all was right, I saw Waruwarum with a large horse-pistol of his own ready cocked in his hand; this I at once made him cover up out of sight, as I had positively forbidden all display of arms. He was very unwilling to do so, but yielded under pressure. As the first canoe came alongside, my mind was at ease at once—at all events as to any premeditated attack—on seeing three nice little children in the canoe. Natives will not bring children with them if they *intend* any mischief, though, of course, accidents may happen, and a little thing may cause a quarrel at any time. I made the men a present of a little tobacco, and put a few beads round the children's necks; then, as more canoes came up, we hauled the whale-boat alongside the launch, on the seaward side, and made all canoes keep to the

other side between us and the shore. These were precautionary measures which it was well to take ; but I believe the natives never thought of anything but selling their fish, yams, etc. I bought everything they brought, whether we wanted it or not, with the exception of tortoise-shell, as I had determined not to buy any of that article from the natives at that time, not even a little for private use, as I wished both natives and traders to understand that we were not there for trading purposes ; and though it would have been easy to assure the traders of the fact, the only way to convince a native that we did not trade in the article was to refuse to buy it altogether. After we had got through most of the bartering, we managed to get them to keep quiet for a while, and I got Tolituru to interpret as I explained what our subject and intentions were. I then put what I am sure was the first fathom of print he ever wore round the chief, who was the only one allowed to come on board ; and after inviting him to come over to Port Hunter to see me, we turned ahead, and said good-bye. Some of the canoes followed us for some distance, as the men very much wished us to land. As we steamed along the coast the natives came in crowds and made motions for us to go on shore, some waving green leaves, a sign of amity, and beckoning with the hand. One old lady ran into the water and waved a fishing-net, appealing thus to our appetites, as other means had proved ineffectual. Another woman, who I think must have seen or heard of us when we were at Matupit with the *John Wesley*, called out several times, "Missionary ! Missionary !"

We passed several large villages, which seemed to be built on a different plan to those we saw at Nodup, as the houses were built all in one place, much the same as in Samoan or Fijian villages, instead of in separate enclosures. The name of the large village was Diwaon. I would gladly have stopped to hold a little communication with the people, but the slightest hint of such an intention produced such expressions of dissent that I thought it best to abandon it ; and, mentally vowing



to have a better crew next time, I steered for Nanup and Palakauru, two small uninhabited islands, on one of which we proposed to pass the night. We found a shallow reef round both of them, and in trying to get near Palakauru the launch grounded for a few minutes. We got her off, and then went down to the smaller island, and anchored outside. I went on shore in the whale-boat, and walked round the island just before sunset. On reviewing the events of this long day, I felt heartily glad that I had carried out my original plans, as we had, at all events, opened communication with those populous villages, and had proved that with the ordinary precautions which should always be observed in visiting savage races, the New Britain people might be visited with comparative safety.

Next day, about 2 a.m., we were all awaked by those on watch, who reported a number of canoes filled with men close at hand. Of course there was great excitement among our "braves." We could see the canoes distinctly and could hear the voices of the men, but, seeing us at anchor, they passed on to the island where we had first tried to land, and we soon saw the large fires they lit when they landed. We concluded that they had come to look for turtle, as these two islands form a regular fishing-ground for that animal. As natives from another part of the coast may be there at the same time, the fishing-parties always came in great numbers, so as to be able to dispossess any occupants they might find, or to maintain their own position if attacked. Our natives were dreadfully frightened again; and as I felt certain that a good watch would be kept, I lay down again and slept as quietly as I could until daylight. Just before sunrise we prepared to go on shore to the island nearest to us, but before we got far from the launch we saw the canoes coming off from the other island, and so we returned at once. As soon as we got on board we got the anchor up and hoisted our sail, as we did not like the idea of ten canoes filled with men coming near us so early in the morning, especially as we knew that they were

away from their own village. Our Duke of York natives, as usual, were very much excited, and declared most positively that they meant to fight us. I, of course, could not say that they did not mean to do so; and as I was anxious to avoid any chance of collision, and as there was nothing to be gained by staying, I thought it best to get away as quickly as possible. But on calm consideration I was inclined to think it very doubtful that they really meant to attack us. It is likely that they were natives from some of the villages near to those we had visited, and that they simply wished to look at the steamer, or to trade. I formed this opinion for the following reasons: (1) They called out the name of their chief as they passed us in the night. (2) They returned at once to shore when we made sail; and on landing I could see very few spears among them; nor did they dance or make any hostile demonstration, as they would have done had they meant to fight us, and we had run away. We called at Nakukuru, and I saw the chief and people, and arranged for their paying me a visit. We then steamed home direct, and so ended our first trip in the steam launch to New Britain.

I was very thankful that we had succeeded in locating our teachers on the island which I feared would prove the most difficult of all. We had certainly been blessed beyond our most sanguine anticipations. The people were as friendly as possible, and no teachers could ever have been located under more favourable circumstances than those under which Ratu Livai and Penisimani Thaumea were left by us on the shores of New Britain.

A few days after this we had a great surprise. On October 15 "Sail ho! sail ho!" rang out from the natives in all directions. I went up to the hill at the back of our house, and made out a brigantine beating up to the port. As soon as she got near we went out in the whale-boat and found her to be the *Coeran*, Captain Hershheim, from Hong-kong, *via* the Carolines. They were somewhat surprised to find a missionary in those parts. Some of the natives had told them

already that there was a white man living on the island, and they had been greatly puzzled to know who he was, as the natives had told them over and over again, as a wondrous thing, that he bought no tortoise-shell or bêche-de-mer, but only yams and taro for "kaikai" (food). This showed that we were right in refusing to buy even a small piece of tortoise-shell.

On October 21, at 4 p.m., we left Port Hunter in the steam launch; our party consisting of Captain Hensheim, of the brigantine *Coeran*, Mr. Blohm, a passenger in the same vessel, and myself, with Jack, two Port Hunter lads, and two Fijian teachers, as crew. We had a good run across to Nodup, and found Ratu Livai in good health and spirits, surprised to see us again so soon, but none the less pleased to welcome us. Captain H. bought a lot of yams for his vessel, saw the two chiefs, made them each a present, and asked them to be kind to the teachers, and to any white men who might visit them, and wish to trade with them.

After leaving Nodup we steered for Blanche Bay, as we wished to test the truth of the tales the Duke of York men and some New Britain men had been constantly telling us about the hostile intentions of the people of Matupit or Henderson Island. The last time I was there, as I have mentioned, I was prevented from landing by the fears of my crew; but I had never felt satisfied in my own mind that I did right in yielding to them; and as Captain H. and party very much wished to see the place, I thought it was a good opportunity to visit them. When we got near the island my old friend Toporapora, the chief I had met several times at our house and elsewhere, came out into the water and took me on his back, and we landed and went up into the village without seeing the slightest sign of any hostile intention. Toporapora and Tolingling brought us a small present of yams, and then I asked them to get all the principal men together, as we wished to talk to them. This they did, and after a considerable time had been spent in trying to get them to keep

quiet, I said a few words to them. I told them of our stationing two teachers at Nodup, one of whom we intended for some other place as soon as possible. I told them we did not wish to force a teacher on them, and that if they simply said they did not want one, we should certainly not send him. I told them as well as I could of the many advantages which would accrue to them from the residence of a teacher among them, and showed them the folly, in a temporal sense, of their acting in hostility to any whites who might wish to visit them. I said that we had fully intended to place a teacher with them, but that we had not done so because we heard that one party on the island had threatened to burn his house, as they did that of the two white men who were there some two years ago. Here I was interrupted several times by them saying: "Oh, Duke of York man he talk gammon belong (*i.e.* to) you, plenty gammon, plenty too much gammon. What for make fight? No make fight. Pate, pate, pate (No, no, no). No make fight." There was something not at all clear to us about the expulsion of those two white men from that place. If the natives had really wished to kill them they could certainly have done so. Had they wished to prevent their escape they could easily have destroyed their whale-boat; yet the men were allowed to leave with, I believe, a considerable part of their property whilst their house was in flames, and they got safely away to Port Hunter, after killing three or five of the natives. Toporapora, the chief, showed me the marks of two severe wounds he received in defending them. One of the spears went through his thigh, and another inflicted a very nasty wound on his breast; it must have glanced off one of his ribs, and so his life was saved. Captain Hershheim made him a present of an American axe, etc., for his kindness to these men, and Captain Ferguson, I believe, had previously given him a present for the same reason.

And now the question was, What about Matupit? We had been told that they were a fierce and savage people, worse than any others in these parts; that they threatened to attack us



even when the *John Wesley* was here ; that they were in ambush ready to attack us last week if we had ventured to land ; that they were opposed to a teacher being sent, and that they would burn his house if he were appointed. But, then, on the other hand, we had reason to suspect that they who told us these tales were actuated by feelings of jealousy. We knew also that the chief and people had, at all events, always appeared to be very friendly whenever we had met them ; that Toporapora and Tolingling were both at Nodup when we located the teacher there, and were very friendly indeed ; that they had been there since we left last week ; had taken a present of food to the teachers, and had asked one of them to come and live at Matupit. We knew also with regard to one of the tales that, as we passed the island last week, we could not see any signs of hostility, as there were plenty of boys and children on the beach, though, of course, there may have been men in ambush among the houses, as King Dick told us there were. I did not, however, believe there were any, and I pretty well knew that King Dick's only authority for that tale was Tologon, an old half-blind chief, of Makada, who was with us on the launch, but who could not see halfway to the shore, and must have made up for his imperfect vision by the liveliness of his imagination. Then again, we had been received very kindly, and had been repeatedly assured that they would gladly receive any teacher who might be sent to them. I asked Captain H. what his opinion was, and he gave it in a most decided and emphatic manner that we ought to send a teacher at once. As this agreed also with my own opinion, I told them to go ahead with the house ; and they said they would begin next day. I, myself, should not have felt the slightest hesitation in going to live there, and I did not think that I should have incurred any very great danger in doing so. I regarded Matupit as by far the most important station we could take up, as, from its central position and nearness to the anchorage, it must always be the headquarters of the mission in this part of New Britain.



From Matupit we stood across Simpson's Harbour to the west side of Blanche Bay, as I wished to visit Karavia. Karavia was another of those places against which we were specially warned; and here again we came to the conclusion that either the desires or the imagination of the natives had supplied them with the tales and facts with which they tried to prevent us visiting places where they did not wish us to go, or that, thinking or knowing that the people of these places would fight *them* if *they* went there, they took it for granted that they would do the same with us. After we landed I made a few presents of beads, etc., to the chief, bought some yams, just to please the people, talked to them for awhile, invited them over to see us, and then went on board again, as it was near sunset, and we wished to get our bearings for Duke of York Island before dark. As we steered along the coast, canoe after canoe came out, and we always stopped for a few minutes for them, buying a little from each if we could, simply from a desire to be friendly. Though many of the things bought were of no value, I thought it far better to use a few articles of barter in this way than to begin a system of indiscriminate present-giving. At one time we had twenty-eight canoes around us. One mean fellow stole my bunch of keys from my portmanteau, for which I had to pay to get them back. We reached Port Hunter at midnight. Captain Hershheim tempted me very much whilst he was with us by offering me a free passage to Sydney. It was a great temptation, as I was not at all well, and longed to see my wife and children again; but I managed to say "No," and I felt very much easier in my mind after I had done so. I could not bear the thought of leaving the teachers alone even for a short time.

On October 27, 1875, we again started for New Ireland. We had a good run over to the coast, and landed near the mouth of a river, but found the coast line there quite uninhabited. There was formerly a large population, but they had all been

driven far inland by the Duke of York natives. After resting for about an hour, we went on to Kalil, a large town quite close to the beach. We stayed there a short time, and I gave the chiefs a little hint about preparing us some food when they saw us again. We then went on to Kabanut, but did not land, as there was a nasty surf running. We also passed the village of Tukul for the same reason, and anchored about a mile farther on, near a large waterhole. A large crowd of natives soon collected, and we employed six of them to water the steamer. Mr. Blohm and I landed, and went a short distance inland to see the country. On our return to the beach we were a little uneasy at seeing so many natives assembled, all heavily armed, and with spare bundles of spears. I did not notice this until Mr. B. directed my attention to it, and then I certainly did not like their appearance, but we kept walking quietly on right into the midst of the crowd, and I began to barter with them for spears, etc., at once. I believe that our fears were quite groundless as to any intention of the natives to injure us. The normal state of society seemed to be one of constant warfare with all the inland tribes and with many of those in the adjoining districts on the coast, and no man stirred from his house without his spear, or a bundle of them, in his hand, ready for action. There was no doubt at all about the cannibalism of the people, in fact, they made no secret at all about it. Most of the spears had a human leg- or arm-bone on one end, and when I asked my interpreter where all these bones came from, he replied, "Oh man belong salt water he fight man belong bush. He kaikai (eat) him. He catch him bone he go belong spear. All same this fellow place," which last sentence means, such is the custom here. I bought a lot of these bone-tipped spears, but, unfortunately, our little launch gave a very heavy lee-roll in the night as we were returning, and they all went overboard.

We got the chiefs on board, made them all a little present, paid the men for bringing water, and then prepared to pass the night as quietly as possible by requesting all the people

to go on shore. We noticed that the people all seemed very wild, and that the chiefs had little or no power over them. When we gave a few little presents to the chiefs, there was quite a scramble for them, and they had no little difficulty in saving any for themselves. Some of our party were anxious for us to steam out to sea and lie to until morning, but we finally decided to remain at anchor and keep a good watch all night. It was fortunate, I think, that we did this, for during my watch I suddenly saw a canoe creeping towards us in the misty darkness. I was at once on the alert, and soon saw another. I immediately challenged them, and woke up our crew. The noise we made showed that we were awake, and our visitors left us. How many they were, and with what intention they came, I did not know, but we all believed that they came for no good purpose.

On October 28 we started early for our journey along the coast, but did not go many miles. We reached a place called Matakan, and beyond this our crew refused to go, representing all beyond as a bad, dangerous coast, full of reefs and stones, on which the steamer would inevitably be wrecked, and describing the people as very dangerous. I had long since ceased to believe them when they told these tales about places which they themselves did not visit, and where, consequently, they did not wish us to go. However, as we had gone as far as we wished to do for that trip, we were not anxious to press the matter, and so we determined to land, see the people, and then return.

We had to land in a canoe, as the reef was too shallow and rough for a boat. The people lived on a high hill far inland. They were all well armed, as usual, as they were at war with almost every other district farther inland and on either side of them. What a blessing it was for those people when the reception of the religion of Jesus caused war to cease, and taught them all to live together in peace, and to love each other as He hath commanded.

From Matakan we returned to Tukul, Kabanut, and Kalil.

At this last-named place the chiefs had a large present of food ready for us on our return. They had evidently taken the broad hint I gave them when there before. After receiving the present, I was taken by the chief to an enclosure near the village, of an oblong shape, the gate of which was carefully fastened. On entering, we found ourselves in a small piece of ground about a quarter of an acre in size, surrounded by a live fence, and kept well weeded and very clean. At one end of the enclosure there was a large house containing two large chalk images, one of which, representing a man, was much larger than the other, which represented a woman. The man was represented as wearing a high conical hat and a large frill or ruff round the neck. They were gaudily painted; and so were the posts of the house. I could not find out what use they made of them. I find the following remarks in my diary written at the time: "I do not think that they are objects of worship, or idols, in the strict meaning of the word, and yet they evidently view them with some superstitious regard, as they dance to them, and strictly forbid all women and children to go near the place where they are kept. The people here have also smaller images made of chalk, which they keep in their houses. Most of these figures are representations of men or women, generally in a sitting posture, and having either a high conical hat or a helmet on their heads, and a large frill round the neck. They are rude enough as specimens of art, but interesting as suggesting some questions, which at present it is rather difficult to answer. From what source did these people, who are destitute of all clothing, get the idea of the conical hat, the plumed helmet, the stiff frill, the praying attitude, and the Gothic-shaped arch or covering which many of the figures are holding over their heads? It is too soon to affirm anything positively, but as the costume is similar to that worn in the days of Elizabeth and James, I am inclined to believe that we have here traces of the visits of early navigators, of which, as far as we know at present, the very tradition has died out. I am told by Mr. Blohm, who resided for many years



at Yap, in the Caroline Islands, that the traces of the idolatrous worship introduced by the Spanish priests many years ago may still be observed, incorporated with the heathen worship which prevails there, though the natives have quite forgotten the source from which they are evidently derived."

I succeeded afterwards in buying some of those large figures, and took them to Sydney, where they attracted great attention. Professor Liversidge, of the University, pronounced the material to be true chalk, and stated that this had not before been found in those parts. When I went to take the images from the sacred place in which they were, we had to go at midnight, taking with us large baskets in which to hide them, and scouts were sent out all around the place to see that no woman or uninitiated man or boy should look upon them as we carried them to the boat. These images were unfortunately burnt in the Garden Palace in Sydney, which was destroyed by fire.

We reached Port Hunter again at midnight.

On November 4 we started again for New Ireland in order to arrange for stationing a teacher at Kalil, and also to select a suitable site for his house. We left at 4 a.m. We steered by the compass through the pouring rain. The weather was so thick that though we knew that we must be close in with the land, and were all of us looking out most intently for it, we could not see it, though it is more than 2,000 feet in height, until it started out almost under our bows, not more than two or three cables' length from us. We soon reached Kalil, but did not attempt to land, as the surf was high and we were afraid to remain at anchor. We landed Mr. C., communicated with the chiefs, and then started back for Port Hunter, having fortunately got a sight of the land through a rift in the clouds. This gave us our course, and so our little launch steamed steadily on through the mist and rain until we saw Port Hunter right ahead, and were soon ashore, wet and tired enough. We found on this trip that our boiler should have been protected from the weather. Not only was there a great loss





A NATIVE OF THE SOUTH END OF NEW BRITAIN.

In that district the sides of the head are compressed in infancy to elongate it,



by radiation of heat, but in heavy rain it was almost impossible to keep up steam. Had there been a strong wind when we were so close in with the New Ireland coast we could not have kept off it, as we could not get up steam enough to drive the boat when the rain was pouring down so heavily.

On November 16 we started for New Britain. We found Ratu Livai and Peni, the teachers at Rabuan, both ill, so that I could not take Peni on to Matupit as I had intended to do. After giving them medicine, I prepared to start for Matupit, but we were detained some time by a quarrel amongst the natives, which at one time threatened to end seriously, and to involve us also. Tokoropa, a chief of Rabuan, where the teachers then were, was angry because Peni was about to be removed, and he rushed out with his spears and wished to kill Toporapora, the Matupit chief. Toporapora seized a musket and wished to fight Tokoropa at once, but our engineer and others got hold of him and put him on board the launch again, and I went on shore, explained matters, and got them pacified. We then went to Matupit, and I got a little quinine from Captain Milne of the *Susanne* for the sick teachers; but it was then too late to return to Rabuan.

November 17. Early this morning we ascended the volcano in Blanche Bay, in company with Captain Luzer of the *Susanne* and Mr. Blohm. The crater was of great depth, with almost perpendicular sides, and was still smoking in many places; but the most recent eruption seemed to have been on the lower land near the beach, where we found the ground quite loose and very hot, with a good deal of sulphur on the surface. The sides of the crater were full of the nests of the megapodes. This bird does not build mounds here, as in other places, but deposits its eggs in the warm, loose ashes of which the hill is formed. We heard from Captain Milne, on our return, that the Matupit people had refused to allow him to land a trader on the island. They would have a teacher, they said, but no trader, as they fought the

other traders who were there before, and burnt their houses, and they were afraid of any such thing happening again. After a late breakfast we returned to Rabuan, brought back Peni and family, landed them on Matupit, and then slept on board the brig. A good day's work.

Next day I went on shore at Matupit, paid for the house, and had a long talk with the people. Left with Captain Milne's boat in tow. We steamed round the bay, and called at Diwaon. We could not anchor there, as our 56 lb. weight would not hold the launch when there was any wind or swell. Our proper anchor was lost at Rotuma, whilst being used to anchor a buoy for the *John Wesley*, and we often felt the loss very much indeed. We managed to make fast to a tree, but the canoes crowded about so much that we were anxious to get away. I went on shore and found all friendly. We left Captain Milne's boat there, and started back for Port Hunter with a strong breeze right abeam, and a nasty cross sea running. Our sail was torn in pieces in one of the squalls, but we bent the boat sail to steady the launch, and so got home all right at sunset.

Two days after our return from New Britain (November 20) we started for New Ireland at 5 a.m., to station the teachers who had been appointed to that island. We had a fine run over to Kalil; landed the teachers, Elimotama, Pauliasi and wife; paid for teachers' house, had a long talk with the chiefs, and then started for Port Hunter again. It was a miserable journey back. We first steamed up the New Ireland coast for several miles against a very heavy wind and sea, and then managed to anchor out of reach of the heavy swell under the lee of a small reef, where we decided to remain until evening, hoping that the wind would then take off. We took the whale-boat as near the beach as the heavy surf would allow us, and then Mr. C., myself, and a few of the natives, swam on shore to try to shoot a few birds. As we were swimming out to the boat again, I remembered that the natives had

told us that the alligators were especially numerous in this part; and I am sure I never swam faster in my life than I did then; and right glad I was to get on board again. We started again in the evening for Port Hunter: the wind was still high, and this, with the heavy sea and a strong westerly current, soon set us far to leeward in the darkness. Our little launch worked well; but with a heavy boat in tow she made but little progress against so many difficulties. We did not reach Port Hunter until dawn, so that we were about twelve hours under steam in making about twenty miles of a direct course. We often made the same passage under more favourable circumstances in about three hours. It was very hard work indeed attending to the engine for so many hours, and our chief engineer Jack was often quite worn out, and I had to take charge and make him take some rest. In my diary I wrote on my return: "From to-day must date the first settlement of teachers in New Ireland. May God grant that the time may soon come when the eyes of these people will be opened to see the wondrous beauties of the Gospel of Christ, and their feet be directed into the way of His testimonies."

After this I had the unusual experience of being five days at home. These were used in cleaning the launch, painting the boat, and other necessary work. On the evening of November 26 I received a note from Ratu Livai telling me that he was very ill. The weather was not at all settled, and I feared that we should have a very unpleasant passage across, but I felt we must make the attempt. The teachers would have fared badly, poor fellows, if I had not remained behind with them. In my diary I wrote that night: "I am very glad indeed that I stayed here, as remittent and intermittent fevers, I fear, are more prevalent here than we thought they were. I have been feeling anxious and homesick all the evening. This letter of poor Livai's has unsettled me; he thinks he is dying, and wishes me to go at once."

We started at 6.30 a.m. next day, November 27, and



returned to Port Hunter at 7 p.m. the same day, having visited Peni at Matupit, and Ratu Livai at Rabuan. This showed of what great use our smart little *Henry Reed* was to us when we were able to do so much in one day. I found Peni still ill with fever and ague, but a little better than he had been. Gave him a fresh supply of quinine, etc. We then examined the opposite side of the bay under the "Mother," wishing to find a watering place for the steamer. We hoped to be able to get a supply by digging. The water we got was in little shallow holes scooped out in the black mud. Filled one cask, and then started for Rabuan. Found Ratu Livai a little better, and wishful to remain; so, after staying with them some time we left and had a fine run home. Ratu Livai spoke in the highest terms of Tokoropa, one of the chiefs. He said that no Christian man in Fiji or white man's land could have showed him more kindness during his illness, or manifested more sympathy towards him. The Rabuan people all seemed very kind, and assured me over and over again that they would "look out," *i.e.* take care of the teacher and his wife. They had seen us so often lately that I was quite familiar now to them all. This constant journeying was hard work and involved no little strain on the constitution, but we could not remain at anchor whilst so much remained to be done. I was rarely more than a few days at home at one time, and so our work got on much faster than it would otherwise have done. People saw us and got to know us, and little by little our proper position and work was made known to the natives.

I returned from New Britain on Saturday, November 27. Monday was spent in cleaning up and preparing for another journey. On Tuesday we buried our first dead, a Fijian teacher called Timothy, which made us all very sad; and on the afternoon of November 30 started for New Ireland. After a good run we slept at Kalil the same night.

We started from Kalil at 7.15 a.m. on December 1, intending

to go much farther down the coast than we were able to go before. We passed Matakan, our extreme limit on the previous journey, about 11 a.m., but did not land. We reached Kuras at half-past one. From Kalil to that place (Kuras) the coast consists of a low mountain range extending right down to the water's edge, with patches of fringing reefs and occasional outlying detached patches or shoals, but not extending for any great distance from the beach. As we went farther north-west we noticed that the range gradually decreased in height, but it was not until we returned that we were told that the island is so narrow at a place called Kurumut (near Kuras) that a man shouting on one coast could be heard and answered by another man from the opposite side of the island. This we found out afterwards was false. On our arrival at Kuras we had lots of canoes alongside, and in due time the chiefs came off. We had some little talk, and then, as La Bera, the Kalil chief, said that it was safe, I went on shore. We climbed up a steep cliff to the village, and, sitting down near a tree, I tried to talk to them a little, but found that it was very difficult indeed to fix the attention of many of the people, especially that of the chief, who had invited me to visit him. I scolded him for his inattention, and threatened to leave if he did not listen to me; so I got a more attentive audience whilst I tried to tell them why we had come so far to see them. I gave them a few presents, and got some pigs, etc., in return; and then as night was drawing on I went on board, and we started away at once for Kalil, which place we reached at 9.30 p.m., good steaming all the way. It was not until after we landed at Kalil that I learnt that the chief I scolded for being so inattentive had killed a man the day before we arrived, and at the very time I was scolding him was interested in some culinary operations which were being carried on in a house close to where we were sitting. Kaplen, one of our lads, went into a house, and saw the women engaged in roasting the thigh and leg of a man on some hot stones. He was so frightened that he would not sit down all the time we

were there. I noticed this at the time, but did not know then the reason of his conduct, as I was quite unconscious of the horrible affair, though the house was only a few yards distant, and, in fact, I passed quite close to the door. I asked Kaplen why he did not tell me at the time, but I could get no reply from him. He afterwards, however, told some of the others, and they told me. He said: "I did not tell the missionary, because I knew he was such a fool that he would try and get it (the thigh and leg) away from them. Then they would be angry, and would probably kill him, and if so, I knew they would kill me also; and so I thought it best not to tell him." The man, as far as I could learn, met his death justly, as he himself came to murder any one he could find belonging to Kuras.

As I wished to know a little more of New Ireland than we could find out by an occasional visit, I determined to return to Port Hunter in the launch, leave her there at the moorings, and return in the whale-boat. There was no safe anchorage at Kalil, but we could draw the boat up on the beach.

On December 3 I left the launch at anchor, and started for Kalil in the whale-boat at 9.30 a.m. In the launch we could have gone easily in about three hours, but we were compelled to sit until 3.30 p.m. in the hot, blazing sun before we got on shore, with aching heads and weak bodies. At night, after prayer, I got a lot of the men into the house to give me some words and sentences from which to form an alphabet for the use of the teachers.

Next day I went to Kabanut in a small canoe. This village is about six miles north of Kalil. We passed close to a settlement of the bushmen, and as there was a temporary peace between them and the coast villages, they were down on the beach fishing. As I much wished to open communication with them, I went close in to the reef and beckoned the chief to come and speak with me, as we were then in shallow water. He came; but when I saw more than a hundred of those wild cannibal fellows all armed and all crowding round

our little canoe, gesticulating and shouting, I half repented going so near them. They did not, however, mean us any harm; and after dividing a little tobacco and a few beads amongst them, we went on our way. The chief was daubed all over with lime. They were the wildest lot I have ever seen, and I was glad to get well away. On our way back in the evening, a few of them were still there, and two or three came out to us, and gave us a few smoking-hot bananas, which were doubly acceptable, as showing that they appreciated our kindness, and also because we were very hungry. At Kabanut I went inland, saw the people, and arranged for the location of a teacher in a few months. I was quite weary and exhausted when we reached Kalil. That night I wrote, "Truly the spirit is willing, and I want to do all I can whilst I am here, but this body of mine rebels occasionally."

Sunday, December 5. This morning we held the first regular service on New Ireland. We assembled near the shade of some large trees on the seashore, just in front of the teachers' house. A lot of men from Kabanut, where I went yesterday, had accepted my invitation, and came to look at our service. It was a strange sight to see those men walking along the shore for such a purpose. They were all armed, for no man there stirred a foot without spear or tomahawk, and they would never have dreamed of going into another town without being well prepared for fighting. Many of the spears had a human leg or arm-bone on the throwing end, giving plenty of proof of the cannibalism of the people. It was a calm, clear, hot day, and a Sunday's feeling of rest seemed to pervade both sea and land. I conducted the first part of the service in Fijian, and then addressed them in pigeon English, which Kaplen interpreted to Le Bera, and Le Bera to the people. In this way we managed to make them understand very well. The New Ireland language differs a good deal from Duke of York, especially in having many aspirates, which are quite wanting on the latter island. I was very glad to see Le Bera (the chief) clothed in a shirt and waistcloth, and his wives and



daughters each wearing a handkerchief or small piece of cloth. After telling the people about the Lotu, I explained to them fully the position of the teachers, and they clearly understood the relationship in which they were placed, and their own duties towards them. I was well pleased with the state of affairs at Kalil. Hitherto our work had been far easier than we had any reason to expect that it would be.

I wrote in my diary on that Sunday evening: "No mission could have had a more promising beginning than ours has had in all these islands. I believe that our principal difficulties in the future will arise from the great difference between the dialects, the constant feuds between the villages, and the want of authority amongst the chiefs. But as our knowledge of the language increases, we shall no doubt be able to decrease very much the number of dialects as we introduce the use of books in our schools; and the reception of the religion of Jesus will soon produce peace and order where now all is discord and confusion."

On December 6 I took a photograph of Le Bera, the chief, and the natives crowded round to see it, and were quite excited when they recognised the likeness. One old man placed a small branch of a tree on my shoulder, and another one gave me a bread-fruit leaf, the meaning of which I did not understand until told that it was a complimentary way of expressing their opinion that I was a very clever fellow indeed, worthy of all praise, and that they especially fully appreciated my worth, and were delighted with my performance. I, of course, smiled sweetly, and was highly gratified at receiving such a compliment; but my opinion of its disinterestedness was much diminished when I found that I was expected to pay for it by a return present, and that such a present would be preferred in the shape of beads or tobacco. Alas for my satisfaction and pride! Had they been willing to receive an equal number of return compliments in the shape of small branches and dead leaves, I should still have felt some gratification; but there was something so suspicious in their desire



for tobacco that I took no further pleasure in the compliment. However, I conformed to the custom once or twice; but next day, on shooting a pigeon for our dinner from a high tree near an old chief's house, I so excited his admiration of my skill, or his desire for a smoke, that he rushed out with another large leaf for my shoulder, which, however, I politely declined, fearing that such a profusion of compliments would excite unduly my own pride, and would materially diminish my stock of tobacco and beads!

I heard quite incidentally that day of a man there who had killed a man from another village a short time ago, brought him down to the village, and sold him to Le Bera for food. It was referred to as being quite an ordinary transaction between buyer and seller.

We reached Port Hunter at 6.30 a.m. on December 10, having been all night pulling over from New Ireland.

Sunday, December 12. In the morning I preached to the teachers. Toporapora, and the Matupit people were over today. They had been murdering some poor wretches from Kininigunan, whom they caught going out to fish last week. They killed the four who were in the canoe. Two of the bodies sank, but they took the other two to Matupit and ate them.

We started on December 15 for another part of New Britain, as I was anxious to see a little more of the mainland in the opposite direction to that which we had previously examined. Our Port Hunter natives were afraid to go, so we called at Waira and got four men from there, then steamed to Meoko to get an interpreter, and after lots of bother got fairly away. We made the land near Cape Palliser, and then steered south-west along the shore of a small bight. The land there consists of a comparatively low range of hills, descending, as usual, "steep to" the sea. The whole range is well wooded, and very beautiful. Cocoanuts are more abundant there than in any other part we had then visited; in fact, in many places not only the shore but the hillsides were covered far inland

with the palms. From the large size of the plantations we observed as we steamed along the coast, we inferred that there must be a large population there, whilst the long tracts of uninhabited country abounding in nut-trees showed that the people must have been much more numerous formerly. The natives were continually pointing to the sites of former villages, and when we asked where the people now were, the answer was: "O man Meoko, he fight them, he kaikai (eat) all."

We steered for a place where we thought there must be water. We found the stream, but could not go near enough to get water. The natives crowded on the beach, but made no hostile demonstration. They soon began to trade with eggs, fowls, etc., and at length I persuaded the chief to come in the boat, when I gave him a piece of print for a waistcloth, and a few beads. As he got a little more confidence, I took him on board the launch, and showed him how the engine worked, and then after saying a few words to him through the interpreter, telling him that I was a missionary, and what missionary meant, I let him go, to his evident satisfaction. We did not land there, as we could see a number of natives partially hidden in the bush close to the beach. Though they were probably only placed there to guard against treachery on our part, we thought it best not to attempt a landing. We then steamed some few miles farther down the coast, and called at another village, where a great many natives came off to barter sugar-cane, yams, taro, etc., and then, as night was coming on, and we saw no safe place in which to anchor, we torted for our return journey. We reached Meoko at 10 p.m.

I wished to visit Port Carteret and also Port Praslin if possible, so as to form some opinion of the population on that coast. King Tom, who captured the *Lavinia*, had sent up, asking me to go and see him. At first I did not entertain the proposition, as the man was certainly a murderer, if Capt. Brodie's account was correct. On further consideration, however, I decided to go and hear, at all events, what he had to say.

We left Port Hunter at 2 a.m. on December 21, but did not get away from Waira until 3.30 a.m., as we had to wake up old Liblib, the chief, Dukduk, and the other men who were going with us. J. Holmes, Setaleti, and myself, formed the rest of the party. We had a fine run across, and then down the coast, going very fast under wind and steam. We reached Port Carteret (Lamasa) in the afternoon. There were not many people living there, and I was not at all favourably impressed with those who came on board. They could all speak a little English (as this place was once a place of resort for the whalers), were very forward, and the greatest beggars I have ever met. This port is formed by two islands lying off the mainland, the largest of which, Cocoanut Island, on which the natives live, can hardly be distinguished from the coast at any great distance from it. The scenery in the port is very beautiful, the mountain ranges being all densely wooded down to the very edge of the deep blue water. As soon as a squall passed by we steamed ahead, and about nine miles farther down the coast we entered Gowers Harbour, formed by Wallis Island lying off the land. This harbour or channel was very beautiful indeed as we passed quickly along it just before sunset. Everything was as still as possible, except our fussy little steamer. We dropped our anchor at Port Praslin just at sunset. I went on shore at once with the boat, and got off a good supply of water, so as to be ready for a start at any time. There were no natives living there, but those from Metlik (King Tom's village) could easily come overland when any vessel anchored. It is a better harbour than Port Carteret, and was always considered to be quite safe until the capture of the *Lavinia* and the massacre of many of her crew about two years before. Since then no merchant vessels had visited the place. I was very tired, but kept watch for some time whilst the natives who went with us were giving me all the particulars of the capture and massacre.

On December 22 we started early from Port Praslin. I walked some distance along the shore whilst Jack was getting

up steam in the launch. We saw the tracks of natives, but they had evidently been frightened at seeing us, or they had gone to report our arrival. As soon as we got on board we made good progress in the still water in the early morning, and about three miles from Port Praslin we rounded Cape St. George, the extreme south point of New Ireland, and soon afterwards we lost sight of New Britain, and were well on the other side of New Ireland. Metlik, where King Tom lived, is about ten or twelve miles from Port Praslin by sea, but is much nearer, I think, overland. As soon as we anchored there I sent the boat on shore with Liblib and the natives, to tell Tom that I had come a long way to see him, on his invitation, but that now I wished him first to come off and see me in the launch. He came at once, bringing another chief with him. Both were unarmed. Tom was dressed in a marine's coat, and the other chief looked very well in a blue jacket. They commenced talking at once about the *Lavinia*, and both of them wished me to believe that they had nothing at all to do with it. They said that the schooner was taken by men belonging to Baul, a village a little distance from Metlik. Tom said that he was angry when it was done, as he wished to stand well with the white men, and so he went at once and fought the Baul men, and killed and ate two of them. This was Tom's account of the affair, but I do not at all avouch its truthfulness. He said also: "I have always been good to the white men; some of them have lived here with me; whalers have left their sick men here, and when they died I buried them properly, and they lie on my land now." After some more talk I laughingly asked him if he would "fight" or kill me if I landed, as they had done with the *Lavinia's* crew. He laughed, and asked me if he looked like fighting. We landed, and after some talk with the people on shore I walked along the beach, as I wished to look at a small river which empties itself here. I did not feel that I was incurring any risk in doing this, as the people were either very friendly or too frightened at what they had done to attempt anything more in the same way.



After I returned from my walk I took a few photographs, and then went on board the launch to dinner.

About three o'clock I went on shore again, and went up the village to Tom's house, where I found that he had prepared a large present of taro, pumpkins, cocoanuts, bananas, and a large pig. He said: "This is yours. Duke of York man he tell you that I would fight you. Is this fighting? Will the taro fight you? Will the bananas fight you? Will the pig fight you? No, no, me no fight you, me plenty like you," etc., etc. I made him a few presents in return, and then we went to another chief's house, where we got another present minus the pig; and so again from a third chief, for all which I made a suitable return. Tom came on board in the evening to say good-bye, and said several times to me: "Missionary, suppose you hungry you come here to this place belong me. Plenty taro, he stop here, full, full, me give him you. Boat belong you, he go down, sink with taro, bananas, and yams. Suppose you hungry come here; me very good fellow, yes, me good fellow." Whether he was such a very good fellow or not I could not tell, but he treated us very well, and up to the unfortunate *Lavinia* affair he was always considered to be the best man on the Islands, and Port Praslin to be the safest and best anchorage. I bought a quadrant, the *Livinia's* Articles, and a Savings Bank deposit book from the natives, but saw no other property belonging to the vessel. The language here seemed to be quite different to that spoken at Kalil and other places in New Ireland, and I was more and more confirmed in the opinion that we must depend in a great measure on our native agents in our endeavours to give these people the Gospel. White missionaries could never be found for all these varying dialects.

We left Metlik at sunset, and about 9 p.m. Jack went to sleep, as he was really tired out with the heat and excitement of the day. I acted as engineer and stoker until 3 a.m. The night was calm and we made good progress. There was no moon visible, but it was starlight and clear, and I quite enjoyed



the night as we steamed past Port Praslin again, away up Gowers Harbour, with the land close to us on both sides, towering above us gloomy and still, the death-like silence of the dense forests unbroken by any sound of beast or bird, as our little launch, belching out fire and smoke, and lighting with a lurid glare the water which she dashed from her bows, sped away on her homeward course. Fortunately there were few outlying reefs here, and we had a good pilot in old Liblib, so we had no difficulty in making Port Carteret again. The people at the village there called out to us, but we only answered them and kept on our way. At 8 a.m. we were at Tomum's place, where we anchored for awhile and took in water. After that we had a weary day's steaming up the coast to Kalil. The furnace bars must, I think, have been choked up, and we were very short of coals, so that we had great difficulty in keeping up steam enough to propel the boat two or three miles an hour against wind and current. We did not reach Kalil until about midnight, after our 30 hours' passage from Metlik.

On December 24 we took in wood and water, and prepared to start for Port Hunter. This place (Kalil) was full of bushmen and men from the east side of the island. They had brought some pigs, and were on a friendly visit, but both hosts and visitors were well armed every hour of the day. I saw three of the principal chiefs from the east side of the island, and made them a few presents, telling them that I intended to visit them some day soon.

On January 17, 1876, I wrote as follows: "I have again been warned that some men at Utuan and Kerawara intend to kill me, because some of their men were killed by the captain and crew of a trading vessel some time ago. King Dick told me so the other day, and Waruwarum again to-day. He laid his hand on his breast and said: 'I feel here that it is quite true, and am so much afraid,' etc. I told him that we were much obliged to him, but that we didn't believe the tale, and were not afraid to go to Utuan and test the truth of the

report. Dick told Mr. Blohm the other day that we are a most intractable set of white men! Other white men (he said) did what they told them, and only went to places where they told them to go, but we go anywhere and everywhere. Poor Dick, he doesn't like it, but we are not likely to alter our plans. If I had listened to these people our Mission would not have been known outside of Duke of York Group and two or three of the nearest villages on the large islands. I mean to call at Utuan to-morrow, where these fellows live, and ask them if the tale is true. There is no presumption at all in this. I am as careful as any one ought to be; but I am certain that these tales are most of them manufactured to prevent us from going to certain places, and I cannot allow our work to be so hindered. I was solemnly assured the other day that Mijieli's illness was caused by poison; but he had not the slightest symptom of poisoning. It was simply a case of remittent fever; and I feel certain that this story, though told in such a plausible manner, is just another case of lying, so that even if we were to be attacked to-morrow, I feel quite justified in calling, as at present I have no reason to apprehend such an attack."

We started early on January 18 for Birara, intending from there to explore the coast right down to Matupit. We called at Waira and then at Meoko to get an interpreter. From Meoko we went to Utuan, the place where the men lived who, according to Dick and others, intended to kill us. We inquired for the individuals and sent an invitation for them to come on board the launch, but, as usual, they were not at home, and we were told they didn't live there, but at another island some distance away. Tuki, the chief of Utuan, came on board, and I got him to go with us as interpreter. This also served another purpose, as I wished to get friendly with these Utuans, who were rather a wild lot, and I knew no better way than that of taking the chief away with us in the launch for a few days. I asked Tuki whether it was true that some of his people had been talking of killing us, but he only laughed.

So there may after all be some little truth in the report that some fellows had talked about it, though I still believe they never seriously meant it. As we steamed through the Utuan passage, old Guriraram, the Meoko chief, came off ; and as he is a well-known chief, I willingly took him on board, and we were soon outside and making good progress with wind and steam towards the New Britain coast. We soon found that old Guriraram was not likely to be of much service to us, as he had been fighting so often with the people, and had killed and eaten so many of them, that he was dreadfully frightened when we went near the beach, and ran and hid himself under the foredeck when any of the natives came off to us. He was also very frightened when there was much wind or sea, and very anxious to get home again. We called at several places, but did not go on shore until we reached Ledip, the place we had previously called at on our first visit here. There was a great crowd of natives on the beach, and, as usual, they were all very anxious to trade, but my first inquiry was for our boat rowlocks which were stolen on our previous visit, and I told them that there would be no trading until they were returned to us. A few young men were sent away at once, and we all waited until they returned with the rowlocks. I then engaged a lot of them to bring off the fresh water we wanted for the launch, and then we bought the fowls, eggs, yams, etc., they wished to sell.

At sunset I went on shore with old Guriraram, who was well known there ; in fact, the Ledip natives had been his allies in his many fights with the Birara people. There were no houses near the beach, as the natives lived some distance inland. The beach is all composed of loose water-worn shingle, and on this the natives were all assembled, sitting, squatting, and lying round the fires they had kindled. I thought this a good opportunity for saying a few words, and so, standing up amongst the crowd, I spoke through one of our Port Hunter natives, which he interpreted to Tuki, and he in turn interpreted it to the Birarans. The natives were very attentive and seemed to





Photo by Rev. H. Fellmann.

MASKED "SPIRIT DANCERS."

Note the carved snakes on top of masks.]





understand all that was said, but as I thought they would get some more information from a quiet gossip with the chiefs of our party, I asked Waruwarum, Kaplen, and Tuki to tell them all about our doings. It was now quite dark, and the crowd of wild-looking natives looked fiercer and more savage than ever, as seen in the glare of the firelight, backed as it was by the gloom of the thick forest, on the edge of which we were all sitting. I suppose I ought not to have remained in such a place and amongst such a crowd after dark, but I saw no occasion for fear, and I knew that it is only at such times that it is possible to get any quiet talk with the people, as they are too much excited about their trade in the day time. So, merely taking the precaution to have my back towards the creek, I lay down on the warm shingle, put my head on Peni's lap, and with Kaplen's help as interpreter, gossiped away to the small crowd of natives who gathered round us, whilst Waruwarum and Tuki were talking with the others. After lying there for some time the sand-flies began to get very troublesome, and we were glad to be able to get on board again. We spent a miserable night there.

Next day the crowd of natives was larger than ever, and old Guriraram seemed frightened, and told us that it was not prudent to stay any longer; so we prepared to go, though I think there was no mischief intended. We left at 8 a.m., and steamed along the coast until we reached a point near Cape Palliser; but this time, instead of returning direct to Duke of York as we had formerly done, we kept along the New Britain coast, intending to go right round to Matupit. Some distance down the bay some large canoes came off, and we stopped until they came up, notwithstanding the protestations of our crew that they would murder us all. An old chief came alongside first, and we had no difficulty in getting him on board, when I rejoiced his heart by putting a fathom of print round his waist, and a piece of red Turkey twill round his head. He was quite excited, and would insist on my standing up, whilst he put his arm round my body and shouted to all the people in

their own language : "Missionary, missionary, he no fight, no fight." We made a few purchases from them, and then I gave the old man a piece of cord with five knots on it, thus agreeing with him in their own way to visit me at Port Hunter in five days' time. He would cut off a knot each night, and so keep to the time agreed upon. The country here in some places is the most beautiful of any I have ever seen in the South Seas. At this place, Kiniginuan, there are large portions of the coast range from which the whole of the bush has been cleared or burnt off, and the ground overgrown with most luxuriant thick coarse grass of the most vivid green, interspersed with clumps of bush in the small ravines and with cocoanut palms on the beach, and in clusters also over the land, crowning the low range of hills which bounds the prospect inland. It was a most lovely scene, and it was difficult to believe that we were not looking at some highly cultivated estate laid out with exquisite taste and judgment. We passed many large villages on our way to Matupit, but we kept right on our way up the centre of the Bay, not caring to go near the shore in the dark.

On my return I wrote : "We have now fully satisfied ourselves that the whole coast up to Cape Palliser, and for some miles beyond at all events, is densely populated, and affords a fine field for mission work. The great hindrances, I must repeat, will be the same as on New Ireland, viz., the lack of authority on the part of the chiefs, and the constant feuds of the people, which have kept them so isolated from each other that the dialectic differences are now so great as almost to constitute different languages in every district. Our little launch, however, is doing wonders already in bringing these people into contact with each other, and so breaking down the isolation in which they have hitherto lived. We take a few chiefs with us every time we go out, and so they are compelled to go to places where they would never have dared to go in their own canoes. They meet the chiefs there, and, instead of enemies, find friends ready enough to receive them, and in time, when assured of their good faith, to visit them again. Our two Port Hunter

chiefs had never been here before, and the wives of one of them cried and wept over him as a doomed man when he left home to come with us ; but instead of being killed he is welcomed, forms friendly relations with the chiefs here, and seconds heartily my invitation to them to visit us at the Station, which they have promised to do. We reached Matupit about 8 p.m., and I was glad enough to get ashore, and slept quietly and peacefully on the island amongst the people, against whom I had been so repeatedly warned, and where I was called fool-hardy and rash only a few weeks ago for daring to land. One of the first pieces of news I heard now was that the people had of their own accord begun to build a small church.

“The district called Kininigunan, from which the old chief came out, as mentioned above, is that to which the four men belonged who were killed, and two of them eaten, by these Matupit people a few weeks before. It was quite strange to-day as we passed by some of the villages to hear Tuki tell me, in the most unconcerned manner possible, of events that had taken place there: ‘That fellow place he kaikai (eat) three fellow-man belong me ; another day me kaikai four men belong him. Four fellow-man me kaikai’ (eat), he said again, laughing quite pleasantly, and in a most self-satisfied manner as he held up his four fingers. Blood feuds appeared to be easily made up if the one party agrees to pay. A few fathoms of shell money were quite sufficient to pay for a murder.”

Next day (January 20) we finished our work at Matupit, called at Nodup, and reached Port Hunter at sunset. On the following day I took Guriraram and Tuki home, examined and sounded the fine harbour at Meoko, which we have called Port Wesley, and got home again the same day.

Our steam launch did not lie long at her moorings in Port Hunter ; and a few days after our return from New Britain I found it was advisable to go there again. I was up at 3.30 a.m. January 27, but we did not manage to start until nearly daylight. It seems that the old chief to whom I gave the

string with five knots on it to remind him of his promised visit to *me* in five days' time, misunderstood my meaning, or pretended to do so, and expected me to visit *them* again in that time. I did not like to disappoint them ; and as I wanted to improve our short acquaintance, we started again for New Britain, calling on our way at Nakukuru and Utuan, where we took our old friend Tuki and his son on board, and then departed for New Britain. We made the coast at Tara na Kirr, near Cape Palliser, and then coasted down until we came to Kininigunan. We anchored close inshore, and were soon surrounded by a lot of excited natives, all eager to barter. They came off in canoes, and on bamboo rafts, whilst those who had neither canoe nor raft swam off, and held on by the gunwale of the boat and steamer. We were not more than two or three boat-lengths from the beach, as we could not find anchorage at any greater distance from the shore. I think I was never before in the midst of such a deafening uproar and excitement. We made both steam launch and boat "tabu," but it was simply impossible to keep the people from crowding on board. I knew from past experience that it would be a very severe trial to my patience ; so, as soon as we anchored, I summoned up all my stock of that article and resolved that nothing should disturb my equanimity. For a long time, amid all that deafening noise, with natives tugging now at one sleeve and then at the other, tapping me on almost every part of my body, calling out, "Missionary, missionary, captain, captain," and endeavouring in every possible way to attract my attention to some rubbish or other they wished me to buy, I conducted myself in the most amiable manner, smiling sweetly upon them all, though I was grinning in despair, and requesting them in the most pleasant and polite manner possible to leave our boat and get into their canoes. One individual, whose full dress consisted of a small bead necklace, prevailed upon me to invest in the purchase of a small pig, and then presuming on the friendship established between us, he only laughed pleasantly whenever I told him to vacate the few feet of our steam launch deck



which, for want of a better name, we had dignified by the title of the quarter deck. It was necessary to keep this clear, simply as a precautionary measure, and also because we could not steer the launch if there was any one sitting on it, as he would interfere with the action of the tiller; but my friend only smiled and pointed to his pig whenever I urged the necessity of his going on shore. After a while, however, he would yield to my entreaties, and take to the water; but as soon as ever I moved away he was up again, and met me with the same beaming smile, pointing to the pig which in an evil hour I had bought from him. I much wished to talk to the chiefs here, but found that it was impossible to do so whilst at anchor, so we steamed slowly ahead and actually ploughed our way out through canoes and bamboo rafts, until we got well outside, when we stopped and I tried to say a few words to the chiefs, though I had no good interpreter. We had Topulu (King Dick) on board, but he was very frightened, and kept down below all the time; and King Tom (lots of kings there!), also from Port Hunter, was much perturbed in his mind as the natives swarmed on board. He kept his large tomahawk well in hand, and, standing with his back against the mast, did good service by allowing no one to go down the fore part of the boat. He was about the ugliest fellow in the group; and to that and the tomahawk I attributed the influence which he certainly exercised, but which we could never command. I had chiefs on board who had never before dared to go near that district; but they were well received, and a way was opened for future intercourse and friendship. These people had large canoes and appeared to be a fine race of men. Their large fish traps were anchored far out at sea, in deep blue water, with a tall ornamented pole attached to them as a beacon. The traps float a few feet below the surface, and large quantities of fish are caught in them. I had never before seen or heard of fish traps being so placed, the general plan in all the Eastern groups being to place the traps on the bottom in comparatively shallow water. We landed Tuki and son just



before dusk, and then, making a wide circuit to avoid a nasty reef off Mauke, we made all haste to Port Hunter, reaching there about 10 p.m.

On Saturday, January 29, I was surprised by seeing a boat pulling round the point of the bay. I ran down to the beach, and to my joy found that the European I had seen in it was Captain HERNSHEIM, just returned from Sydney. He told me that he had left his vessel, the *Cæran*, down the coast some distance, and had pulled up with a native crew. In the evening we got up steam, and towed the schooner into port about 1 a.m., and then we got our letters from home. Oh! how glad I was to get them, and how thankful to know that all at home were well.

I had long been very anxious to go farther down the New Britain coast than we had as yet dared to do, owing to the difficulty of taking sufficient coal to last us on such a long trip. I talked with Mr. HERNSHEIM about the matter, and as he himself wished to see Spacious Bay, which was the place to which I desired to go, he kindly offered to give us a passage, and to tow the launch behind the vessel, thus saving us the necessity of taking so much coal. We left Port Hunter on Wednesday, February 9, at noon in the *Cæran*, with our steam launch in tow behind the vessel.

Next day, February 10, we got a fine breeze at 2 a.m., which carried us well up with Cape Buller, but then fell light, and we made very little progress until evening, when we got well inside the Bay; but with thick weather and rain we could see but little of the land. We saw no signs of any shallow water or of any anchorage. The *Cæran* was kept under full sail, beating into the Bay all night.

As we found an entirely different people on our subsequent visit to that place, I think it best to insert here the account of this visit exactly as I wrote it at the time:

“Friday, February 11. Early this morning we saw the natives, as several canoes came near the ship, but we had very

great difficulty indeed to persuade any of them to come alongside. We threw beads and pieces of red cloth, which they eagerly seized, but they were still very shy. The general impression with us was that they had rarely, if ever, seen a vessel before. It is not at all a likely place for any vessel to go to, as it is quite out of the track, and we could not see the slightest sign to indicate that they had received any articles of trade before. They were quite ignorant of tobacco, and wouldn't take it at all for barter. Small strips of red cloth were eagerly sought after, and so were beads of all colours, but they had little or nothing to trade with, and as the vessel began to move through the water they soon left us. After breakfast Captain Hershheim, Mr. Cockerell, J. Holmes, and myself, went in the launch, leaving the vessel beating up the Bay. As we neared the shore the canoes came out to meet us, but we kept on our way, and they followed us up. We steered for a small village, and soon left the canoes behind us. As we neared the beach we saw a considerable number of natives running and shouting and waving to us to go on shore. I saw plenty of women and children, and many of them had green boughs in their hands, so we felt no danger in going pretty close inshore, though we did not try to land or to anchor. The canoes soon came alongside, and many natives swam off from the shore, so we had a good opportunity for making their acquaintance. It was at once evident that these people differ considerably from any we had yet seen. They are lighter in colour, their hair is finer and not so matted as that of the natives farther north, and altogether they appeared to be a finer race. This was especially noticeable in the case of the women, many of whom seemed much like the Eastern Polynesians—in fact, some of the girls were not much unlike Samoans. Some of the women and girls came off in the canoes; and this also was different from the custom in any other place, as we very seldom see the women until we land, and they never come alongside. Altogether, the impression made on my mind was that the women here occupy a much higher social position than they do in the other parts

we have visited. Another point of difference between these people and any we have yet seen is that these all wear something as a covering. The men have a covering similar to that worn by the Fijians in their heathen state, and the women wear the banana leaf. They are all betel chewers, and have the large hole in their ears. They use large shields made of bread-fruit wood, and their spears are tipped with bone. We could not stay very long, and so, after steaming a little farther up the Bay, we started for the ship, and were soon on board and standing away for Cape Buller. Captain HERNSHEIM very kindly towed the launch to Cape Buller, and then went on his course. He had been very kind indeed to us, and we felt sorry to have to leave our comfortable quarters in the *Cæran* to go on board the launch for our return voyage. We left the ship about sunset, and by keeping close in under the land we had smooth water all the way. I was very sorry indeed to have to go up this long line of coast in the dark, as I wished to see some of the people, but we were afraid to remain so far away from home, as our stock of fuel was low and the launch was not in very good order. We saw plenty of fires on our way up, showing us that the coast, which from the ship we thought to be uninhabited, was really occupied by a large population. I was somewhat anxious about this long journey, but we made good way all night, and early in the morning we were well up with Cape Palliser, having had both wind and current in our favour. It was, however, blowing too hard for us to leave the shelter of the land, and so we steamed very cautiously inshore and found anchorage until daylight."

On account of the great difficulty in getting the people to associate with each other, I had induced two chiefs of Kiniginuan to visit us at Port Hunter. I could, however, only succeed in doing this by leaving Mr. Cockerell and Beni, the teacher, as hostages for their safe return. The men were terribly afraid to come, and at the mission station they very nearly involved us in serious trouble. They had been

very comfortable, and we were hoping that all our fears were dispelled, but on the Sunday evening a native came up in a state of great excitement and told me that the Kininigunan chiefs were running away. On inquiry I found that the cause of their fear was that they had seen my boy Kaplen laughing, and acting in what they considered to be a too friendly manner. This with them was a sign of treachery, and they were afraid that they were going to be killed. We did our best to reassure them, and I felt very glad indeed that they had not succeeded in getting away, as they might have lost their lives in trying to return to their own land. In any case, if they had succeeded in doing so they would have gone under a very wrong impression, and might have created trouble.

On Wednesday, February 16, I left in the whale-boat at 6 a.m. to open the church at Nodup, and to return these chiefs. It will give some idea of the condition of affairs when I state that we could not get more than two natives to accompany us, as they were all so frightened about going to the places we intended to visit. We reached Nodup about noon. As we neared the beach some natives came off in canoes, and told us that Tobula and Tokaropo, the Nodup chiefs, were waiting on shore to fight the Kininigunan chiefs we had with us, and urged us to start away at once. This news alarmed our passengers very much. They seized their paddles and began turning the boat round, and implored me to start away immediately. Some other men came off, and three of them jumped into our boat to go with us to Kininigunan, as they belonged to that place, and said they were afraid to remain at Nodup. I tried to find out why the Nodup chiefs were angry; and they said it was because they did not wish any other place to have the "lotu" but themselves, and were jealous of my giving anything to any other people. The case seemed very clear and straightforward, but I was unwilling to give way without seeing the chiefs myself. I could not, however, venture to land, as my passengers were in an agony of fear, and were crying bitterly to me to go away at once; and I myself felt that it would be very unwise to



run any risk, as it might endanger the lives of Mr. Cockerell and Peni, who were at Kininigunan as hostages, if any of these chiefs were killed. I was determined, however, not to leave matters in such an unsatisfactory way ; so I sent Aminio ashore in a canoe to see the teachers and chiefs ; and then to pacify our passengers we hauled our boat to the wind and made short tacks off shore until Aminio returned. In about half an hour we saw the canoe returning with the two teachers and Tobula and Tokaropa. On coming alongside they told us that the whole affair was a vile falsehood, that the chiefs were in their plantations getting taro for the crew, and never dreamt of anything wrong until they saw our boat head off shore, when they ran down to see what was the matter. I was heartily glad to hear this, but felt that it was no use trying to reassure the Kininigunan chiefs and induce them to land. So I asked the Nodup chiefs if they would come with us in the boat to Kininigunan, and thus assure the chiefs that they never intended to harm them. To this they consented. I felt very pleased indeed that this affair had ended so well. Had we come away from Nodup at once when we heard those tales the consequence might have been very serious, as we should have offended the Nodup people, and the chiefs who were with us would probably have avenged the insult some other day, and it would have been almost impossible for us to convince them that the whole story was a lie. I generally received native stories with a good deal of caution ; but as this was told us by people from four different canoes, I fully believed it ; and yet it was a wicked lie without having the slightest foundation. We had a splendid journey, and reached Kininigunan at 3 p.m. There was great excitement on the beach as we ran the boat ashore. One of our Port Hunter men was so frightened at the number of natives that he stayed some little time in the boat, but four or five of them seized him and pulled him ashore in a friendly way, and then they all dragged the boat up out of the water, well pleased that we seemed to trust them so much.



On March 11 I heard news from New Ireland that one of our party was seriously ill, and so I started at once in the whale-boat. The messengers who came over reported that they had had a beautiful calm night, and we quite expected the same. We left Port Hunter at 5.30 p.m., and for the first few miles we had good weather, when some ominous-looking clouds appeared on the north-west horizon. When about mid-channel some very heavy squalls passed upon us, compelling us to take in all sails, and at the same time covering and hiding the land on both sides of the channel. The rain poured down in torrents. To add to our troubles, we had stupidly left our compass ashore, and so in the thick, dark night we could only steer by the wind and by the run of the sea, both of them uncertain guides in squalls such as we experienced, where the wind flies about from almost every point of the compass. The lightning was very vivid indeed. Jack wished to keep the boat well up to the north, but the natives were most positive that we were steering right down channel, and away from the land altogether. I generally depend a good deal upon the natives, and so we altered our course, but in this instance we found them to be very sorry guides. After some miserable hours of heavy rain and wind we made the New Ireland coast some six miles to leeward of Kalil; and so, tired as we were, we had to pull dead to windward for two or three hours. But for following the advice of the natives, who were so frightened that they wanted to get to land anywhere at all, we should have gone straight to our destination, which we did not reach until 1.20 a.m.

Next day, Sunday, I had intended to open the first church on New Ireland, but the teachers and chiefs did not wish the ceremony to take place until it was quite finished and they had prepared some food for any visitors. I preached on the beach through an interpreter to a very fair congregation, and spent a good part of the rest of the day sitting alone in the new church, and wondering how long it would be before these people would rightly understand what we were trying to teach

them. I had faith enough to believe that the time would come when the triumphs of Christianity would be as apparent in New Ireland as they were in Fiji, and I felt it no small privilege and honour to be the first missionary to these poor people. From Monday until the following Friday we had nothing but heavy wind and rain every day, and in these miserable houses the situation was not at all a pleasant one. At night especially we were very uncomfortable. The house was dirty and leaky, my hammock and blankets were all wet, and so we had to manage to sleep as well as we could each night on a bamboo platform. Bamboos make a very good bed if you have a good mattress or plenty of leaves to cover them with, but when there are plenty of bamboos, with no mattress, very few leaves, and only one mat between them and your body, they seem to get harder and harder towards daylight, especially if, as in my case, you have little else than bones to rest upon the bamboos.

On Saturday, March 18, we opened the first church in New Ireland. My donation towards the accompanying feast was a pig, and the chief and others gave vegetables. I conducted the services, and gave the people a little talk about social matters in my sermon. They were anxious to get clothes, but scarcely knew how to do so. I advised them to plant nuts on a large scale, and they promised to do this. I also impressed upon them very definitely the necessity for building better houses. Next day, Sunday, Pauliasi and Aminio preached, and after the morning service I conducted a Society Class in Fijian, and enjoyed it very much indeed. It was a season of refreshment to us all. After Aminio had preached in the evening I gave out the first attempt of a translation of the hymn "Come to Jesus." I had to act as the precentor; and, though I had never before been thought to possess any great vocal talents, the novelty of the affair must, I suppose, have excited the imagination of the natives, to the detriment of their musical taste. They professed to be very much pleased with the song in "Duke of York talk." Two of

them waited on me, not with a garland of leaves, but with some wild ginger plant, as an expression of their admiration. I might have been proud, if I could only have felt that this was an entirely disinterested tribute of appreciation, but alas! the consciousness that I was expected to pay for the worthless ginger, by a present of food and a viler but more valuable weed, called tobacco, excited in me the fear that the delight they expressed was more attributable to their desire for tobacco than to their true appreciation of our hymn.

On May 9 we started for New Britain. For a long time I could get no crew at all to go with us. They knew that we were going to Nogai, and so all refused, saying that they were afraid of being killed. I was determined not to be beaten, and so went down to the boat, intending to cross with Jack and one of the teachers, and trust to getting men at Nodup. Just as we were going on board, however, I persuaded two young men and a boy to come with us. We got a light breeze about noon and started. The sun was very hot indeed. About half-way over we got a foul wind with heavy squalls. Our boom was carried away, and we had to lower the jib before we could steer the boat at all. Then, to add to our misfortunes, a split in one of the planks opened out with the working of the boat, and the water came rushing in in a way which terribly alarmed the natives. At the same time the rain came pouring down in torrents, and we were not able to see the land. We were in some danger of sinking, as the boat was filling rapidly. One of the lads fortunately had a shirt on, which I took off and spread, with some of my own clothes, over the leak, and then made one of the boys sit upon it to hold it down whilst the others were bailing; and we managed to keep the boat fairly clear. After about two hours' rain it cleared up a little, but we had a long, weary pull to Rabuan, not reaching there until it was quite dark. Our little launch at this time was broken down. Had she been available we should have been over at 9 a.m., instead of spending such a miserable day as we did. I

was heartily glad to reach the teacher's house, change my wet clothes, drink a little hot tea, and lie down to get some ease from a splitting headache.

Next day we repaired the boat, and prepared for our journey down the coast. There was a fight that day close to the village, and a woman was speared. At night the chief and some of the people returned from Utuan. As soon as they landed there was a quarrel between them and one of the chiefs who had remained behind, and, as usual, the spears were soon handled. I went down to the beach and parted the combatants, and then sat down and had a long talk with them all, telling them that the time was at hand when those constant fights must cease, and when men everywhere should live in peace with their fellow-men. It was a good opportunity for saying a few words to them, and I took full advantage of it. Tobula, the chief, tried hard to dissuade me from going to Nogai. He finished by saying that he was frightened about us; that we would be getting killed, and then when the captain of the *John Wesley* came again and asked where was the missionary, he might think that they had killed us. One of the two traders in the group told me that the natives tried "to take him" twice at Mioko, once at Diwaon, at Tara na Boul, and once at Nanup; and the other had been threatened with a tomahawk quite recently at Waira. I believe that the reason of this was that the natives who formed the crew of the traders were not kept sufficiently under control by the white men. They had rifles given them, and, relying on these, they were apt to be saucy and to provoke the people whose villages they were visiting. They were also so frightened themselves that they displayed their weapons unnecessarily, and used them too readily. Up to this time we had never been molested, nor, so far as we knew, had we been in any serious danger. But then we were on our Master's business, and in His hands. One of my correspondents wrote: "It must be very nice for you to know that so many people are praying for you." This is very true, and often the thought that God's people were praying for us comforted us



in our trials, and strengthened the faith which was ready to fail. It was a constant source of confidence and strength, and did not, I am sure, tend to make us rash or careless. Our object was to keep to the safe path of duty ; and that is as far from presumption on the one hand as it is from cowardice on the other.

On May 11 we started just about daylight, with the trader's boat in company, to explore a part of the north coast. It was a calm morning, but with thick, heavy clouds all round the horizon. We called at Cape Stephens and took in Tokabene (Towel), a chief who was well known. We then pulled across to Man Island (Uatam). The people all ran away when we landed, but after some persuasion a few returned. The old chief I saw was dreadfully frightened, but I did not find out the reason until some time after we left the island, when I learned that the chief whom we brought with us from Cape Stephens had made use of us to frighten the old man in order to get the payment of some old debt. It was very annoying to me afterwards when I learned that whilst we were doing our best to assure the people of our peaceable intentions, the cunning chief was telling them that we were his friends, and that he had engaged us to lay waste the whole island if his debt was not paid. Needless to say, the debt was paid at once. We did not see many people there, and the island did not appear to be thickly populated. We were told that food was often very scarce there, and that the people died from starvation ; but I do not think that is probable, as cocoanuts are plentiful, and the land seems quite capable of cultivation.

After leaving Man Island we stretched across to the mainland, close hauled with a fine south-east wind. We made the land just below a large village called Rarup, and from there we pulled up just outside the reef, passing several large villages on our way. One village, called Kabakada, seemed to be very populous indeed. From Kabakada we had a long pull against the wind across a wide bay. The coast there is formed in some places of straight, perpendicular, low cliffs down to the water's edge. On the top is a terrace of level ground, from



which the hills rise some distance inland. We called at Ratavul, a large village, but could not stay, as it was getting dark, and a heavy squall was evidently almost close upon us from the westward. We stood away again, after asking the chiefs to go to Nodup in the morning. The wind was now right aft, and the sky of almost inky blackness. Our boat tore through the water before the strong breeze, and we were fortunately able to double the point before the rain-squall burst upon us. After we rounded the Cape the rain came down in torrents, and though we were under the lee of the land the wind came in such strong gusts that we had to be very careful indeed. We had to pull the rest of the way through the heavy rain, which quite cowed our New Britain natives, and made some of them worse than useless. We were glad enough to reach our anchorage.

The mountain range on the island of New Ireland was in full view of us from our house on Duke of York Island, and I had often wondered whether it was inhabited by inland tribes, how wide the island was, and whether it was possible to cross it. I questioned the natives about it many times, but could get no reliable information. All they told me was that the interior was inhabited by a wild and fierce people, of whom they were very much afraid, that there were no proper tracks, and that any one attempting to cross would certainly be killed and eaten. When I told them that I intended to do this, they very plainly called me "a fool," and positively refused to accompany me. I made the attempt, however, on two occasions, but was compelled to return, because the men I engaged as carriers positively refused to go more than one or two miles inland. I was thus obliged to organise a party entirely independent of the New Ireland natives. Mr. W. Hicks, a half-caste trader from Nodup, joined us at Port Hunter with his boat's crew, and we left the mission station on Monday, May 30 (1876), and reached Kalil on the west coast the same day.



NATIVE DANCE, DUKE OF YORK ISLAND, NEW BRITAIN.



Next day we left Kalil at 7 a.m. Our party consisted of W. Hicks, J. Holmes, and myself, four men from Kalil, including the teacher, and the two boat crews. We ascended the bed of the small river Matakin for some little distance, and then struck off over the first range. The ascent was very steep, and in many places we had to climb up a path which was almost perpendicular. The range on the west side of the island is composed of hard coral limestone, and is all densely wooded. From a small pocket aneroid which I carried I found that the readings ranged from 29-95 on the beach, to 27-20 on the highest point reached. This would, I think, give a height of about 2,500 feet. After reaching the summit of the range we travelled along a pretty regular tableland, where the readings varied from 27-80 to 27-95. From this point we descended regularly through a country where the road led alternately through thick bush and open land covered with thick, high, coarse grass. The land on the eastern side of the island is composed of a hard yellow clay, and slopes much more gradually to the beach than it does on the western side.

The first village we came to is called Rataman. It is situated about seven miles inland from the east coast. As we approached the village a man met us, and requested us to stand and get all our party together before entering it. This we did, and he then went before to announce our approach. When we entered the village we could see only one old man, who stood facing us with his spear and shouting out as loudly as he could, "Ah! ah! ah!" which seemed to be an expression of welcome. Then suddenly some twenty or thirty men, painted with ochre and lime as for war, and armed with spears and tomahawks, rushed out from the backs of the houses. With spears poised, and brandishing their tomahawks, they made towards us, shouting as though about to fight or kill every one of us. We all stood still, and they rushed close up to us, making their spears quiver and shake as they held them only a few feet from our faces, as though they were about to hurl them at us. Then with a loud yell they turned and ran back



almost to the place from which they started, but only to return again as before. This time, however, they rushed past us and kicked, struck, and jumped against the fence behind us in the most excited manner. Some of *our* party stood with spears advanced as if for defence, and when the challengers had retired one or two of them became the attacking party and made the same hostile demonstrations against the towns-people. I much admired the attitude of one fine, well-built young fellow, when he stopped short and stood facing the people, as though about to dart his spear at them; his whole body seemed to quiver with excitement, and though his arm was apparently still he made the spear buckle and bend in a most surprising manner.

After this display of welcome was over the people all crowded round us, anxious to be introduced to the first white men they had ever had the opportunity of seeing. I inquired for the chief, and found that he was not present, but was at a village nearer the coast. I then asked for his wife, and made her a present of a few beads, when we passed on, as I was anxious to reach the beach before dark. The name of the chief here was Ririana; the village contained about two hundred people, as near as we could judge; but there were many similar villages scattered about in the same neighbourhood. About two miles farther down we came to a village called Walari, where we found two chiefs, named Harnharum and Lomu, to each of whom I had given a few little presents when I met them in Kalil. They brought us a lot of betel-nuts, bananas, yams, etc., and much desired us to stay all night; but I wished to have them all together in the morning, and so asked them to come down to the town on the beach, where we intended to sleep. Four or five miles farther brought us to the shore, where we were well received by two chiefs I had seen at Kalil. They brought yams, cocoanuts, etc., in return for the few presents I had then given them. One of them, called Kainbugina, also brought a pig and a lot of yams, ostensibly as a present, but really for sale. The house given us to sleep



in was much larger and better built than any I had yet seen in New Ireland. It was shaped much like the canoe houses of Eastern Polynesia and was quite open at one end. It was the large house of the village, where all the young unmarried men lived together. Along the sides and across one end were ranged low benches of bamboo, and on these the men sleep in order to escape the attacks of sand-flies and other insects, which are numerous there, and plagued some of our party very much. There was, however, room enough at one end for my hammock ; and, preferring that to the bamboos, I had it hung there, and was glad enough to get into it after our long walk. Before sleeping, however, I went down to the shore, and saw a large island called Gerrit Denys to the north, and a smaller one, which I took to be one of the Caen Islands, bearing about ENE. I do not think that New Ireland is more than twelve or fifteen miles wide here, though we must have walked a much greater distance than that.

Early on the following morning we had service with the people in the village square ; we sang a hymn in Duke of York language ; Elimotama the teacher prayed in the Kalil dialect, which the people seemed to understand, after which I addressed them in Fijian, and Elimotama acted as interpreter. The people were all very attentive. I then paid the chiefs for the food, etc., which they had given to us ; and as Sagina, the principal chief there, was waiting to conduct us to his village, we were soon on the way again. We walked along the coast to the south-east for about five miles, passing several small villages on our way.

The name of the chief, Sagina, means the Smeller or Smelling of ; and he was so called because they said the smell of cooked meat, either of human bodies or of pig, was seldom absent from his village. When we reached the town we were shown a shady place under some trees, and there we sat down. There are no large houses for the reception of visitors in any of these islands, as in Fiji, Tonga, Samoa, etc. ; in fact, they have so few visitors that none are needed. After we had been sitting

awhile one of the teachers, who had been looking about came and told me what he had seen in a house close to where we were sitting, and so I went to inspect it myself. The house into which I entered was about 40 ft. in length ; the ridge pole was about 12 ft. from the ground and was supported by three large pillars. The sides of the house were about 4 ft. in height, and all closely reeded, so as to be spear proof. Along the sides and across one end were fixed the low sleeping benches of the young men. The house was quite black inside with smoke. Along the battens were hung the jawbones of the men and pigs which had been eaten there, and on one batten I counted thirty-five human lower jawbones, some blackened with smoke and others only slightly discoloured, showing that they had not hung there very long. To some of the posts other parts of human bodies were hung which I cannot describe, and on one of the battens I noticed a human hand with some of the smoke-dried flesh still remaining on it. There were also a large skull and bones, which they told us belonged to a fierce amphibious animal which devoured dogs and pigs like an alligator, though they said it was not an alligator. Just outside the door of the house there was a cocoanut tree, which was notched for a considerable height : every one of those notches also, we were told, represented a human body which had been killed and eaten there. I counted seventy-six notches on one side of the tree ; but as I was sitting some distance away I did not like to go and look at the other side. I intended to look when we passed it, but forgot to do so.

After sitting awhile we strolled through the village. A human skull painted red and blue was stuck on the branch of a dead tree in front of one of the houses, and I noticed the same ornament in front of the house belonging to the chief's son. This house was strictly tabu ; it was enclosed with a low wall of coral, and no one was allowed to enter it but the young man himself : his wife or wives occupied a house some distance away. I then inspected the house in which some young girls were confined, of which I give a description (pages 212-215), then I had

a long talk with the chief, trying to induce him to take us down the coast in some canoes ; but he said that he was frightened to go, and also he had no canoe. I then tried hard to purchase two canoes, that we might go ourselves, but failed to do so. My intention was to pull down the coast as far as the part opposite to Kuras on the west side, where I had been before, and where I knew that the island was very narrow. I would then have sent for the boat to pull down the west coast to meet us at the isthmus, and we should thus have got a good idea of the place and people, and should also have saved the long walk back over the mountains. I well knew that nearly all our party would desert us if we attempted such a trip, but we were prepared for that ; and had we been able to get the canoes we should have gone with the teachers and one or two more who would have accompanied us from sheer dread of returning without our protection. I was very loth indeed to give up the journey, as it was very desirable to have a good knowledge of that part of the island in the event of another missionary being sent down, but we could not manage it.

When we returned from our stroll the chief (Sagina) brought me a large live pig and a lot of food as a *present*, for which, of course, I paid with another *present*. We then held a short service with them. This time I tried a Kalil native who understands the Duke of York language as interpreter. I spoke in that language and asked him to interpret ; but he was either ashamed or afraid to talk, and so I had to get Elimotama again.

As we prepared to return I broke a few strings of beads amongst the women and girls, which pleased them very much. When I had finished, one old lady was very anxious for me to go somewhere to see or to buy something she had, and failing to persuade me to go, she put her arms round my waist in a most loving manner, and tried to lead me ; but I was compelled to refuse to go. The chief accompanied us to the end of his village. As we walked along the beach he put his arm round my neck and I tried to pay him the same courtesy, but as he was a fine tall man over six feet in height, I could only manage

comfortably to reach his waist ; and we walked along thus most lovingly, surrounded by a noisy mob all talking and shouting in great excitement. It is pleasant enough to think about it now, but I remember that at the time, when I looked back, and saw how far I was from the rest of my party, I had rather an uncomfortable feeling when thinking how easy it would be for that big fellow to tighten his grasp of my throat a little more, and how powerless I should be in such a case, surrounded as we were by so many of his people.

When we reached the village where we had slept the night previous, we took up our quarters in the same house. It was a lovely moonlit night, and I sat for some hours in the open square of the village, talking with the chief and his family, Kaplen, our Duke of York lad, acting as interpreter. I found that I could often do more on such occasions than I could do in any public service, as we could converse with greater freedom, and I knew by the questions they asked whether they understood or not. We were sure also that anything we might say to the chief and a few others was certain to be repeated over and over again to all. I never liked to neglect such opportunities.

That night, however, did not pass so quietly as the previous one. About midnight I was awoke by old Jack, who told me that the chief Sagina had come about the pig he gave us, as he was not satisfied with the payment we had given him in return. I was very unwilling to turn out, and wished to put off the matter until morning, but soon found that I could not do so, as our people were dreadfully alarmed. I went to the door of the house and talked with the men who were sitting there, but I could not make out exactly what they wanted. One thing, however, was very plain—that our crews were in great fear. They told me that the village was full of armed men, who had come with Sagina to help him to enforce his demands. They said that these men were sitting behind the houses, where they themselves had seen them ; and that they were all armed. They begged me to satisfy Sagina's claims at once or we should all be killed. I told them that I would do what was right, but



pointed out to them that if we showed any fear and acceded at once to unreasonable demands, we should be placing ourselves in still greater danger. So I refused to give Sagina anything more until I was satisfied it was right to do so. The townspeople were just as frightened of my crew as they were of them. The New Ireland people sat on one side of a blazing fire, and my party on the other, each watching the other and ready to fight or run as they judged to be most expedient. I then tried to get Sagina to tell me what he wanted, but found that I could not understand him without an interpreter. I called Kaplen, but he was too frightened to come near us. I called him several times, but he wouldn't come, and at length I stepped outside the house to go to him. As I did this rather hastily I stumbled on the threshold, and had occasion to stoop suddenly to recover the blanket which I had hastily tied round my waist. This movement alarmed Sagina and the other men, as they thought that I was going to fight them, and they darted away in an instant, whilst our own people seeing them run made for the bush behind the house, so as to be out of the way. There was great confusion, and for awhile we expected an immediate attack from those men who were hidden behind the houses, but as none was made we called out for the chief, and at length succeeded in getting him to come back, when I asked him to go and call Sagina back, and to explain matters to him; but he wouldn't come, nor would he speak when Jack, William, and the teachers went to him. I then went and found him sitting, sulky and angry, in the dark at the back of the village. I put my hand on his shoulder, and talked to him, explaining that we meant no harm, that we had no intention of fighting, that I was only going to get Kaplen to act as interpreter, etc., and then I gave him two strings of beads to "pay for his fright." He returned with us, and after a lot more talk I gave him a few beads, with which he was quite satisfied. We found out then that instead of the large number of armed men which our "braves" had seen, there was no one with Sagina but his own brother. I think it very likely, however, that if they had seen that we were easily



frightened by them, we should have had much more trouble the next day than we had.

Next day, June 1, we prepared to return across the mountains, as I had quite failed in my attempts to go down the east side of the island, to the supposed isthmus near Kuras. We started at sunrise. Our crews were very anxious indeed that I should pay the women of the village to carry the yams at least as far as the inland village, but I absolutely refused either to pay them or to allow them to carry the yams at all. I told our people that it was not our custom to allow women to carry heavy loads, whilst the men walked beside them not carrying anything at all. I then told them when they still wished to argue the question, that if they chose to carry the yams over I would pay them, and they would also have their share of them when cooked; but if they did not carry them I would give the yams back to the people, but that I would not in such a case pay them for their journey, nor would I buy any more food for them. After considering the matter for awhile they decided to take them. I then engaged some men from the village to carry the pig we had received from Sagina, and we made a start soon after sunrise, and went along very well for about four miles, when we came to Walara. Here our pig-bearers said that they were afraid to go any farther, and so I had to pay them, and after some persuasion I got other men from Walara to take their places. Then as we left the village we found a few cocoanut leaves stretched across the road, indicating that it was "tabu," and on inquiry were told that they wished us to stay all night. Of course it would have been very easy to pull the leaves down and walk on, and some of our party were anxious to do so, but I have always found it best to wait awhile and talk, and not foolishly to disregard any of the native customs. We did so in this case, and found that a little present of beads and a few quiet words were all that was required to get the impediment removed, and we left the people well satisfied and friendly. At the inland village where we were welcomed with the sham fight, our pig-bearers again refused to proceed, and so we had to pay them

and get *another* lot ; and after breaking a few strings of beads amongst the women we again passed on.

The journey back over the mountains was a most exciting one, and this was principally owing to that wretched pig that Sagina gave us ; it was not a pig, but a real white elephant to us ! Over and over again I regretted bringing the animal, but I was afraid of offending Sagina by refusing his present. The history of our journey back is simply the account of the trouble and excitement caused by that vile animal. Over and over again I wished it would fall over some of the cliffs and break its neck, or that we could have pitched it over without any of the natives seeing us do so. I engaged ten men to carry it, but twenty or thirty more engaged themselves, trusting to my simplicity for their payment, and these were all accompanied for some miles by a long train of women and children yelling and shouting continually. Every mile or so the men would put the animal down on the ground, and when we came up we would find the road blocked up, and they would tell us that they couldn't go any farther, that the bushmen would kill them, and that I must pay them and let them go back. This I would not do, and so we had long talks about it, which always ended in their getting up again and starting off with loud shouts, leaving us to follow and to recover enough patience for the next bother. When we came to some parts of the track, which were almost perpendicular, the excitement was most intense, as the pig-bearers had to relieve each other every few yards ; in fact, I wondered how they got it up at all. Anyhow, the animal survived the operation. The heat was intense on some of the open hillsides, and we could hardly drag ourselves up some of the long, steep ascents ; but they managed to get the pig up, though he was nearly 200 lb. weight. I could have got rid of it when we reached far inland, but after getting it over the worst part of the journey, I much wished the men to go all the way to Kalil, that they might make friends with our people, and might see something of what we were doing there ; so I finally made it a condition of payment that they should go all the way. They tried hard to get off, but I

was firm on that point. So after every talk they would stand quietly for awhile, and then, as usual, seize upon the animal again, and run off madly far ahead of us. When we were in the open country, where the excitement was greatest, our party got very much scattered, and if the natives had meant us any harm, they could easily have attacked us each separately ; and in the long high grass we could have made little or no resistance. I stepped aside at one place and waited until Jack came up, when we went along together ; the rest of our party were far ahead, and out of all the trouble about the pig. Sometimes as we were going along the road some of those big naked fellows would rush past us yelling with excitement, shaking their spears and shouting their peculiar challenge cry, as if about to attack an enemy, as they went to relieve some of the others who were ahead. This is amusing enough so long as it is simple bravado, but I felt at the time that men under such strong excitement, and with no moral feeling to restrain them, needed but little provocation to change them from friends to foes. When we reached the tableland we found another lot of natives from the bush awaiting us there. We did not see them on our first journey across, but they had seen our tracks, and so were waiting for us. They were not a nice-looking lot at all, and we were not a little glad to see that they were peaceably disposed towards us. We sat some time with them, and I got two of them to go down to Kalil with us, promising them a few beads if they would do so. I did this to ensure the safety of our oft-mentioned pig-bearers. After a little dinner, the bulk of the natives went on in advance, and we walked and slid down the rest of the way in peace.

After resting awhile at Kalil I went out to pay the natives, and to my dismay found that every one who had come with us expected to be paid, though very few indeed had done any work at all for us. I was at first disposed to resist altogether, but afterwards I considered that for the sake of the teachers who will have to visit there again it would be best to try to please all if possible. So I selected about ten of those we had actually seen at work and gave them each a hoop iron, a few beads, and a

piece of tobacco, and the same to the chiefs who came to look after them. I then took a few strings of beads and broke them up into small pieces, giving each man a piece. This gave general satisfaction, and they all went away pleased.

I also was well satisfied with the result of our visit. We had succeeded in opening out a path for the teachers, which I may say now has never been closed since; we had secured the respect and confidence of the people, and had established friendly relations between them and the natives on the west coast of the island. We were in some danger, especially when my disinclination to appear before the assembled crowd in "native costume" created so much alarm amongst them, but that had been safely passed through and explained. Kudukudu, the town we visited, where Sagina lived, has been regularly visited since by teachers and missionaries and is now a flourishing station, and the residence of one of our missionaries.

Next day we started early for Kuras or Kurat, as it is indifferently called. I wished much to see the place again; and as we were balked in our endeavour to go down the east side, we determined to go again down the west coast with the two boats.

As we approached Kuramut there was a cry raised that there were white men on the beach amongst the natives beckoning to us. We kept away to the shore, and on nearing it we could plainly see some five or six of them amongst the crowd on the beach. Though we knew that the natives often limed themselves all over, yet in this case we felt certain that there was no deception, as we fancied we could distinguish the shirts and trousers in which they were dressed, and we quite anticipated the pleasure of rescuing some of our shipwrecked fellow-countrymen, for such we took them to be. But alas! for our anticipated pleasure—we found that they were only whitewashed natives after all. I didn't exactly know what their object was in doing this; and as we did not quite like their conduct or their looks, we kept on our way down the coast, and arrived at Kuras about half-past one o'clock. It was very evident that the island here



is very narrow, but when I inquired for the narrowest part I found that we had passed it some few miles up the coast. Our natives knew well that we wished to land there ; but as they themselves were afraid to go there, they did not tell us of the place until we found it out, when too late, by hard questioning.

This village (Kuras) is the place where they were cooking a man a few yards distant from the place where I was sitting on my first visit here. I much wished to go about thirty miles farther down the coast, where the island seemed to narrow again, and made some inquiries about it ; but the people knew nothing at all about any place or people a few miles away from their own districts, and we finally decided not to go so far away at present. We started on our return to Kalil about 2 a.m.

On my return from this journey I wrote as follows in my diary : " The conclusions I arrived at on considering what we have seen of the place and people are much the same as those I held after our previous journeys to New Ireland and New Britain. There is certainly a great field for work : the population is large, and the people are accessible. With ordinary precautions there is no great danger in visiting them. True, they are all cannibals and continually at war with each other, but they are not fierce, and I believe they will not readily attack a white man. We never saw any reason for fear, and slept as soundly at Kudukudu as at Port Hunter. Our natives, it is true, were in continual fear, and saw a foe behind every bush, but that was simply their own cowardice and dread of treachery. They were especially alarmed whenever the other people laughed ; and all natives there have the same fear. The language spoken on the east coast, for a wonder, differs but little from that spoken on the west side in the same district. The difficulties we shall have to encounter here are much the same as we meet with in other parts of the group, viz., the lack of authority amongst the chiefs, the population being so scattered in small villages, the unhealthiness of some districts, and the different languages spoken."





WOOD CARVINGS AND MASKS, NEW IRELAND.  
Note the cross-hilted sword on carving.



On Monday, July 10, we started early for New Ireland, in company with Mr. W. Hicks in his boat. We landed on the beach in pouring rain, and the sand-flies were a great torment to us. There were a lot of old fallen trees along the shore, into which we put fire-sticks, which the strong breeze soon fanned into a fine fierce fire, by means of which we were enabled to dry our clothes when the rain ceased. We hauled both boats up on the beach, and afterwards lifted one of them right across to the other side, on to the lake shore. There were plenty of crocodiles in the lake, and so we were careful to make good fires just outside our house to keep all intruders away. Both our crews then gathered around the fire, and for the first time Englishmen, Fijians, natives of Duke of York, New Britain, and New Ireland, and men from the far-away Hermit Islands, united together to worship God on the New Ireland coast, and made the old woods re-echo for the first time to a hymn and prayer in the Duke of York language and in Fijian. We were indeed a strange group gathered from so many parts in that solitary place.

Next day, after an early breakfast, we started to explore the lake. We pulled all round it, but found no river flowing into it. The shores were covered with very thick, dense vegetation, consisting, besides the usual trees, of reeds and palms. The water was quite fresh, with a depth of two to five fathoms, though it may be deeper in the middle. It was about a mile and a half in length by about half a mile in width. When we pulled to the south end we found it very narrow and overgrown, so that we had some difficulty in forcing the boat through the overhanging branches. As the current was flowing to that end we did not expect to find the river which supplies the lake there; but on coming out on the beach we found ourselves at the mouth of a large river-bed. There was no water running, and so we determined to ascend it for some distance, as I much wished to enter into communication with the natives in the interior. The river-bed is very wide indeed in some places. After ascending it about a mile and a

half, we found a fine stream running, which the ground absorbs, and this, I think, may be one source of supply to the lake. We saw plenty of tracks of natives, but none of them came down to see or to molest us. After going up about three miles we came to one of their fish-traps, which had evidently been visited very recently ; in fact, one of our natives examining a leaf used in stopping the water said that it had been cut only the day before. At this place I put a stick in the ground and hung a few beads on it, in order to assure the natives of our friendly intentions. In this way we might perhaps open communication with them another time. If the lake was worth a name I would call it Lake Lydia. It is at all events the only large body of water in New Ireland that we know of.

We had many other journeys during this year. The accounts which I have given will, however, be sufficient, I think, to convey a very fair idea of the work done prior to the arrival of the *John Wesley*. I was weary of waiting for her, and so left the station for another visit to the mainland of New Britain. The vessel arrived whilst I was away, on August 10. I got back about 9 p.m. and found her safe in port. The cabin never before seemed to me to be so nice and comfortable as I found it that evening. It was a long time before I could lie down to sleep, but when I did so it was with a thankful heart to God for all His goodness to us here, and to those so near and dear to us at home.

After the arrival of the *John Wesley* I started for New Ireland, on August 16, at 1 a.m., as I wished to settle some matters there with regard to the location of a teacher and the purchase of land before I left the group. I secured a good site on the top of a high cliff, where I found afterwards that most of the people lived. It was a very heavy day indeed for me, as I had a good deal of climbing to do under a scorching sun, and a long weary pull back to Kalil at night. Next day I boarded the *John Wesley* in the channel, and on the following day we reached Matupit and had a very different reception from that which we experienced a little more than twelve months ago.

On August 22 we visited Kabakada on the north-west coast, and found an anchorage there close in shore. As this was the largest village we had yet seen, and in a very populous district, I decided to station the native minister Sailasa there. The natives were evidently very impressed with the size of the town. I saw the chiefs, and invited them on board the ship in the morning, and then selected land for a station.

Next day we left the ship at daybreak for Ratavul, and then proceeded down the coast to Kabaira, anchoring near to the German bark *Etienne*. After leaving this place we had calms and light baffling winds, so that on Saturday we found ourselves close in with the New Ireland coast. After breakfast I took the boat and went on shore to examine the coast, hoping to find an anchorage for the ship. This place is about twenty miles farther north than we had been in the steamer or in the boat. There was a great crowd of people in the canoes and on the beach, all the men being armed. Several of them called out, "Malum, malum, malum" ("Peace, peace, peace"), and they all professed to be very friendly; but they were not at all a nice-looking lot, and I thought it was hardly prudent to land, and so we kept the boat afloat. After trading a little for food, and satisfying ourselves that there was no anchorage, we kept on our way, accompanied for some miles by several canoes.

It will give some idea of the variety of dialects here when I say that the New Ireland chief Lebera, from Kalil, about thirty miles from here, could not understand these people at first, though he afterwards understood a little when they talked in another dialect. The people here say that they killed and ate two Duke of York men, who had drifted away from that island some weeks before. We reached Port Hunter again on August 28.

The *John Wesley* brought the Rev. Sailasa Naucukidi and six teachers to our help, and before leaving I had long conversations with them, and fully instructed the native ministers and the principal teachers regarding the work which was committed



to their care. I left a good supply of trade and medicines, and made full provision for all their wants so far as we could anticipate them. The Rev. Eroni Fotofili also came in the vessel, having been very thoughtfully sent down by the Chairman of the Fiji District, Rev. F. Langham, to interview the teachers, and to report on the work in case I should have left New Britain before the arrival of the *John Wesley*. I also made the following appointments, which I give in full, for the purpose of placing on record and honouring the names of the men who were the pioneers of the Mission in New Britain, and also to give some idea of the extent of the work at that time. We had lost one teacher of the pioneer band by death, Timoci; the others were located as follows :

Aminio Baledrokadroka	Molot
Misieli Loli	Urukukuru
Setaleti Logova	Utuan
Livai Volavola	Nodup
Elimotama Ravono	Kabanut
Peni Caumia	Matupit
Peni Luvu	Bulilalai's village
Mijieli Vakaloloma	Waira.
Pauliasi Bunoa	Kalil.

The stations of those who came the next year, 1876, were :

Sailasa Naucukidi	Kabakada
Peni Raivalui	Kininigunan
Josiceni Raguru	Kabakada
Sione Ratunikulu	Karavia
Juliasi Tunaka	Topaia
Anasa Raikabo	Raluana
Isoa Wainasikeci	Nakukuru.

SOME INCIDENTS



## V

### SOME INCIDENTS

SOME of the incidents connected with our first residence in the group have not been mentioned in the previous chapter, as I deemed it best only to give the narrative of our work. Most of the incidents I now give occurred during the first year of our residence, and may prove of interest as showing the condition of the people in those early days.

On Sunday, September 26, 1875, I baptized the child of Pauliasi and Sieni Bunoa, who came with us from Fiji. This was the first baptismal service ever held on these islands, and it was witnessed by a large number of natives, who seemed to take a great interest in it.

#### A GOOD SERMON

On October 3, 1875, Ratu Livai preached a first-rate sermon from Mark xiii. 13. He spoke first of the hatred which the faithful preaching of the Gospel always excited, when we had to tell men of the necessity of repentance and faith, and to reprove the world of sin. He told us of the trials which the early missionaries and teachers in Fiji had to endure, instancing amongst others the Somosomo missionaries, and the case of Mr. Moore at Rewa. He then said: "But you may say, What about us? We live in a heathen land, and yet have no trials; the people don't hate us, we have plenty to eat, and we sleep in peace night after night; where is there any hatred experienced by us? Well, I say to you Malua (wait awhile). Malua, our turn will come, God's Word is a true

word, and you will be hated yet. Wait awhile till you know the language. Wait awhile till you have to reprove these men for their sins. Wait awhile till you begin to preach repentance. Wait awhile till you reprove their pride. Wait awhile till you preach the Cross of Christ—and your turn will come.” He then spoke of the necessity of being faithful unto the end. “There must be no hiding the truth for fear of consequences, no shrinking from reprovng sin, no compact with the Evil One, and no fear of man. The consequences may be, nay, will be, that we shall be hated of men for Christ’s sake; perhaps to suffer persecution, nay, perhaps death itself may come to us.” Here he was really eloquent as he exclaimed: “And what matter if death does come, if we are only faithful? Let it come! Let it come, and when earth returns to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, our spirits will ascend away up there”—pointing on high—“to be with our Lord for ever and ever.” It was really a good sermon, and I can truly say that his concluding exhortations to a faithful discharge of our duties made a deep impression on my own mind.

I give this account of Ratu Livai’s sermon because it shows very clearly, in my opinion, that some, at all events, of the men I had with me as my colleagues were men of no ordinary intelligence, that they had fully considered the nature of the work for which they had volunteered, and had counted well the cost which might be involved in the enterprise to which God had called them. It is a most instructive comment on the proceedings in Fiji before the Acting-Governor and the members of the Executive Council in that Colony, and shows clearly that Aminio was quite correct in the statement which he then made, that they had fully considered the arduous and dangerous character of the work which they, in God’s name, were going to do.

#### A DANGEROUS SNAKE

A few days after our arrival I was informed of a new fact in natural history. A snake was brought to me for sale, and



the vendor assured me in a most confidential manner of certain uses to which it might be put. He assured me that if a love-stricken inhabitant of this island wished to secure the fair object of his choice, he had only to nip off the tip of the tail of that very snake and give it secretly to the damsel, hidden away in some dainty morsel, and his love would be at once reciprocated by the lady in question, even though she herself had previously been more favourable to some other suitor. Nay, more, he solemnly assured me that so potent were the powers of this tip of a tail, that even if given to a respectable married lady she would at once transfer her affections, and, leaving her lawful husband, would follow the gentleman who administered the dose. So that it seems that even here, as it was in the beginning, the ladies are still liable to be led away and deceived by these animals. However, to remove temptation out of the way, the animal in question was skinned, and safely placed in a bottle of spirits of wine.

#### A WEIRD SCENE

A day or two after the vessel left us, the natives from all the surrounding villages assembled night after night, and engaged in dancing, so-called, from sunset until sunrise next morning. The assembly-hall was a small cleared spot in the midst of the thick, dense bush, just behind our house, and the noise they made rendered it quite impossible to sleep, except that as the nights went on I got so accustomed to it that I only used to wake whenever they stopped shouting and yelling from sheer exhaustion, and there was quiet for a while. Old Jack, however, never got accustomed to it, and I used to hear him expressing very fervent wishes for the welfare of the dancers whenever I woke in the night. Some few of the people were always engaged in beating a wooden drum which was placed on the top of a high platform, and all the rest simply walked or danced round in a circle, singing in unison. Every five or ten minutes they would stop to take breath, and then with a yell from two or three professionals they would all start again with renewed vigour.

The dances, so far as I could learn, were held in honour of the brother of Topulu, known to the whites by the name of King Johnny, who died some two years before our arrival, and to celebrate the bringing home of his skull after its purification by decay. Some of our party advised me not to go and see the dance, as they did not consider it safe; but some of them afterwards accompanied me. It was a strange sight to see about a hundred and fifty naked savages, all armed with spears and long-handled tomahawks, dancing and singing under the lofty trees which cast a thick gloom over the small piece of level ground on which the assemblage was held. A lad seated on a high platform held a blazing torch over the heads of the dancers, which shed a lurid, fitful light over the scene. At one time we were not able to distinguish their dusky forms, as they danced past us, and then again as the torch blazed up and illuminated the whole square, we could easily see them in all their naked ugliness. It was a weird, unearthly sight, and I could not help thinking that any little accident might easily bring about a quarrel which would result in bloodshed. Soon after I felt my fears were very nearly being realised, for a man happening to drop his spear on the foot of a man from another village, there was at once a great outcry, which Waruwarum, the chief, quieted however, by the novel expedient of threatening to come down to the mission-house and get Mr. Cockerell (the naturalist) to discharge his gun right into the crowd. We were all heartily glad when the feast for which that was the preparation was all over. It was simply a farce trying to sleep when such a crowd of people were yelling just twenty-five yards distant from the house.

#### A DISPUTE FOR A TEACHER

The first appointment we made on New Britain was at Nodup, where Ratu Livai was stationed. I intended also to appoint Peni to Matupit, but found it advisable, in the first

place, to leave both together at Nodup. Soon afterwards, however, I decided to try to carry out the first appointment, and went over to Nodup for that purpose. I found both teachers unwell, and so had to defer the appointment until the next day. As we were preparing to start for Matupit, we were detained some time by a violent quarrel amongst the natives, which at one time seemed to end seriously, and to involve us also. Tokoropa, the chief of the village where the teachers were living, was very angry because Peni was about to be removed, and he rushed out with his spear, and tried to kill Toporapora, the Matupit chief, who was with us. Toporapora seized a musket and wished to fight at once, but Jack and others got hold of him, and put him on board the launch again; after which I went ashore and explained matters, and got the people pacified. Apart from the anger which was excited, it was very gratifying to find that the people valued the teacher so much. We took Peni and family to Matupit the next day. Captain Milne was very anxious to establish a trader there also, but he told us that the Matupit people had refused to allow him to land a trader on the island.

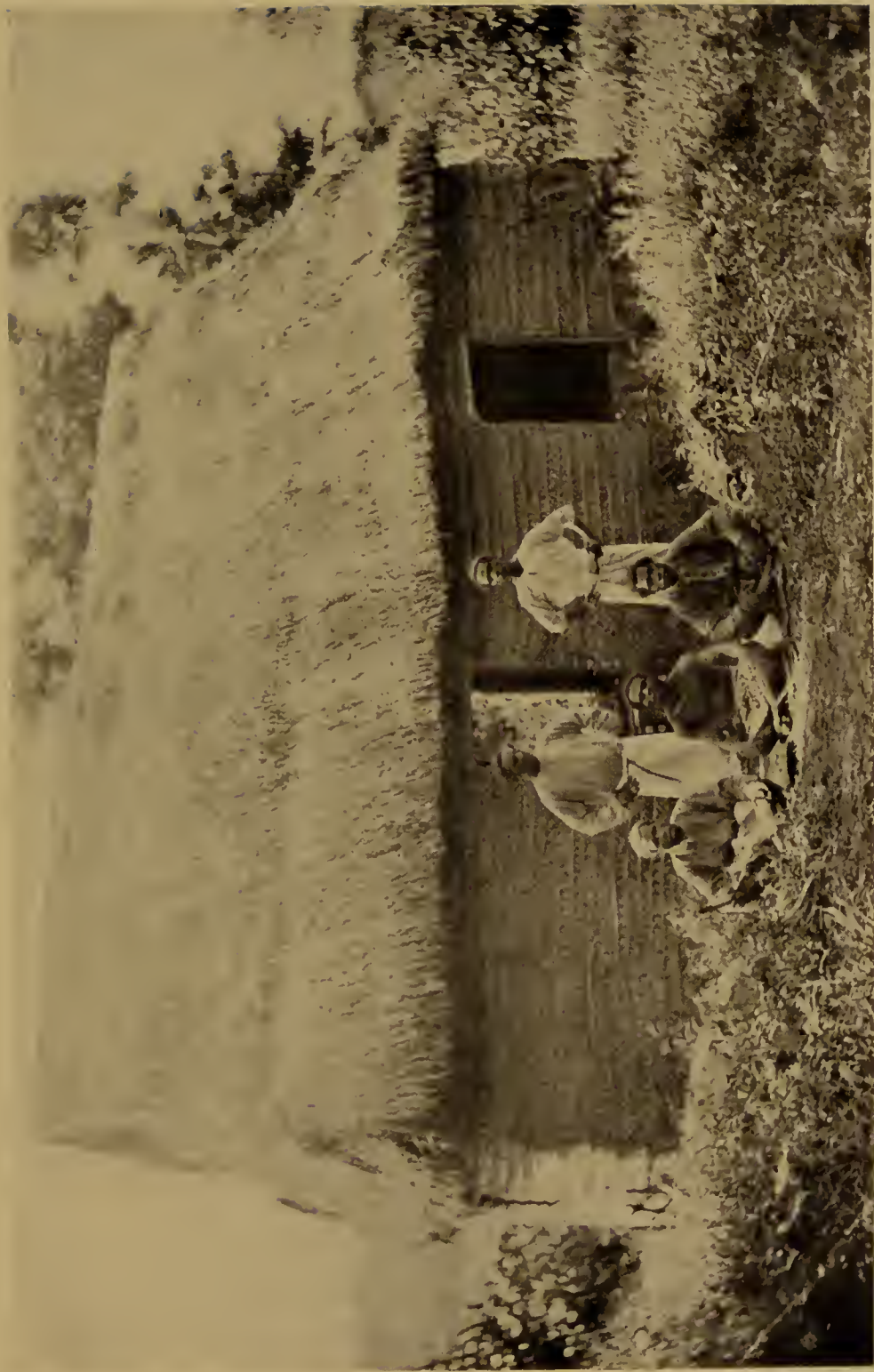
#### ANGER WHICH MUST BE PAID FOR

A few months after our landing I went to Urakukuru, to locate Mijieli and wife with Torokud, the chief there, but found on our arrival that the house which was reported to me the day before as being finished and ready for the teacher, had been burnt down since then by the chief himself. During the erection of the house he had lost an American axe, and after searching for it for some time in vain he concluded that some one had stolen it. So he set fire to the house he had just finished, for the double purpose of showing his anger and of making the thief pay compensation. The custom is that the thief must pay for any damage done by the chief when angry, either to his own property or to that of any other person. If

the house built for the teacher had not been handy, the chief would probably have fired his own house, or that of some other innocent person; but in each case the suspected thief would have to pay. A similar plan may also be utilised by any injured party who has lost anything. He may, for instance, have had a knife stolen, and the thief is probably known or strongly suspected, but the injured party has no means of obtaining redress himself. In such a case he goes to a chief's land and cuts down some ornamental shrub, or perhaps breaks a small portion of the chief's canoe, and in this novel way makes application for redress. The chief is not angry with the man who has done the injury, which, of course, is generally a nominal one; but, on the contrary, is rather glad of the opportunity given him of making money, which he promptly does by enforcing a large payment from the thief for the trivial injury done to his property by the claimant. I do not know how Torokud received payment for the teacher's house which he burnt, as it was found out that the axe which he presumed was stolen was only put away for safety by his own wife; but I am pretty certain that in some way or other the villagers had to make good the loss.

I myself made use of this custom a few weeks after this event. I had heard that one of our missing tomahawks was in the possession of a man living at Molot, the neighbouring village to the mission-station. Acting on the advice and direction of Waruwarum, I took three sticks of tobacco with me, to which I added a fathom of print. The Molot chief received this present, and then paid me twenty pieces of shell money for the tomahawk. He would then make the thief repay him not only the twenty pieces of shell money which he had given me, but also a few more pieces for the trouble he had taken, and as punishment for the theft. If I had taken more tobacco he would have given me more money, and the thief would consequently have been more heavily punished; but my object was simply to stop thieving, and the action taken was very beneficial in that respect.





THE FIRST CHURCH IN NEW BRITAIN AND FIVE OF THE FIRST CONVERTS.





## THE FIRST CHURCH

On Christmas day, 1875, I made a feast for the natives with the pigs, taro, and other food we had brought back from our long journey to New Ireland. My object in doing this was to get the people together from the surrounding districts; and by the help of the pigs, yams, and other food, I succeeded pretty well. After they had cleared off the eatables I improved the opportunity by talking to them about our mission, and asked them to build a church in which we might gather together for services. They gladly consented to do this; but when I told them that I should expect them to do the work without any payment, they appeared to regard it as a pleasant joke on my part, and it took me a long time to convince them that I was quite serious in the matter. But I was determined that I would commence right. I told them that I had paid them for everything they had done for us—for our house, for the teacher's house, for food, and for everything we had received from them, but that with regard to the church it was not my house but theirs, and that they must not expect payment for it. At last they promised to come; but day after day passed without any of them putting in an appearance. I followed them up, however, visited them in their houses, and spoke to every man I met on the subject, until at last a few of them came and professed their willingness to start. It would have been no use my sending them away by themselves, so I started with them for the opposite side of the bay to cut posts and other timber. I was afraid of overworking them at first, and so discouraging them; so we had to be content with the first sticks which came in our way. We floated them across the harbour, and hauled them up to the site which I had selected, and so the work was begun, and on Friday, January 28, 1876, five and a half months after our landing, I was able to make the following entry in my diary:

“Friday, January 28. A great day here, and one which I

trust will long be remembered as that on which the first Christian church on these Islands was opened for Divine worship. Right glad was I to have the little building so far finished as to be able to open it. I had no little trouble in getting it built, as I wished to begin well in this matter of church building. By the expenditure of some beads and a few trifling articles, I could easily have got the church erected without any trouble at all to myself; but I knew well that if we began to pay for churches, it would be very difficult indeed in future years to get the natives to build them without payment, as they, like some civilised people, are very fond of quoting precedents when it suits them to do so. I looked forward to the time when we shall have to build, I hope, hundreds of churches, which will involve a great amount of labour; and though it may be very easy to pay a few beads for the churches we require *now*, it would involve a very considerable expense to build such as we shall wish to have in years to come. And then I was anxious that the natives should know that the church was theirs, and not mine, and that they must be prepared to do something themselves to help in the work; and so by urging them to it repeatedly, going round to their houses and talking with them, and by lending axes and going into the bush with them to get the logs, we at last succeeded in getting it finished without making any formal payment. This was the more remarkable, as they never do any work for each other without being well paid for it, and they have never before, so far as we know, united for any public work. We had a short service, and after the service I took a photograph of the building, and then we adjourned to the station, where they had a small feast in honour of the event. The chiefs and I had made a bargain that I was to find a pig for the feast, and that they would supply the vegetables; but when I found that their contributions consisted of about ten taro each, I had to make a raid upon our own stock of yams and taro to supply the deficiency. They were all pleased, and at once made the church 'tabu' except when opened for school or for Divine service."

The consequences of this policy were very soon apparent, for when the people who had come over from the outlying stations to the opening of the church at the head station returned to their homes, they went to the teachers and inquired : "Why cannot we have a church as well as the people of Duke of York?" The teacher was of course only too pleased to tell them how glad he would be if they built one ; and I had the pleasure of opening a new church at Nodup on February 18, just three weeks after the opening of the first church at Port Hunter. In a few weeks this example was followed by the others, so that we were soon able to report seven churches ; and, as there is a spirit of emulation amongst the natives as well as amongst ourselves, each village tried to build a better one than another that had been previously built. They never dream now of asking for any payment for doing so.

#### FIRST WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE

It is very interesting to me to read, after the lapse of nearly thirty years, the following extract :

"December 31, 1875. We held our Watch-night service. Several of the natives came, and we had a very nice service. I could not help wondering as I sat at this, the first Watch-night service in these Islands, what the coming year will bring forth, what the future of our Mission will be—how many years will roll away before these people will manifest in their lives and actions that they have indeed received the Gospel in all its wondrous power. Thoughts of home and of the loved ones there came crowding into my mind, and there was, of course, the natural longing to see the old familiar faces again. I had, however, the assurance that I was where God wished me to be, and was doing the work which He had given me to do, and so I could trust Him for all the future."

And now when I consider the present state of that great Mission, and the wonderful success with which God has blessed the labours of our missionaries in that group, my heart is filled

with gratitude and love to Him for the fulfilment of His promise, "So shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth : it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and I shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

#### A CRUEL ACTION PREVENTED

During our first year's residence a matter occurred which at one time threatened to have serious consequences. Our next-door neighbour was the chief Waruwarum, a man whose name often occurs in this narrative. He was a very much married man, having no fewer than seven wives; and it is needless to say that with such a family he often experienced many difficulties. Often and often I have been aroused in the night by the screams of a woman, and knew that Waruwarum's sleep had been again disturbed by the necessity under which he felt himself placed of administering corporal punishment in some form to one of these wives. He had, however, one wife called Nekibil, who appeared to be the favourite, a girl, I should think, about seventeen or eighteen years of age. Like all other savages, he was a very jealous man, and one day he saw her talking quite innocently, I believe, to a young man. He crept up behind them, and threw his spear, intending to kill the young man, but the weapon struck a sapling and glanced off into the bush. The lad, of course, fled for his life and got away, but Waruwarum vented his brutal rage on the unfortunate girl. He speared her, struck her a fearful blow on the leg with his tomahawk, and then beat her about the body with the long handle of the tomahawk, until he left her, as he thought, dead in the bush.

The women all came screaming into my house, and told me that Waruwarum had killed Nekibil. I ran out with the young Fijian teacher, Beni Luvu, and found the poor, wretched woman lying naked in the bush, and quite unconscious. Finding, however, that she was still living, I hoisted her up on Beni's back, where





WARUWARUM AND THREE OF HIS WIVES.  
The woman with white dress is the one he wished to kill and cook.



she hung quite limp and apparently lifeless. We carried her up through the village, and on the way her wretch of a husband came behind and tried to spear her again as she hung on the teacher's back. I prevented him from doing this, and we got the woman safely into our hut. I gave her some stimulant, and proceeded to dress her wounds, and in a short time she revived a little. In the meantime there was great excitement in Waruwarum's village, as he was sending spears wrapped round with a little diwara (native money) to most of the families round about. This was his message asking them to come and fight for him, and assuring them of payment for doing so. In a short time a large number came, painted and armed, and with great shouts they set off to fight the family of the young man. I paid little or no attention to this, as I was fully occupied in attending to the poor wounded wife. In an hour or two, however, the warriors all returned, having done nothing, as the boy's family had all fled.

Just at this point, however, Waruwarum's trouble began. He had promised payment to the men who came to fight for him, but he was a very avaricious man and very unwilling to part with any of his hoarded diwara. He had, however, heard that Nekibil was still living, and this appeared to him to be an easy way out of his difficulty, and he sent his brother Naragua and his nephew, a boy called Kaplen, who was in my service, to my house, with instructions that they were to take Nekibil and bring her to his village, where he intended to kill her, and give her body to the men who had come to fight for him as payment for their services. On receiving the message, I told the men to wait until I had seen Waruwarum. I went to him and pleaded most earnestly with him that he would not do such a cruel act. I offered also to give him a great deal of property—sufficient indeed for him to buy a couple or more wives with, if he would consent to spare the woman's life. He had generally been pretty civil to me, but on this occasion he was simply mad with baffled rage. His eyes were bloodshot, and his voice hoarse with yelling and shouting. He never was a good-

looking man, as will be seen from his photograph, but on this occasion he looked very repulsive. On his refusal I still pleaded with him, and told him that if he refused my request I could never regard him again as a friend, and I also increased the offers I had made for the woman's ransom. I think he must have regarded this as a sign of weakness, for he soon began to use very improper language, and asserted over and over again that he would cook the woman, and that he would perform the same operation on us also if I tried to prevent him. When he said this, I looked him in the face and told him with some considerable force that he should not have the woman now under any conditions. He seemed quite amazed at my presumption, and repeated again that he would have her and us also.

I went back to the house and held a consultation as to what we should do. There were only five of us there, namely, old Jack, the three teachers, and myself. I told them the facts, and said that I was quite certain, from my knowledge of natives, that, having gone so far, it would be very dangerous indeed if we gave in to them at that time. We all agreed on this, and set to work at once to barricade the house. We nailed up our back door and window, and piled boxes against them also. Naragua and Kaplen were, of course, watching all the time. They were both of them very friendly indeed to us, and they pleaded very earnestly with us that we should give up the woman, and so avert any evil consequences. I told Naragua that we could not possibly do that. I said: "Different people have different customs. It is your custom to kill and eat people; but it is not ours." And then I said: "There is another custom which we feel bound to observe. If Nekibil had been in one of your houses I would have gone to Waruwarum and tried to purchase her life, but if he had refused, I could not have done anything else; but this case is different. We are Englishmen, and Nekibil is in my house; and in our country it would be thought a very great disgrace if we let a woman be taken out of our house to be killed."



They still, however, pleaded with me, and Naragua said: "What will you do? Will you fight? If that is your idea, just look at those men outside. How could you fight a crowd like that? Then Waruwarum says that he will set fire to the thatch, and you will have to come out, and what can you do against such a crowd?" I confess I was a little scared when he talked about firing the house, as we well knew that that was our weak point. The thick scrub came quite close to the house, and a man could easily hide there, and throw a stick on the thatch without our seeing him.

I may say that at this time we did not know what we knew afterwards, that these men were great cowards, and that Waruwarum himself was the biggest coward of the whole lot. I felt, however, that, having gone so far, we must see the matter through, and so I talked very decidedly to the two messengers. I absolutely refused to give the woman up, and sent a message to Waruwarum to say that I was willing to pay for the woman's life, but that I would not now give what I had offered him in the first instance; that I was sending a small American axe by his brother; that if he chose to accept that, it was well; that if not, his brother could keep it himself. All this, I may say, was simply bounce, because at that time we had neither rifle nor bullet in the house. Our sole armament consisted of a little fowling-piece that I used to collect birds, and an old Tower musket which was never fired, and which I imagine would have been quite as dangerous to the man who fired it, or to those about him, as it was to the enemy; and we had a small revolver.

As soon as the messengers left we closed the door, and put in the bolt which we had provided. I then kept the only shutter which was still unfastened open for two or three inches, so that we could look through. There was nothing separating us from the crowd of "braves" but a bamboo fence, which they could kick down at any time. We both saw and heard Waruwarum talking and shouting, and pointing to us. He was evidently urging them to attack us, but none of them



seemed to care to make a commencement, and I have no doubt that both Naragua and Kaplen, who were both friendly to us, had exaggerated their account of the preparations we had made and of the damage we were likely to do. After some time spent in this way I saw Waruwarum suddenly take the American axe which I had sent by his brother, and hold it up over his head in my sight. This was a sign that he had accepted the terms which I had offered him, and I need not say that we were all very thankful that the incident had so far ended. I went out at once and spoke to him as kindly as I could, and told him how glad I was that we were still to continue friends. He came into the house and gave me a solemn promise that he would not again injure his poor wife; and I told him that on that condition she could go back to him as soon as she was fit to be moved. This she did the same evening. She gradually got well, and was again his favourite wife; and I noticed some time after this, in one of Rev. I. Rooney's letters, that when she died some years afterwards Waruwarum manifested great sorrow for her loss.

I have often wondered since whether we were wise in the action which we took, and I have always come to the conclusion that we did right. We knew that the woman would certainly be killed the moment her head was outside our door, and I cannot imagine any man looking at that poor bleeding woman lying on the floor of our house listening, as she did, to the demand made for her to be taken out and killed for a cannibal feast, and allowing such a foul act to take place. Had we been killed, we should no doubt have been blamed for our folly, but fortunately the affair ended happily, and so we were not blamed. But the question still remains, apart from success or failure: Was it right to interfere and to take the risk? And I certainly believe that it was. I know of no sermon which we preached during that year which had such an effect upon the minds of the people. They realised as they had never done before that we were there not for our own good or profit, but for theirs, and that we were willing to take some risks on their



THREE WOOD CARVINGS, NEW IRELAND.



behalf. The women especially were very much impressed, and we heard of them saying: "Why should the missionary take so much trouble over Nekibil? She is no relative of his, and yet he saved her life. The lotu must be good." They soon manifested a greater interest in our work than they had ever done before.

#### A SUGGESTIVE ACTION

The people of Outam had been at enmity with the Port Hunter natives for many years, and this was a serious hindrance to our work. I determined to visit them, and see if it were possible to put an end to this long feud. I think it best to give the incidents of the day by an extract from my diary, written immediately on our return:

"Friday, April 21.—Went to Outam to-day. We landed at the foot of the cliff, left the canoe there, and Peni and I then clambered up by a path which was almost perpendicular, holding on by the coral and roots of trees as we best could. The village is situate on the top of a cliff about 150 feet high. Though this village is only about one and a half or two miles from Port Hunter, we could not possibly induce any of the natives of this place to go with us, as they are dreadfully afraid of the people, and have been at feud with them for many years. Some months ago they would have tried all they could to dissuade me from going, or would have tried to frighten me against going; but they have given up that employment of late, finding it utterly useless.

"We found the people very friendly, and glad that we had visited them. I bought two pigs from them, and as I had no interpreter we had to converse as best we could in their own language. Peni left me to look after some wild pigeons, and I did what I could to tell them about the lotu, and to induce them to make up their old feud with the Port Hunter natives. Whilst I was sitting there surrounded on all sides by those wild-looking fellows, I could not help reflecting that I was sitting there without arms of any kind, or any human protection

whatever, amongst a crowd of men who were most undoubted cannibals, and who certainly bore a very bad name amongst their neighbours. Some, I have no doubt, will ask: 'Well, was it wise after all? Was it not incurring a needless risk? Was it not acting rashly?' etc. Well, I asked and answered that question myself, both before going and when there, and I firmly believe that there was no great risk or danger. The people were cannibals, but they were nevertheless quite as good-looking and quite as good-natured as plenty of people whose taste in that respect is quite dissimilar. They were not clothed, but they were as well-behaved as some folks I have met whose clothes are much better than their conduct; and they felt, I am sure, that we trusted them, and trust begets trust. They felt Peni over and over, pinched his arms and legs with their fingers, and admired his fine, plump, strong, body; but I think it was a sincere admiration of his figure unmixed with a single longing desire to taste him. As for me, thanks to the prominence of my bones, no native has ever considered me fit even to be felt. After concluding our talk we started for the shore, the chief and Peni walking hand in hand and talking to each other as old acquaintances. Peni's joyous, good-humoured face and hearty laugh soon made him a favourite with them." I little thought at the time he was laughing at the actions of these people that he would fall a couple of years afterwards under the tomahawks of the cannibals of New Britain!

On the following Sunday Aminio went to preach to them, and at our evening meeting he had good news to tell of his visit. He said the people were very pleased, begged him to go back in the evening, and asked if they might not build a small church for service. As a strange contrast to this I had to write on the very next day, April 24, as follows:

"Outam, Watera, and Torogud's people fought to-day, or rather they went out and trapped two poor wretches belonging to Piritop, killing one and mortally wounding the other. They were bringing away the one killed in order to cook him, but were



attacked by the Piritop people, and so had to abandon their prey, and bring only the head. These Outam people are those with whom I was sitting on Friday last, and to whom Aminio preached yesterday for the first time. Of course this murder was planned before that time, and they had to fulfil the agreement which they had made. These are the people who, by God's grace and help, are to be raised from this savage state, and made into Christian men and women. We can only stay ourselves upon the declaration of God's Word that, 'With men it is impossible, but with God all things are possible.' The declarations of God's Word, 'Ye must be born again,' 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature,' and many similar passages come to us with a new force in these islands." I have given in another place the story of the peace-making between Outam and the Port Hunter people.

#### MESSENGERS OF PEACE

On Sunday, April 23, Peni went to preach at Urakukuru, and after service there he and Misieli (Samoan) went to Nakukuru, where the dukduk feast was being held, to preach to the people. His account of their day's work was very interesting. They had a good congregation at Urakukuru, but when they asked for some one to go with them to Nakukuru they were told that no one could go, as they were then expecting to fight, those two districts having been at feud for a long time. The two teachers then went alone, but when they had gone a short distance one of the Urakukuru chiefs who had been in their congregation in the morning overtook them. He gave Peni a branch of a dracæna plant, and said: "Take this to the Nakukuru chiefs, and tell them it is our peace-offering; it is to make the road good between our villages. Tell them our mind is this; let us embrace the lotu and live in peace."

The teachers then went on to Nakukuru, told the chiefs there that they had come to hold service if they would allow

it, and then gave them the branch of dracæna and the message from Torogud the Urakukuru chief. They were told after the dukduk display was over they could preach, and Peni did so to a very large company, gathered together from all parts of the group, with many from New Britain also. When they were preparing to return home the Nakukuru chief took the dracæna stem they had brought, and planted it in his ground, and said: "Tell Torogud that I have planted his offering, and that you have seen me do it; and take him this," giving them a similar piece of dracæna from his own land. "Tell him that our mind is also to lotu, and to live in peace." They brought this plant and message to Torogud, and he at once planted the dracæna from Nakukuru in his land. So we hoped that the preliminaries were settled, and that a complete reconciliation between these long-divided districts would soon be effected. The natives seemed thoroughly to understand by this time that one great object of the lotu was to bring peace and goodwill towards men.

We were accustomed on the Sunday evening to meet at the mission house to talk over the work of the day, and I need not say that we were very glad indeed to hear the account given by the teachers, who all had good news to tell. I wrote in my diary that night, with a thankful heart, as follows:

"And so the good work goes on, not without discouragement and difficulties, as at Waira, and here also, but still with much to encourage and cheer us, and we in our little meeting felt constrained to praise God with grateful hearts on this quiet Sunday evening for His goodness to us, and earnestly to beseech Him to bless also the labours of our brethren far away from us on New Ireland and New Britain. I have been homesick to-day, but I feel glad that I am privileged to take part in this great work. I have felt much this evening that our success here is far more than commensurate with our own efforts. I feel so conscious of doing so little, and yet having such good results, and I feel certain that our

success is simply God's answer to the prayers of His people who plead with Him for us."

#### A WILD NIGHT AT SEA

On my return from one of my visits to New Britain we had a very trying time for some hours. After leaving the mainland I told old Jack, who was steering, that he had better keep away a couple of points, as I had noticed a long reef running out from the island towards which we were heading. Old Jack was a good sailor and a good old man generally, but on occasions he could be as pig-headed as any man I ever knew; and this was one of the occasions in which this trait in Jack's character came out. He asserted that there was no reef there; that he had taken particular bearings from different points, and that he was quite certain I was entirely wrong. I had of course to give in and allow him to take his own way, but I took the precaution of telling two of the teachers to keep a sharp lookout for any broken water. It was, however, getting towards dark, and the light was too dim to see very far ahead. We were in the whale-boat, and I was paddling with the crew. I heard a shout from the natives just at the same time that my paddle struck the reef and caused a blaze of phosphorescent light all round. We were then hard-and-fast on the reef, and I very politely asked Jack how his bearings agreed with the present position. It was very annoying indeed, as we had to make a great circuit round the reef before we could get again on our proper course; and as subsequent events proved, this very nearly led to a serious accident.

We were just, as we calculated, between the harbours of Makada and Mcoko, but owing to the darkness we could not determine our position. We saw, however, plain signs that one of the strong north-west squalls was near at hand. We took in the sails, lowered the mast, and prepared ourselves as well as we could for the gale. In a few moments it struck us with almost hurricane force, and the rain came down in such torrents

that one man was kept continually bailing out with a bucket. The lightning was very vivid. We could do nothing else but keep the boat dead before the wind and sea, and let her go. The natives were paralysed with fear, and lay down in the boat, hiding their faces. I urged them to take the paddles and help, but it was quite useless. One big fellow in front of me we had named "Ugly Tom." He was crying aloud from sheer terror. I begged him to take his paddle, but in vain, until at last in despair I had to lay it over his back before he would even sit up. We drove on in as heavy a squall as I have ever witnessed, with the exception of a hurricane in which the *John Wesley* was dismasted. We were afraid of being driven too far towards the broken water off Makada harbour, and on the other hand of being driven on the rocks near Meoko; but we had no means of determining our position, as the wind had changed from one point to another. We knew that we were in broken water, because a great wave broke behind us, evidently on a sunken patch of coral which we had just passed over. Had that wave broken a minute earlier we should certainly have been swamped. The two Fijians, who had splendid eyesight, were on the lookout for'ard, but could see no land. By-and-by, however, Beni called out to me to say that he thought we were passing the entrance to Meoko. There was, however, nothing to be done but just to let the boat drive, and a short time afterwards I was surprised by seeing the two Fijians for'ard jump out of the boat and hold her. They had seen the phosphorescent light which told of a coral patch. We gradually got her in under the lee of an island, and soon we had her on shore, devoutly thankful for our escape.

We found ourselves in a small cavern, which had been hollowed out by the action of surf and current for many years. We were all drenched and cold and miserable. We managed, however, to gather some pieces of wood, but for a long time we were quite unable to light a fire. Every expedient to do so was tried, but in vain. I found, however, that the bottom



of one of the pockets of my trousers was comparatively dry. I cut it off, went out to the boat, and got a tablespoonful of kerosene, which I found in the bottom of a bottle. With this we managed to start a fire, around which we huddled until daylight revealed our position. The gale was over and the sea comparatively smooth ; but as we pulled towards Makada we wondered over and over again how we had managed to escape the sunken patches, and the heavy seas which necessarily broke over them. We were thankful to get home, and whenever old Jack got too positive I had great satisfaction in simply directing his attention to the fact that he had once in his lifetime, at all events, made a mistake ! I kept the trousers minus the pocket, to remind me to tell my wife of a very narrow escape.

#### A GOOD EXAMPLE FOLLOWED

When I first appointed a teacher to the village of Waira, about four miles from the mission-station, the people there had a very bad reputation. They never planted any food, as they said that their land was bad, and would not grow anything ; and so they subsisted entirely by thieving and trading, particularly thieving. Poor Mijieli had a very bad time when he was first located there. They regularly robbed his plantation as soon as ever the produce was at all fit for eating. I used to get very angry, and several times proposed to Mijieli that he should leave them, and be appointed to some other place ; but the dear fellow used to smile, and, whilst he acknowledged that it was very trying, pleaded to be allowed to remain with them. "They will know better in time," he said ; "and it is well to be patient with them, for their minds are still dark." I suppose his loving patience must have had some effect upon them, for in time the thieving grew less, and when they saw the land which they had refused to cultivate giving good returns they had an object-lesson which they could easily understand. They saw that Mijieli planted the kind of food, sweet potatoes,



which would grow best and give the earliest returns ; so they began to follow his example and to plant little patches of their own. But the climax came when he took one of their own little yams and planted it in proper soil, and cared for it as the Fijians and Samoans know how to care for yams. Then when he dug up in due season some yams, of which they said, "One man could not carry two of them," the fame thereof went far and wide, and the men of Waira began to plant, and in a short time were able to sell large quantities of their surplus produce.

Other examples of the beneficial effect of the teachers' residence amongst the people were soon seen in the improved character of the houses which they built. I noticed this more especially on New Ireland, where some of the natives built houses for themselves after the model of our teacher's house on that island.

#### OUR FIRST CONVERT

The first one who attached himself very closely to us was a nice little fellow named Tolaplapira. He lived a good deal with Aminio, the teacher, and was very often on the mission-station, though he brought upon himself a good deal of ridicule and opposition. Shortly before his death he accompanied us on our visit to New Ireland. There was a strange circumstance connected with the death of this lad. There is a river at the place at which we stayed in New Ireland which the Duke of York people were very much afraid of. They say that if any of them bathe in that river they are sure to die. Tolaplapira, however, disregarded this theory, and bathed in the river with our teachers. He was of course quite safe in doing this, but, strange to say, he was taken ill whilst we were still in New Ireland, and died a few days after his return. This was of course only a coincidence, but it was one which gave us no little trouble with the people at the time. The morning after his death I heard that the



CARVING OF LARGE BIRD CARRYING OFF A CHILD OR MAN, TWO FISHES APPARENTLY ATTACKING THE BIRD, BIRDS EATING SNAKES, NEW IRELAND.



people were going to put the poor lad's body in the sea, according to their usual custom; but I sent a present down to them, and persuaded them to let us bury him on shore. We felt very sad as we did this, for the little fellow had endeared himself to all of us.

#### A FIENDISH ACT

It will give some idea of the state of these people if I give a story which was told me on April 3 in the most matter-of-fact way, as though it was something of quite ordinary occurrence. It was reported without any feeling of reprobation on the part of my informant. He said that some time ago a poor man drifted to this island in a canoe. The chief saw him outside, and went off and rescued him. He was in a very deplorable state from starvation and exposure; but the chief took him to his home, gave him food, and, some time afterwards, when he was recovered, took him to the place where the dances were usually held, and where one was being carried on at the time. As the people were dancing the poor castaway asked one of them, "Why is this dancing? Is there some pig to be eaten?" "Oh no," they replied, "there is no pig, but we are going to eat you after the dance." And they did so that same day!

#### A GOOD TESTIMONY

At our first regular quarterly meeting the death was reported of Timothy Lase, who was taken ill soon after our arrival here, and died on November 30, after thirteen weeks' illness. The teacher said that it was an old complaint from which he suffered whilst in Fiji. The catechist handed in to the meeting a written account, of which I give a literal translation: "Timothy Lase, a teacher of Duke of York Island, died in the month of November, on the 30th day, in the year 1875. His sickness began when he got wet with rain. He was cold, and afterwards he had large swellings on his body. He drank a great many medicines, both those from white man's land

and those we use in Fiji ; but the will of God (death) came to him. He was taken with his sickness in the month of August, the 30th day. Very long was the time he was lying down, nearly 13 Sundays. The heart of him was very warm (he was very earnest) in prayer and reading the Book every day of his illness. When he was preparing to die he then told us how it was with his religion. He said: 'I am going to heaven. My soul is like a tree whose boughs are interlaced or joined (with another). So is it with my soul and Jesus; my soul is united fast to Jesus. I am going to heaven leaning on Jesus. I am going to heaven because I depend upon Jesus, and believe Him.'"

#### A DIFFICULT POSITION

On July 3 I started early in the boat for Kininigunan and Matupit, and had a good trip across. I observed a good deal of caution before going on shore, as we knew that a native belonging to some part of this district had been shot dead by a chief in a trader's boat. Before landing I called out to the men on shore, asking them where the man lived who had been shot, and they told me most positively that he did not belong to them, but to a village some distance away. After some time I went ashore with my regular companion, Beni. I was suffering from a severe headache, and as soon as I got just inside one of the large boathouses I threw myself on the ground, and rested my head on Beni's thigh. I told the people to go and bring some yams, and I would buy them; but I noticed that they only pretended to go. They went a short distance, but soon joined the crowd on the beach without bringing anything for sale. The people were all armed and seemed excited, but I did not feel afraid until one of the chiefs sitting just at my back looked at me very significantly, I thought, and asked me if I was not frightened to go on shore amongst them. I knew at once that I had been trapped by false statements, and that the man who had been shot was really one of their own people.



I do not profess to be a brave man, but I do believe that when engaged in God's work His servants have special help given to them, and I am quite certain that those people saw no sign of fear, or any attempt to escape. I told them that I was *not* afraid to land amongst them; that I was very grieved indeed at the loss which they had sustained; that I would make definite inquiries about it, and would see that it was reported to the proper authorities; and that in the meantime I would see that proper payment was made as some reparation for the murder. They seemed satisfied with my statement; but as soon as I could do so without exciting their suspicions I got into the boat, and felt very thankful indeed when we got well clear of the beach.

I made full inquiries afterwards into the matter, and found that the man had been shot without any provocation whatever. A short time afterwards I paid the people a visit, and went with the trader from whose boat the shot had been fired, and again made all possible reparation for the death of the man. There is no doubt whatever that when those natives trapped me on shore by means of false statements they quite intended to take my life as satisfaction for the murder of one of their people by another white man; and according to their ideas they were quite justified in doing this. It was one of the narrowest escapes I had. The chief who asked me the question as to whether I was not afraid to land amongst them became one of our first converts in that district, and was the first local preacher whom we received. I heard him, as I have described in another place, preach the first sermon which was ever preached by a New Britain native to a New Britain audience, and he preached that sermon to the people who a short time before had killed and eaten our native minister and three teachers! Such things can God's grace do.

#### AN ACCIDENT IN A STEAMER

On our return from the visit to Spacious Bay, of which I have given an account, we had an exciting experience just as

we made the Kininigunan coast, where we wished to stay. We were going along quite quietly when something suddenly went wrong with the engine, and the machinery commenced to knock and clatter most violently. Consternation seized us all, and no one seemed to know what to do except the natives, who promptly jumped overboard, and left Jack and me in the launch. He too was considerably excited, and did nothing until I called out to stop the engine. We all felt that it was absolutely necessary to ease off the safety valve, but no one cared to go so near the boiler. I confess that I did not feel at all comfortable as I went forward to do this. I do not believe that there was the slightest danger in doing so, but at the time, in my ignorance, I certainly felt as though I was taking a great risk for the good of the whole of us. It was the only time in my life that I ever felt that I was doing a very heroic action, yet there was in reality not the slightest danger, though I did not know it. When the boat stopped we could see the black heads of the natives far astern, and so had to wait. They were dreadfully afraid of coming on board again, but were more afraid of going on shore, as they knew well that they would have been killed at once on landing. We had a good laugh at them when they got on board, though we had been almost as frightened as they were. We found that a crank pin had dropped out, and that had caused the accident. We drew the fire, repaired the damage, got up steam again, and went on our way.

#### BATHING UNDER INSPECTION

When I visited Kininigunan to return the chiefs whom I had taken away, and to get our own hostages back, I felt very tired after the excitement of the day; and as there was a nice stream there I went after tea to have a bathe. I tried to get away as quietly as possible, but could not prevent some ten or twelve natives accompanying me. The operations of undressing, bathing, and dressing were most intensely interesting to these

aboriginals, who never troubled themselves about clothes, and who seemed never to go into the water except when compelled to do so. As I divested myself of each article of dress they expressed their astonishment by a loud "Ugh, ugh"; and when I proceeded to dress their expressions were yet more decided. I certainly never before performed my toilet under such close observation, and never before thought that trousers and braces would excite such astonishment. When at length I proceeded to the most interesting matter of all, and pulled on a pair of shoes, and tied the laces, two of the principal men each picked up a pebble from the beach and presented them to me as a proof that I had given them great satisfaction, and that they complimented me as being a very clever and wonderful fellow! My experience in New Ireland, where the same custom prevails, taught me that for this compliment I ought to have paid a small present of tobacco and beads; but fortunately I had none with me.

#### A QUIET NIGHT

After the bathing experience just narrated we slept that night in a large open boathouse on the beach, with plenty of natives lying around us, both inside and outside of the house. Before going to sleep we sang a few songs and hymns, finishing with, "Shall we gather at the river?" It was a strange sight, and suggestive of many solemn thoughts. The natives were lying all round us, and many more were squatted around their fires outside the shed, as we tried to recall the words and melodies of some of the hymns that pleased us so much when we heard them sung in our own homelands. I thought much of the words of the last hymn, and comforted myself with the assurance that at the meeting beyond the river, when the great multitude gathered from every language and people and tongue stand before the throne, there will be many there from that far-off land; that God's servants will tell of the triumphs of the Gospel there, and thousands who there know Him not will sing

the praises of Him who loved and redeemed them, and called them out of darkness into His marvellous light.

#### COMMENTS IN CHURCH

The ways of a New Britain congregation in 1876 were very different indeed from those of our congregations in the homelands, or in the older mission districts. I felt that with people in such a primitive condition it was not much use expecting what is called proper behaviour in the church, and my sermons were delivered in a very conversational style. So far from discouraging comments, I rather encouraged the people to talk and ask questions during the service. I was preaching at Urakuru on July 23, when I received a good deal of unsolicited assistance from one of my audience in church. When I said something that was strange, a man who thought he understood would repeat it aloud for the benefit of the others. I was too glad at exciting their interest and gaining their help to do anything to prevent it. My assistant would say: "Why! he (the missionary) says God loves us." And I replied: "Certainly I do. God is our Father, the Father of white men and the Father of Duke of York, New Ireland, and New Britain men, and He loves us all alike." Another of my audience then repeated this after me, and I stopped for awhile to give them time to take in that idea, so new to them, but so grandly true. Then the words: "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came into the world to save sinners, to make us all good men, to make us fit to go and dwell with God, where God is, in heaven," were next repeated with some excitement by several members of the congregation. I then said: "The lotu (Christianity) also will do you good as regards this life. It will make you build better houses, wear clothes, live peaceably with all men, and stop this continual fighting. It will teach you to love God and to act rightly to all men." These were all commented upon. Then I said: "Some say that the lotu is kumpen (nonsense, or a lie). Some say that the lotu is pikoina (bad).



What do you say? Is it good to lie, to steal, to cheat, to fight," etc.? One said: "No, no, all these are bad." I replied: "That is just what the lotu teaches. You know that those things are bad, and so you know that the lotu is right in forbidding such things." It was an interesting service, a sample of many held in those days; and yet, strange to say, I wrote in my diary that night: "Oh how one misses the regular, quiet, orderly congregations in the homeland!"

#### MAKING FRIENDS

One of our great difficulties was caused by the isolated positions in which most of the people lived, one district being almost at constant feud with its neighbours on each side, and especially with the bushmen. There was little or no intercourse whatever between districts only a few miles apart, and this was a very serious hindrance to our work. Two of the most pronounced cases were those of Kininigunan and Matupit, and I was extremely anxious to terminate this quarrel. When the long-expected *John Wesley* arrived we went over in her to New Britain, and on our way passed close by the Kininigunan district. Canoes came off with the chief on board, and I tried hard to get him to go to Matupit, but could not succeed, as he was much afraid of being murdered if he went there. There was, as I have stated, an old-standing feud between them, and only a few months previous the Matupit men murdered four Kininigunan men, whom they surprised and surrounded when out fishing. Two of them were cooked and eaten. I felt very sorry indeed when I saw the chief going on shore again after his refusal to accompany us, as I had depended much on getting him to go to Matupit in the brig, so that he might see Matupit chiefs on board. I felt this so much that I determined that the vessel should go on to Matupit, so as to anchor there before dark, whilst I went on shore with the boat. This I did, and when on the beach I persuaded the chief and two others to go with me to Matupit, assuring them that they would be quite



safe on board the ship. We started then to follow the vessel, but the courage of one of the men failed him before we had gone very far, and he jumped overboard and swam back to the shore. I succeeded, however, in keeping the other two, and we got them on board about 7 p.m. Some Matupit chiefs were on the beach, and they at once recognised the chief, who was awfully frightened at being so close to his mortal enemies. The Matupit people, however, by our request, talked very kindly to him, and he was somewhat reassured. The end of it was that we were able to leave two days afterwards with a promise from the Matupit chiefs that they would make friends with them at once, and that they would begin the peace-making ceremonies as soon as the vessel started. It was a great comfort to me that I had arranged this before I left. The peace made then has never since been broken, and the people of those two districts now associate with each other in perfect safety.

#### A MEAN TRICK

On February 12, 1878, I heard that Torogud, the chief with whom I was very friendly, had been fighting the Kababiai people again, and that they had got five bodies, which they were going to eat next day. Previous to this I had never known of one of these cannibal feasts until it was too late to try to prevent it; but as I heard of this one soon after the people had returned, I started off early in the morning to see Torogud, and try if I could not prevail upon him to give up his bad custom. Mr. Turner, the botanical collector, accompanied us. The village was four or five miles from the station, and about two miles inland from the coast. We walked along the beach for some distance, and then turned inland. As we were going through the bush we heard the peculiar beating of the drums announcing that the horrible feast was in progress. We hurried on, and soon entered the village, evidently to the great surprise of the people. Almost the first object which we saw was the mangled body of



CARVINGS AND MASKS, NEW IRELAND.

The wooden image on the left is from the South Coast of New Guinea.



the chief they had killed the day before, tied by the neck to a large tree in a standing position, the toes just touching the ground. This was the only body they had, as the others had been all apportioned out to the neighbouring villages of Outam.

We sat down in the square, and I sent asking Torogud to come, which he did in a short time. I then talked to him earnestly and kindly, and begged him to bury the bodies, and not to allow any of them to be eaten. He told me, of course, that it was not his fault, that he did not wish to fight; it was the Kababiai people who wished to fight him, etc.; but he did not give me the assurance I asked for. After another talk he told me that the man they had secured had killed his mother years ago, and committed some other very bad acts, leaving it to be inferred by me, I suppose, that it was rather unreasonable for me to wish to deprive him of the pleasure of eating him. I then spoke a few words to the people around, and urged them to join with me in asking the chief to have the man buried. Torogud then said that if the Outam people paid him back the diwara (shell money) which he had paid to the fighting party, he would bury the man. This, however, was not likely to be done that day, and in the meantime the question of cooking or burying the man must be settled at once in a climate like that. I felt pretty certain that no cooking would be attempted whilst I was there, and so I prepared to remain until night if necessary. Torogud evidently saw my intention, and begged me several times to go home, telling me that it was getting near evening, and that if I sat there much longer I would certainly get the fever, and as he and I were such great friends he would be very sorry if this should be the case. I told him, however, that I was quite comfortable, and that I was very much enjoying his conversation. After a little more talk, however, he told me that out of love to me as his friend, and from respect to the lotu, he would have the man buried, whether he was paid for him or not, as he was very much

concerned lest I should get ill if I sat there any longer. He gave me a very decided assurance that he certainly would not have done this for any other man, but that I was so good to him that he felt it would be very wrong if he did not accede to my wishes. I was very pleased, and, as I fully believed him, we prepared to return. I first, however, went some distance on the way to Outam, where the bodies of the five women and girls were. We met a man on the way who told us that it was no use our going there, as the bodies were already on the fire; and the strong smell was positive proof to us that he was telling the truth. I therefore decided to return, as I felt that it was well to be satisfied with the success we had achieved, and that it would not be wise to place these people in the predicament of having to give up the bodies, or displeasing Torogud by not following his example.

I got home very tired, but very pleased at having stopped this cannibalism, as I felt that Torogud's example would soon be followed by other chiefs. The old man came to visit me a short time afterwards, but I did not say anything to him about the matter, until just as he was going away, when I said: "Oh, by-the-bye, Torogud, did you bury that man the other day after I left?" He at once answered: "Of course I did. Did I not tell you that I would do so?" As he seemed a little surprised that I should even appear to doubt his word, I turned the conversation at once, and gave him a little present as he was leaving. As soon as he had gone, however, one of our people came to me and said, "Did Torogud tell you that he buried that man?" To which I answered, "Yes." Then my companion gave a significant smile, and said: "Oh yes, he told you that he buried the man, and that was true; but he did not tell you that he dug him up again immediately after he had done so, and cooked him." And this I found out afterwards was actually the fact. He had kept his word to me in his own way, but had gratified his revenge and satisfied his appetite as well.



## IMPROVING HIS OPPORTUNITY

Soon after my return in 1877 I was preaching at Urakukuru, about a mile and a half from our house, and after the service I asked the teacher why the old chief Tokakup had not been to see me. "Oh, he is ashamed," the teacher replied, "because they killed and ate a man whilst you were away in Sydney. They fought with Makada some weeks ago, and ate two of the slain." The teacher tried all he could to prevent the cannibalism, but in vain. The old man told me that he himself ate of this one body, but that it would be the last. He said: "You see, teacher, Mr. Brown is away now, and we have got the chance of doing this. If he were here he would scold me probably, and I should not be able to eat it." I was glad to hear that he despaired of being able to do this again, and also because it showed that we were acquiring an influence over them.

## GESTURE LANGUAGE

During the visit to New Ireland in December 1875 I had rather an unpleasant experience. I had got tired of trying to beat up the coast in the ketch *Star of the East*, against the heavy south-east wind and current, and so left the vessel, and pulled up in shore with the whale-boat. As we expected to reach a native settlement soon, we did not take any provisions with us. When we got in with the land, however, we found that the wind and current were too strong for us, and we had to land at night near the mouth of a large river. The rain was pouring down in torrents nearly all the night, and some one had to keep watch, and tend the fires which we managed to make in sheltered places to keep off any prowling crocodiles. Next morning, hungry as we were, we continued our efforts to get up the coast, but it was very slow work indeed against the current, and the crew were weak from want of food. I steered the boat quite close in shore, round a large

bay, in order, if possible, to get out of the fearful current, and we were pulling with our oars almost scraping the beach. Happening to look up I saw a lot of natives darting hither and thither in the bush, which came quite close down to the beach. They were all armed, and we were quite within a spear's throw of them ; but I was very glad indeed to see them. We could not speak their language, but I stopped the boat, stood up in the stern sheet, held up my hands and pulled up my shirt to show that we were quite unarmed, and then beckoned them down to the beach. They were very suspicious, but finally came down. No one in the boat knew a word of their language, but we managed to make ourselves well understood by them. I put my hand into my pocket, pulled out some red beads, which I held up invitingly before them, made a most expressive gesture to indicate that our stomachs were quite empty, made another gesture to show that we wanted something to put into our mouths, so that our teeth might commence work again, and then pointed to the beads as payment. They understood at once, and brought us some green bananas and an animal which, though really a grilled 'possum, might easily have been taken for a grilled cat. It had just been thrown on the coals, without skinning and without cleaning ; but as we had been for over twenty-four hours without food we certainly were not disposed to be particular. I shared out the food we received with the utmost impartiality, and there was soon nothing left of the 'possum but a few well-picked bones.

#### A STRANGE CUSTOM WIDELY SPREAD IN MELANESIA

When I crossed New Ireland for the first time, I saw at Kudukudu a very pronounced example of the custom of confining young girls of good families in a state of seclusion or darkness about the age of puberty. This is known in Fiji as "tabusiga," "forbidden to the sun or day," but it is also generally practised in some form or other by all the Melanesian



FIVE HUMAN SKULL MASKS, NEW BRITAIN.



tribes with which I am acquainted. I wrote the following description in my diary at the time :

“I had heard from the teacher about some strange custom connected with some of the young girls here, and so I asked the chief to take me to the house where they were. The house, which was about twenty-five feet in length, stood in a reed-and-bamboo enclosure, across the entrance to which a bundle of dried grass was suspended to show that it was strictly tabu. Inside the house were three conical structures about seven or eight feet in height, and about ten or twelve feet in circumference at the bottom, and for about four feet from the ground, at which height they tapered off to a point at the top. These cages were made of the broad leaves of the pandanus sewn quite close together, so that no light, and little or no air, can enter. On one side of each was an opening, which is closed by a double door of plaited cocoanut leaves and pandanus leaves. About three feet from the ground there is a stage of bamboos, which forms the floor. In each of these cages we were told that there was a girl or young woman confined, each of whom had to remain for at least four or five years without ever being allowed to go outside the house. I could scarcely credit the story when I heard it; the whole thing seemed too horrible to be true. I spoke to the chief, and told him that I wished to see the inside of the cages, and also to see the girls, that I might make them a present of a few beads. He told me that it was ‘tabu,’ forbidden for any men but their own relations to look at them; but I suppose the promised beads acted as an inducement, and so he sent away for some old lady who had charge, and who alone is allowed to open the doors. Whilst we were waiting we could hear the girls talking to the chief in a querulous way, as if objecting to something or expressing their fears. The old woman came at length, and certainly she did not seem a very pleasant jailor or guardian, nor did she seem to favour the request of the chief to allow us to see the girls, as she regarded us with any but pleasant looks. However, she had to undo the doors when the chief told



her to do so, and then the girls peeped out at us, and when told to do so they held out their hands for the beads. I, however, purposely sat some distance away, and merely held out the beads to them, as I wished to draw them quite outside, that I might inspect the inside of the cages. This desire of mine gave rise to another difficulty, as these girls are not allowed to put their feet on the ground all the time they are confined in these places. However, they wished to get the beads, and so the old lady had to go outside and collect a lot of pieces of wood and bamboo, which she placed on the ground, and then going to one of the girls she helped her down, and held her hand as she stepped from one piece of wood to another, until she came near enough to get the beads I held out to her. I then went to inspect the inside of the cage out of which she had come, but could scarcely put my head within it, the atmosphere was so hot and stifling. It was quite clean, and contained nothing but a few short lengths of bamboo for holding water. There was only room for a girl to sit or to lie down in a crouched position on the bamboo platform, and when the doors are shut it must be nearly or quite dark inside. They are never allowed to come out except once a day, to bathe in a dish or wooden bowl placed close to each cage. They say that they perspire profusely. They are placed in these stifling cages when quite young, and must remain there until they are quite young women, when they are taken out and have each a great marriage feast provided for them. One of them was about fourteen or fifteen years old, and the chief told us that she had been there for five years, but would very soon be taken out now. The other two were about eight and ten years old, and they have to stay there for several years longer. I asked if they never died, but they said no. If they are ill they must still remain. Some other girls we saw outside wore fringes crossed over the breast and back. As well as we could learn, they must wear this as soon as they attain a certain age or stage of growth, and continue doing so until marriageable. This latter custom seems to be followed by those whose parents

cannot afford, or are unwilling to bear the expense of, the feasts which the other barbarous custom entails. I felt very sad whenever I thought about those poor girls, and shuddered at the idea of any of our own little girls at home being subjected to such treatment. Our people tell me that the same custom in a modified form prevails also on the western side of New Ireland. There, however, they only build temporary huts of cocoa nut leaves in the bush, in which the girls remain."



A FURLOUGH, AND SECOND TERM OF  
RESIDENCE IN NEW BRITAIN





## VI

### A FURLOUGH, AND SECOND TERM OF RESIDENCE IN NEW BRITAIN

WE left Port Hunter for Sydney at 10.30 a.m. on August 31, and so terminated our first year's residence. It was indeed a most eventful one to us all; and as the land passed out of our sight in the far distance, I naturally reviewed in my own mind the history of the past months, and felt very thankful indeed to God for His many mercies to us all, and for His loving care over us. We had landed with much anxiety, and many fears for our future; but I left with a heart full of hope. I have often received a great deal of sympathy from kind friends on account of the loneliness of our life; but as a matter of fact, with the exception of the days when we were anxiously waiting for the *John Wesley*, we never had time to feel lonely. Every day brought its duties, and the extracts from my diary which I have given will show that we had plenty of travel, and plenty of excitement on the many journeys which we made. These journeys were necessary, not only for exploring the country, but in order to familiarise the people with us, and also to break up the isolation in which the peoples of the several districts lived, and to induce them to have free and friendly intercourse with each other. I have often wondered since those days that I was able to do so much travelling and to bear so much exposure and discomfort, because I never fully recovered from the effects of the illness which I contracted at Rotuma on our way down. My diary has many records of days when I felt very seriously ill, and some-

times full of fears for the consequences. The disease from which I suffered had a most depressing influence upon my mind, and also made me feel very weak ; but I found that the best remedy was more work and plenty of travelling.

Before the arrival of the *John Wesley* I had practically completed all my preparations for leaving. At our last quarterly meeting, held on July 7, we had fully discussed the present condition of our work, and had marked out instructions, which all the teachers were to observe. It was decided, (1) that the plan of regular visitation and short services in the smaller villages, which we had for some time adopted on Duke of York, should be adopted and carried out on all our stations. (2) That schools were to be held at least four days each week. (3) That each teacher should give particular attention to the duty of educating and training some of the young men amongst his converts, to act as exhorters or local preachers. (4) That vocabularies of the several dialects be prepared by the teachers and given to the missionary. (5) That as soon as possible all our churches should be fenced in ; and (6) That letters should be sent to the several training institutions in the older Districts, asking them for help. There was a good feeling in the meeting, and the prayers offered for my family and myself were very earnest and sincere.

And here I think it right to express my opinion of the men who accompanied me to New Britain. I think I am not fanciful when I assert my belief that the selection of the men from our island Districts for pioneer missionary work has always been under the special direction of God. We have had good men in all our mission Districts, but the rule has been that the pioneers from Tonga and Samoa and from Fiji have in nearly every instance proved themselves to be men above the ordinary rank and file of the teachers. We had few men in Samoa in later years who were the equals of those who first commenced that mission, and I think that this was also the case in Fiji ; and I have always felt that though we had good and devoted teachers in the succeeding



PART OF THE TOWN OF BAU, FIJI.



years, yet the men who went in 1875 were specially qualified for their work. They were very patient in times of illness, and I never heard the slightest regret expressed by any of them for the step they had taken in coming. They had much to bear from the natives, but they were never discouraged; and no one ever expressed a desire to return to his own home on account of the privations which he suffered. The women also were equally brave and self-sacrificing. They suffered much, but they were all good and devoted women, and bore very patiently the many discomforts of their pioneer life. With the exception of one Samoan, all the women who went with me in 1875 died in New Britain.

We arrived at Sydney on October 10, after a passage of forty days, and received a very kind reception from the Board of Missions and many friends in and about Sydney. I met the members of the Board with Rev. Eroni Fotofili, and gave a short report of our work. The following resolution was recorded: "That the Board desires to express its gratitude to God for the preservation of the Rev. George Brown during his absence for nearly two years, and for the success that has attended his labours in beginning the mission to New Britain. It desires also to express its appreciation of the services of Mr. Brown, and prays that he may long live to extend our mission work in this part of the world."

A few days after our landing, that good man and devoted minister, Rev. Eroni Fotofili, with whom I had voyaged from New Britain, died very suddenly whilst ascending the stairs to the Mission Office. I had met him on the stairs a few minutes prior to his death, and had told him that we were both to go to Parramatta to attend a missionary meeting, at which he was to speak. He cheerfully consented to go, and these I believe were his last words on earth. He was ready to work here for the cause he loved so well, but God had other work for him to do, and called His loving servant to do it.

After attending several missionary meetings I sailed for



Auckland, arriving there on October 30, glad indeed to rejoin my dear wife and children, and to be at home again. They were all well, and had been lovingly cared for by our kind friends in Auckland during my long absence. Going to New Zealand was always "going home" to me; but on this occasion my heart was full of gladness and of gratitude to God as we steamed up the lovely Waitemata to the wharf, where many kind friends were awaiting our arrival. As soon as possible I told my dear wife of the success of our mission, of the wish of the Board of Missions that I should continue the work, and that I had deferred the answer until I had consulted her on the subject. I told her that if we returned we should have to leave four of our children behind us. I well knew how very painful this would be to her, but there was never the slightest doubt in my mind as to what the decision would be. My wife, as all our friends know, is a woman of few words, and she simply said: "I can never be a hindrance to you in your work. If it is God's will that you return to New Britain I am sure that it is also His will that I should go with you. God will take care of our children." So by the return of the steamer I was able to place myself at the disposal of the Conference and the Board of Missions for reappointment to New Britain. This was accepted by the Board at a meeting held on November 15, and so our way was clear to make the necessary preparations.

I was only able to stay a few weeks with my family in New Zealand, as I had to be in Sydney for the New South Wales and Queensland Conference early in January. At that Conference the affairs of the mission received very careful consideration, and I was much strengthened by the interest which was manifested in our work. A very kind resolution was also adopted by the Conference, expressing its gratitude to Mr. Henry Reed of Launceston, Tasmania, for the deep interest which he had taken in it. He had not only granted sufficient funds for the purchase of the steam launch, about which I have written so much, but on hearing that I had

consented to return to New Britain, and that my family would have to remain in the colony in order to be educated, he had, consequent on an arrangement of this kind being made, promised a sum of £200 a year so long as I was engaged in that field of labour. He had also very generously forwarded another draft of £200 for the purpose of securing a second European missionary to accompany us. I thoroughly appreciated some of the remarks which were made in Conference with regard to Mr. Reed, and especially those made by the late Rev. W. J. K. Piddington, who, in supporting a resolution of thanks to Mr. Reed, who was an old friend of his, said: "He was a man whose gifts were always accompanied with fervent and prevailing prayer. Would to God we had more such men as Henry Reed!"

After the Conference I was constantly employed in visiting the various circuits in the respective colonies. Many a kind word which was spoken in those days was soon forgotten by the speakers, but to me they were a source of strength in many a time of depression and sorrow whilst we were in New Britain.

A large house was made for us in Sydney, and a carpenter, Mr. McGrath, was engaged to help in its erection in New Britain.

We left Sydney on Friday, May 18, 1877. A large number of ministers and friends were down on board to say good-bye, and many of them went with us down the harbour. We arrived in Fiji on June 5, and did not leave that port until July 2 for Samoa, which group we reached on the 13th. There had just been a big fight between two of the political parties in that group, called respectively Puletua and Malo, when the former were defeated and laid down their arms, and surrendered the day on which we reached Apia. The disturbed political state of the group caused the British Consul, Mr. Liardet, to impress the *John Wesley* for the purpose of carrying despatches to Fiji. We protested against this action, as I was afraid that it would

prejudice the natives against us, by conveying the impression that we were taking sides in the matter, and that in the event of any complication arising between the British authorities and the Samoan Government, we should be blamed by the natives as the cause of their troubles. In fact, I felt so strongly on the matter that I determined that if he (the Consul) refused to allow me to tell the Government, I would either refuse to go in the ship, or I would take all responsibility myself, and tell the Samoans without his permission that we had no choice in the matter ; but that if he as Consul demanded the services of a British ship, the captain must obey his orders. This I suppose had some effect, as I was allowed to communicate with the Government, on condition that I did so in his office, and that we went at once from the Consulate to our boat, and set sail immediately, without taking any letter or holding any communication whatever with any one else. The members of the Government thanked me very much for what I had done, assured me that they fully understood that we were acting under compulsion, and that they would explain our exact position to the other members of the Government. The Consul also thanked us, and we left for the ship and were soon at sea. We did not anchor in Fiji, but simply left the letters, and went on our way to Rotuma, which place we reached on July 30. We were very kindly received there by the Rev. T. Moore.

We had a long, tedious passage from Rotuma, having very thick, dirty weather nearly all the way ; and when off the entrance to St. George's Channel we fell in with a strong current, which set to leeward on the east coast of New Ireland. As we neared the island, August 21, I was very anxious indeed to know how the teachers had fared during my absence, and we were a good deal troubled when we got off Port Hunter and saw no boat coming off to us. After awhile, however, the flag was hoisted on the mission-station, and right glad we were to see it. As the *John Wesley* had to beat in, I landed first with some of the teachers in the boat, and when just inside the harbour we met the teachers from the station coming out





GRAVE OF REV. JOHN HUNT, VIWA, FIJI.





to us in the mission-boat. Our first question was naturally as to the state of their health. They informed us that one teacher, Aminiasi, two teachers' wives, and two children were dead, but all the rest of the party were well, though several of them had been ill during the year.

It will be remembered that when I left I had appointed the native minister and all the teachers to their stations, and had definitely instructed the native minister to see that these appointments were carried out as soon as possible. I was, therefore, very grieved when we got on shore to find that the native minister and many of the teachers were still living together at Port Hunter, where they had formed quite a little village of their own. On asking the reason for this I could get nothing at all definite from Sailasa. None of the teachers had been injured or threatened by the natives, and nothing whatever had occurred to prevent the location of the native minister and the teachers in the villages to which I had appointed them. Only three of these appointments had been carried out, and in all of them the work had been safely prosecuted. The native minister had been appointed to Kabakada, but I found that he had never even visited the place; and that, not content with neglecting his own appointment, he had kept all the other teachers doing absolutely nothing at Port Hunter. I was very sorry indeed to find that the man on whom we had placed such dependence for the conduct and oversight of our mission had proved himself to be so incompetent for the position. I think it right, however, to say that Sailasa proved himself afterwards to be a good and earnest minister when working under the direction of others.

This state of affairs naturally caused some feelings of disappointment on landing, but otherwise the reports were good from all the stations, and the hard work in which we were at once engaged gave us little time for indulging in regret for what had taken place in the past. I found that three new stations had been taken up, in accordance with my instructions when leaving, namely, Kininigunan, Raluana, and Karavia; that a white man

named Jamieson and a Solomon Island woman had been murdered by the natives in Kabaira ; that another trader's wife had been poisoned ; and that this had led to a collision with the natives, and the station had to be abandoned. During the next few weeks we were very busily engaged in landing the timber and stores. Whilst the vessel was in port we got the captain to set in the first block of our new house, which he, of course, did in a regular shipshape manner. After the *John Wesley* left us my wife, the children, and I, had to do the best we could for many months in the little house in which I camped during the first year of the mission ; and as the principal part of it was taken up with stores, we had very little room indeed in which to move about.

I found myself with twenty-six teachers and their families on hand, with all our stores and material to arrange and care for, and the house to build ; so there was quite enough to occupy every hour of our time. I could have managed much better had I been able to use our whale-boat, but the teachers left behind had regularly wrecked her in bringing over food from the large islands, and until she was repaired she was quite useless, and I had to depend entirely upon the steam launch. As I had to take the carpenter with me to stay in her whilst I went on shore, this delayed our house-building very materially. I had, however, to arrange for the location of Sailasa, the native minister, and some three teachers, on the north coast of New Britain, and as the north-west season was beginning, I thought it advisable to land at Matupit in Blanche Bay, rather than risk the long journey round the point outside. We left the launch at anchor at Matupit and journeyed in a canoe to Malakuna, after which a two hours' walk overland brought us to Ratavul on the north-west coast, where I determined to locate one of the teachers. In this overland walk we, of course, only crossed the long crooked volcanic peninsula which has formed Blanche Bay. It seemed to be a long journey to Kabakada, and the day was very hot, so I decided to venture in a canoe ; but heartily did I regret my decision, when I found

myself in deep blue water about a mile and a half from the beach, in a nasty, spitting sea, which ever and anon jumped into our canoe in a most spiteful manner, half filling her with water, and quite alarming me lest we should go down in deep water ; in fact, we were only saved from doing so by constant bailing, and by one of the crew jumping overboard once to hold her up whilst the other bailed her out. I stepped out of her at last with much satisfaction, and with many resolves that I would never again trust myself in such a craft on such a passage.

I found that Kabakada had been occupied by Messrs. Southwell and Petherick, who were trading for Messrs. Goddefroy. The first-named gentleman had his wife with him, so the place presented quite a civilised appearance, and I was kindly received and hospitably entertained by them during my stay at Kabakada. The principal chief of that district was called Bulilalai. He was accused of being the instigator of Jamieson's murder at Kabaira, ten miles distant, and as the *Conflict* man-of-war schooner had tried to get hold of him, he was very frightened, and kept away in the bush when any strangers were about. I heard that he was down on the coast, and tried to get to see him, but he would not come near the house. I then sent a message telling him that I was unarmed, and that I would meet him with a single teacher at any place which he might appoint. When the messenger returned, I went with one of our teachers, but Bulilalai had gone into the bush when we reached the place. I contented myself with sending him a small present, and asking him to meet me in the morning. Next day, however, I found that he was still afraid, and so I thought it best to leave him alone for a while, as I might only confirm his suspicions if I pressed the matter just then. I sent all the message I wished to send by another chief. At Kabakada I bought a fine piece of land for Sailasa's house, and made an agreement with the chief to help in the erection of it. We then returned to Ratavul, where I arranged for the purchase of another piece of land by the teachers. After

staying for awhile at the house of Mr. Brunow, a trader recently located there by Captain Levison, we returned across the land to Malakuna, reaching that place just at sunset. After some little trouble we got a canoe and pulled back to Matupit, having done a good day's work. I heard at Kabakada that the trading station at Kabaira, where the man Jamieson was killed, had been again abandoned. This was then the only trading station which had been established at any place where our teachers were not located, or where we had not been in the habit of visiting. At all the other places the traders had been quite safe. I was much annoyed when we reached Matupit to find that the natives there had broken open the lockers in the steamer and stolen almost everything that was of any use to them, and some other things, such as screw wrenches, oil feeder, etc., which were of no use at all to them, but were indispensable to us. The thieves were known, but the chiefs had little or no power to compel restitution, and it was not until late on Sunday night that we could recover the articles which it was absolutely necessary for us to have to enable us to manage the steamer.

On October 9 we held our general meeting, when I formally inquired into all that had taken place during my absence. I found occasion to administer reproof in several instances; but there was, I am happy to say, no occasion for any serious exercise of discipline. We had a most interesting meeting, and our future conduct and plans were well considered. The appointments were then made. We had seven stations in Duke of York, eleven on New Britain occupied by thirteen teachers, and five on New Ireland occupied by six teachers.

I found even at that time abundant proofs that the influence of our work was being felt and acknowledged by the natives. I noticed a great change since we arrived here in 1875. At that time you would not have seen a single person, male or female, with any clothing on at all, but now (1877) there were great numbers who would have been ashamed to go without clothes. When we first came every man went about armed with



a spear and a tomahawk, but at this time we rarely saw an armed native about the place. But perhaps the greatest change was apparent in their own social intercourse. In the earlier days natives never went out of their own district except to villages where they had regular trading relations, but at this time many of the villages interchanged visits and were on friendly terms with each other. As an instance of this I give the following extract from my diary, written on November 22 : "The chief of Outam and a large number of his people came to the mission-station to-day to have a look at our house. This is the *first* time that they have ever been in this village, though they live within three miles of us. The old chief told me that he had never set foot in it before to-day, and they all said that it was only through Christianity that they had been able to come. As it was, they were all well armed and only came in force, and with much fear and trembling."

On New Ireland this change in their social relations was very apparent. The natives themselves noticed this, and often told me that before the lotu came to them they were always at war, but now they were forgetting how to fight. It is indeed the same gospel of peace still. Another point which I noticed as affording valuable testimony to the wisdom of our plan of carrying out this evangelistic work principally by native teachers, was the testimony which our teachers gave me, that the natives often considered them as belonging to them, and forming part of their own community, and that they did not thieve so much from them as they formerly did, and were also very much ashamed if they were caught doing so.

On Monday, October 22, I started for New Ireland, Topaia District, as I wished to arrange for the location of the teachers just appointed there. We had very rough weather, and our experiences were at times decidedly unpleasant. We explored the large river for some distance by canoe and on foot. It was the largest river here, and we had some trouble to pull against the rapid stream. After going about a mile the river



widened, and was much shallower, so we got out and walked. We shot no birds that were new, nor did we see any natives. We came upon one solitary footprint in the sand, which made the lad who was with me turn almost pale with fear, as they are very frightened of these terrible bushmen. He was very glad indeed when we decided to return to the beach. We slept on the beach that night, and next morning started for Kabatigoro. Here we had to remain until night, as the strong south-east wind effectually stopped our progress. There was a very heavy sea running on the coast against which it would have been simple folly to try and contend, so we made ourselves as comfortable on the beach as the ants, etc., would allow us to be, and waited for the moon to be well overhead, when we started for Kalil. As soon as it was daylight I occupied myself in skinning an alligator, which the natives had caught and sold to me. It was not a large one, but it was a tough job, and I was glad to get through with it just as we reached our destination. I arranged for one of the teachers to be stationed here, and selected a site for the station. Next day, as the strong wind still continued, I determined to leave the steamer at anchor and walk back to a town called Waatpi, which I had not been able to visit the evening before. It was a long walk, but I was glad we went. I decided upon stationing a teacher there, and so selected a site for his house. We had a miserable walk back, especially over the loose shingle on the beach. My shoes were nearly worn out, in fact the soles were quite gone in some places, so that the loose sand and pebbles worked in. For a long distance the only ease I could get was by walking in the surf on the beach, so that the rush of the water through the holes in the boots might alter the position of the gravel inside occasionally. I was heartily glad when, on limping round one of the points, I saw the little *Henry Reed* riding bravely to her anchor. I had been a little anxious about her, and so I was the more pleased to see that all was right.

On our return to Port Hunter we found the ketch *Star of*

*the East* at anchor. She was brought by two gentlemen from Sydney, Mr. Powell and Mr. Wood, on an exploring and trading expedition. Mr. Turner, from the Botanical Gardens, Sydney, also formed one of the party and was engaged in collecting living and dried plants.

On October 31 I was able to make the following statement in my diary: "We held our usual prayer-meeting this morning, and I returned from it with a very thankful heart, for this was the first time that any of these people had taken any public part in our service. I called upon Aminio to pray in Duke of York language, and also Peni Lelei of Molot, and Topilike of New Ireland. Peni was a little nervous at first, but soon recovered, and offered a very beautiful, simple, childlike prayer to God, thanking Him for His love, and entreating Him to help and bless and guide him and all these people into the true knowledge of Himself, the one true God. My eyes filled with tears as I heard him pray, and I thanked God with a grateful heart. Topilike's prayer was in the New Ireland language, of which I only understood a little, but it was very appropriate. We prayed in Fijian, in Samoan, in English, in Duke of York, and New Ireland languages; but God heard and understood, and He will answer all. Oh! how thankful I feel to Him as I write these few lines. May the time soon come when all these people shall know and serve Him."

Early in December I had to visit New Ireland again, in order to take the teachers' wives and goods over to them. They (the teachers) went over some few weeks previously, and had been engaged in putting up their houses on three new stations. We left Port Hunter in the ketch *Star of the East*, with the whale-boat in tow. Mr. Powell kindly offered to accompany us, and as we had so many to take with us I gladly accepted his kind offer. We were absent for about ten days. I did a good part of my work in the whale-boat, as I found that I could do it more quickly by pulling to windward close in shore instead of trying to beat up outside. I had, however, an unpleasant experience in doing so, which I have given under the

head of "Gesture Language" in "Incidents." At one place we visited Kalil, Kait, the lagoon Pana Kabatigoro, and other spots. When we left the latter place we pulled down to the river Kamdaru, and rested there for a while. I went up into the bush to shoot whilst waiting for the bushmen from Alaket to come down to us, according to a promise which they had made ; but they did not come, and after hearing the story which Kaplen told me as we were out shooting, I did not wonder at their still suspecting treachery. He said that a few years ago his father, King Joni, Topulu, and some others came over there and traded for provisions with these Alaket people, and so in time gained their entire confidence. On one of their visits they blew the conch shell as a signal for the bushmen to come down and trade with them. One man and two women, one a girl of about eighteen, came down, but instead of receiving them kindly the Duke of York men treacherously killed the man and one woman, and took the other one away with them, still alive, though wounded. This poor girl sat in the canoe all the way over to Duke of York, and I believe the men were anxious to save her life ; but when the Duke of York women heard this they all rushed upon her like a lot of furies, and killed and ate her. Kaplen told me that he saw this himself, and that his own mother was one of the principal ringleaders of the women ; so it must have taken place only a few years before.

I visited each station again, and also our old one at Kalil. I wrote in my diary : "We shall do well on New Ireland ; in fact, I think we have had more success at Kalil than we have had at any other place. Le Bera, the chief there, is a nice fellow, and has more influence than most of the chiefs seem to have. He strictly observes the Sabbath, and is very attentive to the service. The teacher was telling me to-day as we came over in the boat, that he (Le Bera) is very kind indeed to him, and often gives him presents—real presents, be it known, for which he actually refuses to take any return present. There is hope for New Ireland after that. My presents always cost me twice their value, and I never expected to hear of any of





VIEW OF INTERIOR OF ISLAND NA VITI LEVU, FIJI.





these people so soon understanding the relation in which the teacher stands, and their duties to him. Some few weeks ago the bushmen were fighting, and one man was killed. They brought the body a long distance to Le Bera, fully expecting that he would buy it as he used to do ; but he positively refused to do so, telling them that he was "lotu" now, and that he had given up cannibalism. They still pressed him to buy, but desisted when he gave them a significant hint that if he wished to eat human flesh again it was easy enough for him to kill some one for himself."

We again had a very rough time of it on the New Ireland coast. I had to spend the last night on the open beach, trying to sleep on the large coarse gravel of which it is composed, and was tired enough to be able to do so except when some lump of stone forced itself between my ribs, and compelled me to change my position, or when I had to dig out one of the cobbles on which my hip bone was grinding to make a hole in which it could fit with less discomfort to myself. I generally managed to hang my hammock under a tree, but the rain drove me out that night to try and find shelter under a fallen log.

During the two latter months of that year there were several collisions between the natives and the traders, and some of the trading stations were burnt.

On January 1, 1878, we left Port Hunter in company with the ketch *Star of the East*, for our second visit to Spacious Bay. Our party consisted of Mr. Powell, Mr. Wood (the owners of the vessel), Mr. Turner of the Sydney Botanical Gardens, and Mr. Holmes (old Jack), with two natives on the ketch ; and Mr. McGrath (the carpenter), a Samoan teacher, Sositeni, with myself and four natives on the steam launch. I wished to explore Spacious Bay again, and as Mr. Powell and his party were also anxious to do so we decided to go together. The journey was too far for us to make alone, as we could not carry sufficient coal in the launch, but with the ketch this was quite practicable. On January 3 we were

near Cape Buller. Mr. Wood and I went in shore in the steam launch to look for an anchorage. We landed at the mouth of a small creek, which we followed up in the boat for a short distance. It was very evident to us that there had been a recent upheaval at this place, as the bed of the creek, and also the sides of it, were entirely composed of large blocks of coral and coral débris. Whilst on shore I felt very unwell, and had many symptoms which reminded me of my old attacks of elephantiasis in Samoa; but as I had never had an attack since I came here I paid but little attention to them. As soon, however, as I got on board all doubt about the fact was speedily dispelled, and I knew at once that my old enemy had made a fresh attack. I was seized with violent shiverings, together with great prostration. Though I was in a bunk in the little, close cabin of the ketch, with three blankets over me, I still felt bitterly cold. The disease ran its usual course, and ere long I was very hot and feverish, and a violent inflammation of the leg was fully established. Next day I was still a close prisoner, miserable and despondent, wanting to work, wanting to go ashore, but unable to stir.

Whilst we were in the ketch Mr. Wood coasted close in shore with the steam launch, and saw numbers of natives on the beach. He tried all he could to get into friendly intercourse with them, but in vain. They were quite unapproachable, and slung stones at the steamer, shook their spears in a very warlike manner, and made the most insulting and indecent gestures in what one of the party called "regular Whitechapel style," and they were always named by us the "Whitechappers," to distinguish them from all the other natives we met. At this place also Kaplen, our Duke of York lad, caused a great sensation on board by calling out: "Oh, look at their tails. There they are at last!" And at once all heads were thrust out, regardless of stones or anything else. The tails were there certainly, round and of the regular orthodox shape; but a close inspection showed that they did not wag, or even project stiffly behind, but only dangled flabbily; and on a

still closer inspection they resolved themselves into the plaited ends of the cloth bands which these people all wore round their loins. Our Duke of York people at that time wore no clothes at all, so it was quite new to them to see men wear any covering.

The next two days were spent in coasting along during the day, and anchoring during the night at some convenient place for wood and water. On Monday, the 7th, we steamed into a fine snug bay at the extreme end of Spacious Bay. This pleasant and safe harbour we called Henry Reed Bay, by which name it is still distinguished on the charts. We found a large river emptying itself into the bay. This we ascended for five or six miles, when we were stopped by shallows. It was by far the largest river we had yet seen in those parts. We passed through some very pretty reaches, and found large numbers of a species of eucalyptus growing on the banks of the river, some of them being very large, fine trees. This was very interesting to Mr. Turner, as there was no previous record of any eucalyptus being found in New Britain.

Next day some of our party went on shore early to cut firewood for the steam launch, whilst Mr. Wood, Mr. Turner, and I, ascended another creek in the boat. We named this Gum-Tree Creek, from the large number of fine trees we found on the banks. I was left in charge of the boat, whilst the rest of the party went away to cut down a gum-tree for a specimen of the wood, and also to get the seeds and flowers. I improved the time by shooting some specimens for my collection of natural history. In the evening we sailed for the village at which I had landed on my previous visit. As soon as we saw the natives, those of us who had been there before were unanimous in our opinion that they were not the people we saw on our first visit. It will be remembered that I described them as being lighter in colour than our own natives, with straighter hair; that the chiefs had more power; and that the women seemed to occupy a much higher social position. These

people that we saw on our second visit were just the same as the natives all down the coast along which we had come. The explanation was very clear when we went on shore. It was very evident that the natives whom we had seen two years ago had been entirely destroyed, or driven away by the bush natives. We found one large village containing thirty-two houses, all enclosed by a strong fence, but quite deserted. Many other houses had been burnt, and amongst the ashes of one of them were large quantities of human bones. One of the natives whom we now met pointed to them in an exulting manner, and we all felt that some horrible butchery had been perpetrated there not many weeks ago. One of the houses was forty feet in length, by about sixteen in width, and was of a far superior make to any we had ever yet seen in those parts. The large central pillar was carved and painted, and at one end of the house the sides were covered with fine reed work, which was also carried up to the roof, and formed a dome round the large pillar. The house, indeed, was as far superior to those in Duke of York as a good villa is to an Australian gunyah. We went on shore to trade, but found that they had very little food indeed to spare; in fact, we could scarcely get anything at all from them. They were a rough lot, and very suspicious. At this place Kaplen, my boy, and two others, saw and shot at an animal about the size of an average pig. Kaplen, who had been to Sydney, said it was a monkey. It was not that, of course, but the question what it was has still to be answered.

Next day we ran down the bay before a strong trade-wind, but found no safe anchorage. We hauled our wind from near Cape Orford, and stretched across for the opposite shore on our return. On Friday, the 11th, we were beating all day, but had to run back to our previous anchorage at night. There was a great crowd of natives on the beach, who tried to get us ashore; and I think we should have gone, but we had no means of doing so. Towards evening the natives commenced to stone us, and made some very good shots, as many of their stones





VIEW IN TOWN OF SOMOSOMO, FIJI.





passed just over our heads, and struck the water with great force on the other side. I have always found that natives who use the bow and arrow are much more dangerous than those who have only spear and tomahawk, as many of them can shoot with great accuracy; and on this occasion I was compelled to form a high opinion of the accuracy with which natives can use the sling and stone, and of the great distance at which this weapon is effective. The stones sent from the beach seemed to come with the force of bullets, though we were some distance out at sea.

We did not reach home until after midnight on the 13th, but I was very pleased indeed that I had been able to make the trip, as I was fully satisfied that there was a good opening for mission work in and about Spacious Bay, and that it would be quite practicable to establish stations there when we were in a position to do so. We had also found that there was no waterway to the opposite side of the island, as many people had supposed.

On January 30 we heard, much to our surprise, that the old volcano in Blanche Bay was in eruption. I was just recovering from a severe attack of fever and elephantiasis, and so could not go over, even if it had been safe to do so. A day or two after I heard that Jeremia, the teacher at Topaia, was very ill, and so I decided to postpone my visit to the volcano and at once to visit him. We left at noon on February 5 in the whale-boat. On our way over we could plainly see the volcano in full eruption, and thick, heavy clouds of smoke hanging over it, and hiding the coast for many miles. We got near Kabatigoro a little before sunset. A native on the coast, anxious to give us the news, ran along calling from the beach to tell us that Jeremia was dead. It seemed to please him that he was the first to tell the bad news. We found all the teachers ill when we landed. One great trouble I had with the Fijians was to induce them to make raised bedsteads, and so they suffered far more than they would otherwise have done.

I sent away to Waatpi, asking the chief to come and see me,

but he sent a messenger to tell me that he could not come to see me, as his foot was bad. I strongly suspected that this was a falsehood, but simply sent back a friendly message, together with a small present. It was no use getting angry with him, as he was evidently frightened that I was angry with him on account of Jeremia's death. My action reassured him, and he came in the evening, bringing me a small pig as a present.

On Friday, February 15, we started for New Britain to examine the volcano, and also to assure ourselves of the safety of the teachers and their families. This volcano is situate in Blanche Bay, on the north-east coast of the island, near its northern extremity. The bay forms part of Gazelle Peninsula. I am strongly of opinion that many years ago the whole of Blanche Bay was itself an active volcano, and I think the soundings which have been recently taken by one of H.I.G.M. ships of war will probably confirm this opinion. The land on all sides is of pumice formation. My opinion is that the present entrance to Blanche Bay has been formed during some terrible eruption, which burst up the land there, and admitted the sea into the crater, and that this now forms the bay itself. Our company consisted of Messrs. Wood, Turner, McGrath, Howard, three teachers, Lelei, and myself. When we left, the whole of St. George's Channel, the large and deep strait which separates New Britain and New Ireland, was full of floating pumice; no salt water was visible, and the deep-sea channel looked just like a great sandy desert. The strong currents, however, between Duke of York and the mainland of New Britain kept the fields of pumice there in constant motion, and so we thought it was practicable to get across. We did not, however, take the steamer, but decided to go in the whale-boat. As we got close in to the New Britain coast near Nodup, we found that there was a large field of pumice between us and the beach, extending for several miles along the coast, and having an average breadth of about half a mile. We saw the boat of a trader living there a little

ahead of us, and as he sailed right into the pumice, and with sails and oars prepared to pass through it, we followed his example, presuming from his local knowledge he knew that it was practicable to do so. We soon found, however, that it was not possible to force a boat through the mass, and so we determined to regain the open water, which, after long, hard pulling, we managed to accomplish, much to our satisfaction. The trader tried to follow our example, but he had got too far in; and though he was not a hundred yards from the open sea, and had a good crew, they could not get back to the water, but had to remain prisoners until a change in the current moved the pumice away the next day. Had the whole field broken from the coast in a large mass they would probably have been carried out to sea. We pulled up the coast some distance, to a point where the field was very narrow, and then giving good way we managed to force a passage near enough to the beach to enable the natives, who waded out a short distance, to catch a long rope which we threw to them; and so they were able to drag the boat to the shore. The field was at least three feet thick, and was composed of large and small pumice, some of the pieces being as large as a barrel. Looking at it from the shore, it was difficult to believe that it was not a patch of dry reef, and it was only after attempting to walk on it that we were assured of the fact that there was deep blue sea underneath. After some refreshment we decided to cross the promontory that evening, and so started away at once. We went in at the back of the Mother, and reached Malakun, at the head of Blanche Bay, about an hour after sunset, and slept at our teacher's house, which was also occupied by Mr. W. Hicks, of Matupit, who had fled there for safety.

The following are extracts from my diary: "Saturday, February 16, started away at daylight in Mr. Hicks's boat. We pulled close past the Beehive Rocks, which we saw were gradually sinking, as the houses on them, which were some feet above high-water mark on my previous visit, were now

quite flooded at high water. A little farther down the bay I saw that the small rocks off Karavia on the south-west side of the bay, noticed in the *Blanche* survey, were raised up several feet above their former height, and several other rock patches (not before visible) near them were also recently upheaved. About a quarter of a mile nearer the beach we saw the large island which has been thrown up by the submarine volcano. The north-west side seemed cool and easy of access, so we pulled towards it, and as soon as we got into shallow water I jumped out, and waded through the hot water and pumice to the beach, so that, with the exception of W. Hicks, the half-caste trader, I was the first white man to land on this island of a week's growth. Mr. Hicks and I walked from the beach where we landed over masses of pumice and hard igneous rocks, fissured in every direction with deep cracks, through many of which smoke and steam still issued very violently. The land sloped gradually from the north-west beach to the summit of the island, where it terminated almost perpendicularly at a large cup-like cavity, the sides of which were about seventy feet in height, at the summit of the island, gradually sloping down in a circular direction towards the south-east, until they nearly united on the opposite side, a passage of about ten yards alone remaining, through which the boiling water of the crater flowed out into the bay. The cavity thus formed was full of water, apparently very deep indeed, boiling most furiously, and emitting vast clouds of sulphurous steam. It was a strange sight to see this island, bearing witness as it did to the great convulsions of nature still going on around us. A few weeks before I had passed over the spot in my boat, and all was quiet and still, with the deep waters of the bay covering the place where now such powerful agents were at work. We kept on our way round the lip of the crater until we came to the ten-yard channel I have before mentioned; and as this was full of a deep current of boiling water rushing through it to the bay, it effectually stopped our further progress. The land at this point was only a few feet above





Photo by Rev. H. Fellmann.

THE ISLAND WHICH WAS UPHEAVED IN 1878 (NEAR THE MAINLAND), THE ISLAND OF MATUPIT NEAR THE  
VOLCANOES "MOTHER AND DAUGHTERS."



the sea level, and bore the marks of very recent eruptions of boiling water discharged from the crater having flowed over it. We were not without apprehensions that we might be caught in some such eruption ourselves, and so thought it best to quit such a dangerous locality as soon as possible, more especially as the sulphurous steam was beginning to affect us. The water on the beach all round the island was quite hot, and in many places was boiling furiously. For some distance from the island the water was of a muddy, yellow colour, which contrasted in a marked manner with the clear blue sea-water a little farther out in the bay."

This eruption, as I have stated, was in the beginning of 1878, and for several years afterwards I used to read accounts of large fields of pumice found in different parts of the South Seas, some of them many hundreds of miles away from the scene of the eruption. I was much amused also in reading a contribution from the very facetious London correspondent of one of the largest dailies in Australia. This gentleman stated that he had been accustomed to subscribe regularly to a library of fiction, but he had lately met with such interesting matter in a *scientific* periodical called *Nature* that he had decided for the future to give up the fiction library and take in *Nature* instead. As one reason for this, he said that it had been gravely asserted in this *scientific* journal that during a recent eruption in Blanche Bay, in New Britain, the fish came up ready cooked, and this had decided him to transfer his subscription and patronage to *Nature*, and to give up fiction. This he no doubt considered to be a very facetious way of expressing his incredulity; but, as will be seen, it was only another illustration of the trite saying that fact is often stranger than fiction. What are the facts?

The width of Blanche Bay from the point at Raluana to Point Praed is five miles at least. From a line drawn between these points to the head of Simpson's Harbour I estimate the distance to be about eight miles; and the width of the bay from the volcano to Karavia, near which the island came up, at about

six miles. This is all deep blue sea-water. When the officers of H.M.S. *Blanche* surveyed this bay, they got no bottom at seventeen fathoms up the centre of it for nearly the entire length, and when I passed over the same track in H.M.S. *Beagle* we got no bottom at thirty fathoms, until we got very near the head of Simpson's Harbour. It will give some idea of the heat evolved by the volcano when I state that for some time after it broke out all the water in this bay was at scalding heat, and when we were at Malakuna it would have been utterly impossible even for that funny correspondent to wade more than a few inches into the water, though the tide had then been ebbing and flowing into it for several days. All the fish in this immense sheet of water were killed, and so far from it being an exaggeration to say that they were all cooked, it is easily proved that they were very much over-cooked. For example, it is well known that the tortoise-shell of commerce is procured from the hawksbill turtle, and the plan which the natives adopt for getting off the shell is by means of heat, which accounts for the charred spots which often detract so much from the value of the shell. There were hundreds of these turtles destroyed by the boiling water, and yet only twenty-seven pounds of tortoise-shell were collected from the whole of them, because the turtles had been so much boiled that in many instances nearly all the shell had dropped off. Water that was hot enough to melt the shell from the back of a hawksbill turtle was surely hot enough to cook any ordinary fish!

I have described this new submarine volcano first, because we went to it first, and because it preceded the eruption from the old crater on the mainland by a few hours. The island, when it was first upheaved, was about three miles in circumference, and in some places about a mile wide. The crater on the mainland is on the opposite or north side of the bay, situate between the Mother and the South Daughter. The old people told us that there was a small eruption, not nearly so large as the present one, some thirty or forty years before, but since then the volcano had been very quiet indeed. I had



ascended the crater twice during the previous two years, and found it to be, from all outward appearances, nearly extinct as there was only a very little light smoke ascending from the bottom, not even visible on the top of it. On one of those visits I took some photographs of the place; but on this visit I found that the side of the old crater on which my camera then stood had quite disappeared, and that the place was now the centre of the new crater. The eruption was preceded by frequent earthquakes, which were very heavy indeed on New Britain, but which we, on Duke of York Island, only twenty miles distant, scarcely felt. On the night of Sunday, February 3, the earthquakes were very violent indeed, and on Monday morning there were two tidal waves, which destroyed a large part of the shore-line. Soon after this clouds of steam were observed rising from the bay, in a direct line from the old crater on the mainland and the place from which the island I have described was upheaved. As the submarine volcano increased in strength, those steam clouds in the deep water ceased, and the old crater burst out with terrific power. The inhabitants of the bay and of the island of Matupit all fled to the high lands until the first fury of the eruption abated. When we saw the volcano it presented a grand and awful sight; billow after billow of thick black smoke and flame were shot out with great force, and formed a very high column, which towered up far above the surrounding mountains. "The Mother" is two thousand feet high, and we were all agreed that the volume of flame and smoke was at least as high above the summit as the height of the mountain itself. For a few minutes there would be a comparative lull, then a deep rumbling sound, after which there was a loud roar, followed or accompanied by violent expulsions of ashes and pumice, and cloud after cloud of thick smoke following each other in quick succession, the lower one forcing itself into the one which preceded it, whilst the upper clouds were overlapping, curling and wreathing round the lower ones, as if in very madness of frolic they were revelling in their



escape into the pure atmosphere. As we approached the crater in our boat we could see that the explosion had taken place on the side of the crater nearest the bay, and that a new cone was being rapidly formed, having for its centre what was formerly the south side of the old crater. As we approached it from the windward side, we were able to get quite close to it, and it was a most awe-inspiring sight. There was no discharge of lava, but large blocks of pumice and rock were continually being shot out, whilst the roaring could be heard distinctly at Duke of York Group, nearly twenty miles away. Not a green leaf was to be seen, though all was covered with grass and trees a fortnight before. The dead and blackened trees, with almost every branch beaten off by the stones, stood like spectres on the hillsides and gave a most mournful aspect to the scene, whilst the cocoanut trees on Matupit and places far enough away to escape destruction, were so weighted by the dust and ashes that their leaves hung straight down by the stems, giving them rather a comical appearance—in fact we all agreed that they were very much like a lot of closed gigantic Chinese umbrellas. As we could see no safe practicable way of ascending the crater we decided to return. We could hear the dull thud of the stones as they fell, and we decided that we were close enough to them, and that it would not be pleasant to get shut in by the large fields of pumice floating about the bay, an event which might easily take place by a change of wind or tide. We returned to Malakuna in the afternoon.

As we passed down the bay on our way home we found that another point of land had been formed near Escape Bay, which was about twenty feet in height and extended seawards about 150 yards from the old shore-line. The whole of the vegetation from Point Praed to the volcano was entirely destroyed, the prevailing wind having carried the pumice in that direction. This part of the coast, which was formerly so beautiful that it attracted the notice of all, was a scene of utter desolation, the banana plantations and cocoanuts,



PRESENT APPEARANCE OF CRATER, WHICH WAS FULL OF BOILING WATER  
IN 1878, AND FOR SOME YEARS AFTERWARDS.

These two views show vegetation and large casuarina trees on the island.



on which the natives depended for food, not showing a sign of life. We heard that one woman who was unable to get away was killed by the first showers of stones, but I could not find out whether this was true or not. We reached Nodup, fortunately, without meeting any large field of pumice.

It will be interesting to note here the changes which have taken place. I have visited this island several times since 1878, my last visit being in September 1905, on which occasion I took some interesting photographs of it. I found that it had materially decreased in width, the shore-line having been in many places washed away. It had also decreased somewhat in height, owing to the pumice and ashes sinking and becoming compacted by their weight and the action of the weather. I found also that the channel which formerly separated the island from some older rocks at the west end had been filled up. The island is now a long narrow one, about two and a half miles in circumference, its widest part being at the south end, where the crater of boiling water was. The cliffs, composed of pumice and ashes, are almost perpendicular both on the seaward side and also on the side of the crater, which is now open to the sea on the southern end. It is, in fact, a miniature reproduction of the way in which, as I think, the whole of Blanche Bay was formed. When I last visited the place the whole island was covered with bush, and some of the *Casuarina* trees were thirty or forty feet in height. This is a good example of the rapid disintegration of the pumice under the effect of sun, wind, and rain, and of the rapid growth of vegetation in the tropics. I think that my experiences with regard to the event are unique. I had often sailed by boat over the spot where the island now is. I landed on it when it was still hissing hot, and when all the sea around it was at scalding heat. I have lived long enough to see it covered with vegetation, and have taken photographs showing the large groves of trees on it, many of which are at least thirty or forty feet in height. I do not know how long the water remained hot in the crater, but it was still very hot two years after the eruption, for we

used to take our boats and vessels and anchor them in the current which flowed from it, in order to kill the teredo.

On the last day of February we began our quarterly meeting, which occupied two days. There was not much to occupy us in the first part, but when we came to the examination of the female class-leaders we had three very unpleasant cases to determine. I only mention these, however, as illustrations of the difficulties with which I had to contend in those early days. It appeared that some wine and spirits from a steamer then in the group had been given to three of the women at different times, and it was said that they were somewhat intoxicated afterwards. After a long and careful examination it was decided to suspend them from office as leaders. I do not think that the wine was given to these women from any bad motive; it was simply an act which the givers thought to be an expression of their good-nature. It caused me, however, very great pain and annoyance, and when our meeting was finished I was quite weary and depressed.

The next months, March and April, were the most anxious months I ever spent in my life. Almost every one of the few white men that were there were very ill with fever, and most of the teachers and their families also suffered in the same way. I sometimes wonder as I read the records in my diary how I was able to bear the strain. I often felt a strong inclination to lie down myself, as I also had the symptoms of fever upon me; but I really had not time to do so while so much depended upon what I was able to do. I believe the strong influence of the mind over the body prevented me from giving way, and was in some respects much more beneficial than any medicine I could have taken.

On Sunday, March 3, I preached at Urakukuru. In the evening, as I was giving the Sacrament, one of Mr. B.'s traders came with a letter for me, telling me that Camilla, his wife, was very ill, and in a short time he was followed by another



one, who came to ask me to go at once, as the woman was thought to be dying. I started immediately, but found her dead when I got there. In the morning she had taken breakfast with the traders, and was to all appearance well, but in the evening she was dead. It was a very sudden and distressing affair, and I could not determine what she died of, unless it was from heart disease. Her husband asked me if I thought she was poisoned by the natives. I told him distinctly, no; as I also did when he asked me if I thought she had poisoned herself.

On Tuesday, March 5, I celebrated the first marriage in the group. I have often written of Peni Luvu, who was one of the pioneer band. He was unmarried when he arrived, and as he was most of the time in or about Duke of York Island I often took him with me on my journeys. We became very much attached to each other, and I felt very glad indeed when I found that he and Lavinia, the widow of Aminiasi, had agreed to marry. I little thought, however, that in a few weeks afterwards the dear good fellow would fall under the tomahawks of the natives.

The next few weeks were very anxious times indeed for us, as all the whites and large numbers of the teachers and natives were ill. It was most depressing to hear the accounts of their sufferings, and the strain of visiting and attending to their wants was very great indeed. Most of the traders had gathered together at Mr. Blohm's station, on Makada, and I often had to go over there to visit them. The north-west winds were very strong at the time, and this caused a heavy swell in the harbour, which involved me several times in considerable danger. I was often called to go over during the night; and as I could not get the boat ready on such short notice, I often ventured in a native canoe. This was safe enough when the sea was calm, but on several occasions I got caught in mid-channel in a very heavy sea. I will give one day's record, as an illustration of the state of affairs at that time.

On Monday, March 18, Mr. Y. sent over, asking me to go

at once and see Mr. Blohm. When I arrived at the station I found every one of them ill. Mr. Blohm was lying on the floor delirious, and in a state of high fever. He was unfortunately talking in his delirium to his dead wife. This made it almost impossible for me to get any of my teachers to remain with him, as they were quite convinced that the spirit of the dead woman was present, and so they were afraid to remain in the house. Old Jack was lying on a large box in the house, almost as bad as Mr. Blohm, and laughing and ridiculing the remarks made by the latter in his delirium. Mr. Y. was lying very ill on a mat in the corner of the house. Going outside I found Captain R. and the German carpenter also very dangerously ill, so that not one of the five white men was able to make tea or prepare any food whatever. This, of course, we were able to attend to, and made them as comfortable as possible whilst I was there. On my way across I saw a trader's boat coming in from New Britain with the flag half-mast high, and I at once concluded that either his wife or child was dead. It proved to be his wife, and I buried her at Molot the same evening. I find in my diary only the words: "I got home tired and faint both in body and spirit"; but I remember well that these words expressed but very imperfectly the depression of body and mind which I then felt.

The next few days contained the same records of sickness and our efforts to relieve the sufferers. Mr. Powell, Mr. Wood, Mr. Turner, and Mr. Petherick rendered all the help they could, and some of them often relieved us of the strain of sitting up night after night to attend upon the sufferers. On March 26 I wrote: "Still more sickness. It is really enough to frighten us all. Every one seems to be ill, or just recovering. Misieli, wife, and child, are ill, the latter very seriously so; Sositeni and Sieni, Malaki, several of the Fijians, Mr. Blohm, old Jack, Young, Rodd, and the carpenter, and many of the natives. The season seems to be a most unhealthy one." Many of the patients were not able to be left alone either by day or night. The night

previous to this I had sat up all night with Mr. Blohm, and in the morning I decided that it would be better to bring him over to our own home, as I could not stand the strain of visiting the island so often. Some of the white men in port went over in our boat and we found him very ill. They put him on a litter to carry him to the boat. His last act before doing this was to insist on having his big German pipe put into his mouth, and he held it there clenched between his teeth when he was brought on to our verandah. He was quite unconscious, his eyes were fixed and staring wildly, and none of us ever expected that he would get well again. It would be tedious to give the details of these weary days of pain and depression; but there is an extract which I think it right to transcribe. On March 30 I wrote: "Blohm seems a little better to-day. Poor Salelesi (Misieli's boy) died last night, and to-day we laid him beside his sister. Poor Misieli and Paseta have now lost both the children they brought with them from Samoa. We all feel very sorry indeed for them. Juliasi and Samuela are both ill again." I remember this good couple coming after me from Samoa, in good health and strength, and full of love for the people amongst whom they laboured. Paseta was one of the first to get the fever, but she never lost her cheerful courage, and in an hour after the attack she would be as lively and cheerful as possible. It was a great blow to her and to her husband when the little girl they had brought with them from Samoa was taken away, and again when the bright, active boy who often kept us full of laughter by his antics was also taken. Then I remember that some months afterwards Misieli had to leave the body of his dear wife alongside the children who had gone before, and to return to Samoa a solitary man, to continue there his work for God amongst his own countrymen. His father was one of the Rev. Peter Turner's first converts, and was for many years one of our most devoted and successful catechists. The story of lives like these is not known upon earth, but is certainly recorded in the archives of heaven.

THE MURDER OF OUR NATIVE MINISTER, REV. SAILASA  
NAUCUKIDI, AND THREE TEACHERS

This painful incident made a great stir at the time, and at the first my conduct in connection therewith evoked some criticism from a few whose opinions were entitled to respect, though I had no reason to be dissatisfied with the opinions expressed by the great majority of my brethren and the general public. After the lapse of thirty years it is possible to review that chapter in my missionary life with a judgment tempered by the softening influences of age, and by the knowledge which has come with the years which have passed away since the event took place; and I am thankful to be able to say that, much as I deplore, as I then also did, the necessity for the action we took, I have never questioned the wisdom of the course we pursued. I can, I think, also fairly claim that the history of the mission since those days has fully justified me in the claim that I then made, that the action was absolutely forced upon us by the conduct of the natives; that it was only an act of self-defence, and for the preservation of the lives of innocent men, women, and children; and that, as it quite accorded with the sense of justice and right in the minds of the people themselves, none of the serious events which were predicted would result, but that the after effects, so far from being disastrous, would, on the contrary, be beneficial both to the people and to our mission amongst them. Natives are not fools; they well knew the cruel wrong which they had committed, and were also fully aware of the dangerous position in which we were placed in consequence of their action; and, whatever it may have appeared to others, it was to them the only possible way in which we could arrest the imminent danger to which we were exposed. They were surprised at the speediness of our action and the rapidity of our movements; but they never blamed us at the time, and they have never done so since.

That some action would be taken was quite in accordance



with all their own ideas of justice and right—and natives have these ideas, whatever some people may think to the contrary ; but they never expected that the consequences would follow the cause so quickly. Their ideas were that we, who were the aggrieved party, would retreat to Duke of York Island, that the rest of the teachers and the few whites would be at their mercy, and that in the meantime they would have plenty of time in which to prepare their deadly pit-traps, and also so to set their spear-traps in every track through the long high grass as to make it extremely dangerous for any one to approach any of their villages. Some of us, however, knew these things as well as they did ; and by the promptness of our action not only were the lives of the women and children saved, but a serious loss of life was averted which would certainly have been incurred if any action had been taken at a later date. There was no time for any combined resistance, and so only the actual perpetrators of the massacre were dealt with. As we have learned since, the numbers of those who suffered was very greatly overestimated at the time. When the accounts of the expedition were first published there were all kinds of stories from the natives, who wished to acquire a character for bravery, as to the numbers who were killed ; but when the matter was officially investigated, and the witnesses were examined on oath, only one man—and he was a Duke of York native—could testify that he had seen as many as ten bodies during the whole time, from the beginning to the end of the expedition.

I wish, however, to preface this account with a statement which I trust my readers will remember, namely, that soon after the first of my letters was written I became fully conscious of the fact that in my desire to avoid the suspicion of any attempt on my part to shirk my full share of responsibility for the part which I as an individual took in the affair, I assumed far more responsibility than I ought to have done. This was fully proved at the judicial investigation by Captain Purves of H.M.S. *Danæ*. The expedition would have been carried out, whether I went or not ; but I held that if the



teachers went, as they were firmly resolved to do, it was my duty to go with them ; and I venture still to think that, with my experience of native life and character, my presence was not only a factor in the success of the expedition, but was also a preventive against excesses which might have been committed in the excitement of conflict. This at all events was the opinion expressed by those who investigated the matter from time to time.

When we held our quarterly meeting at the end of March, Sailasa, the native minister, told me that he had been up inland from Blanche Bay, and had been very kindly received by the natives, and that they all wished him to go again. He said that a large number of people lived a short distance inland, on a fine level plain, and that they were accessible from both sides of the large promontory between Blanche Bay and Port Webber. He asked me for a few beads and other things to give to the chiefs, as a return present for the kindness shown to them on their visit. These I readily gave him, and I told him also that I was going over soon to New Britain, and would also go inland with them, or at some other place farther up the coast.'

I prepared for this journey, and on April 8 was all ready to start next morning at daylight. I was sitting in the study at night, engaged in skinning a bird, when I became aware of one of the natives on the verandah looking in at the window. I looked up and saw that it was an old fellow called Kail, one of whose accomplishments was that of cutting up the bodies of men or pigs before or after the operation of cooking them. No man's features are more indelibly fixed in my mind than are those of that old man as he looked in at the window, and whilst he never stopped chewing his betel-nut said to me : " Have you heard the story ? " To which I replied : " What story ? " " Oh," he said, " we have just heard that the New Britain natives have murdered Sailasa and some of the teachers." We had heard hundreds of tales like that before, and had paid but little attention to them ; but this time I felt a great sinking of heart



THE LATE SIR J. B. THURSTON AND WAWABALAVU, THE CHIEF WHO MURDERED  
REV. THOMAS BAKER AND PARTY.



as soon as I heard it, and felt assured that there was some truth in it, knowing as I did that Sailasa and some of the teachers had planned a journey inland. I went and told my wife, and decided not to start at daylight, as I originally intended to do, but to wait for further particulars.

Next day, however, on April 9, Ratu Livai arrived from Nodup, bringing full confirmation of the report we had heard. He told us that Sailasa and three teachers had gone inland from Ratavul, in response to the invitation they had received on their first visit; that he (Ratu Livai) and three others had started from the Blanche Bay side of the peninsula, expecting to meet Sailasa and party inland; that after he and his party had gone some distance their suspicions were aroused that some serious accident had happened, and that they themselves were in considerable danger. As they were eating some food in one of the inland towns, Ratu Livai heard the people telling their guide to advise the party to sleep that night in their village, and not go farther inland. This decided them to return at once, as it was very clear to them that the people with whom they were staying meant to kill them at night. As they had strong suspicions that the guide also was playing them false, Ratu Livai placed him in front, and told him that if he led them astray, or into any ambush, he himself would be the first to suffer. By this means they regained the beach in safety, and at once went over to Ratavul to make inquiries. There they found full confirmation of the report which they had heard, and Ratu Livai came over at once to inform me.

As soon as I heard his account I started at once for Kabakada, and reached that place on the following day, April 11. We soon found our way to Sailasa's house, and I well remember the sad scenes which I witnessed there. As soon as the widows and children saw me they set up a piteous South Sea Island death-wail, and began calling for their dead husbands and fathers to come back again to them. I have often thought that when David called out: "Oh Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee," he really believed



that the spirit of Absalom was present and heard his bitter cry. I am, at all events, very sure that this belief is entertained by all natives. Both widows and children were expostulating with the deceased, and asking why they had left them. It was little use then trying to speak trite words of comfort, and I could only sit a silent sharer of their sorrow. I well remember as I sat upon the bed, resting my elbows on my knees, and stopping my ears to the piteous cries about me, praying with great earnestness to God that He would give me wisdom sufficient for our great need. I well knew that amid this great excitement some one must keep cool, and I prayed for strength to enable me to do so. We soon heard the many horrible accounts of the murder of the teachers ; and I could see by the compressed lips of the teachers who were with me, and their significant, sullen silence, that their feelings were deeply moved. We were told also that Taleli, the reputed cause of the murder, had actually come from his own village on the previous night and proposed to the chief of Kabakada to murder the widows and children of the native minister and teachers, and to burn the house. This story we knew to be true, as two of the teachers saw him just outside of the fence. I soon found also that the Samoan and Fijian teachers had consulted together ; that they were planning an expedition inland that night, and were determined to go without telling me, for fear I should prevent them doing so. Mr. Turner and Mr. McGrath, who were with me, had also agreed to go with them. Such an expedition, I felt assured, would be a failure, and would probably cause further loss of life, and so I begged the teachers to trust the matter with me. I told them that our first duty was to save the women and children ; that it was no use whatever attempting to recover the bodies of their comrades, as they knew as well as I did that they had long been disposed of. The next morning, as I wished to gain all possible information, I sent a message to Taleli, asking him to come down and see me, assuring him that he would be perfectly safe in doing so. He very definitely refused to come, and sent me some very significant messages.



One of them was to the effect that the messenger was to tell me that he declined to come, but wished me to know that he had not eaten all his yams with the bodies of the teachers who were killed, but that he had reserved some of them to eat along with me to "kitchen" them with, and that he meant to enjoy that pleasure at no very distant date. The native word he used can only be translated by the Scotch word "kitchen," meaning a relish.

Next morning I determined to remove all the women and children, and gave orders to them to prepare to return with us at once to Port Hunter. I then went up to see Bulilalai, a noted chief of that part of the island. He was very fearful indeed of any white man going near him, as he was accused of causing the murder of Mr. Jamieson the previous year. I sent word, however, that I would go with one only of the teachers, but with no white man. I wished to secure his help and protection if possible, but, if I could not do this, at least to be certain that he would not join in combination against us. We went some distance inland, and after many precautions had been taken by the natives, I was conducted to a small house in the bush where the old chief was. I sat down by his side, told him what I had come about, and reminded him that Peni (one of the murdered teachers) was his own teacher, and at the time of his murder was under his protection. The old man told me at once that he loved Peni, that all his people were sorrowing for him, and finished by telling me, very emphatically and with appropriate gestures, that he fully intended to eat Taleli, the chief who had killed his teacher. I told him that we could not allow any cannibalism, as it was not our custom to eat men, and that it was very wrong to do so. He looked at me in a way which seemed at once to express surprise at our conduct and pity for our folly with regard to this matter, but declared himself quite ready to help us. I slept at Mr. Southwell's that evening.

I made many inquiries as to the reasons which prompted the massacre, and the way in which it was carried out, but it

was very difficult to get trustworthy information. The only reason we could find was that Taleli was jealous of the teachers going inland, as he feared that by their means articles of trade would be carried to the people in the inland villages, who had hitherto been able to obtain them only from him. Then he knew that the teachers were unarmed, and that any attack upon them would not only be comparatively safe, but would also be profitable to the assailants, as they would be able to sell portions of the dead bodies to surrounding villages for native money. The general information was that the teachers were suddenly attacked as they were going through the long grass ; that Timoti was the first one to be killed by a spear thrust, and that the rest were killed without much apparent resistance. Peni Luvu, however, was a very powerful young man, and from all that we heard he defended himself with great courage, and ultimately made his escape from his assailants, and succeeded in making his way down to Taleli's village, where he thought himself to be perfectly safe, as we all at that time regarded that chief as being very friendly towards us. The poor fellow was exhausted with his struggle, and asked for some water to drink. A cocoanut was brought to him, and we were told that as his head was thrown back in the act of drinking, Taleli nearly severed his head with one cut of the large knives used by the natives for cutting and clearing the scrub.

On Saturday, April 13, we returned to Port Hunter, and had to decide what course to pursue. I called a meeting of the few white residents who were on Duke of York, together with the teachers and some of the chiefs, and found that they were unanimous in the opinion that the only possible way to prevent a further sacrifice of life was to make a demonstration against the people in those villages where the massacre had been committed. It was felt by all that the lives of the teachers and their families who were still on New Britain were in imminent danger, as well as those of the traders. There was naturally great excitement amongst the natives at the success

which they had achieved, and it was absolutely certain that none of the remaining families would escape. Mr. Powell, I find, in his book, *Wanderings in a Wild Country*, expresses this opinion very decidedly, and states that it was quite apparent to all that "if we wished to save our lives we must either fight, and fight well, or withdraw altogether from these islands at once. As this latter plan was impossible, the former was the only alternative, and Mr. Brown at last was obliged unwillingly to admit that it must be so."

The reasons, however, which principally influenced my decision were: (1) The fact that the teachers themselves were actually preparing to go, and that they all said that life was no longer safe in any of the towns, nor was the mission work practicable, if these murderers were not punished. (2) The few whites here also assured me that unless something was done, their lives were no longer safe. They volunteered their help, and urged immediate action. Taleli, who is said to have ordered the massacre, had previously attempted the life of Mr. Hicks, a trader at Matupit; the cook of the barque *Johan Cæsar* had also a very narrow escape from him; and very recently he attempted to capture the *Franziska* schooner. Since the murder also he had sent some very insulting messages to the whites. (3) My own convictions also were that these murders would soon be followed by others, and that prompt action was necessary in order to protect the lives of those who remained, and to prevent any recurrence of such a crime. (4) On carefully considering the matter, I felt also that any such single-handed attack on our part as that proposed by the teachers and others would probably fail, or, if partially successful, would be ill-advised, as it would place us few foreigners in seeming opposition to all the natives. The matter, I felt, concerned the people as well as ourselves. The people of the towns in which the teachers had been stationed regarded the action of Taleli and his party in murdering their teachers as an insult and an injury to them, and were determined to resent it, and would certainly have done so in their own native fashion.

They were quite prepared, however, to co-operate with us ; and I determined that as some action was unavoidable, even if not desirable, it was the best plan to enlist the sympathies and help of all the well-disposed natives on our side, rather than to array them against us ; and to let the punishment of the murderers come from the natives as much as from us. The murder of Sailasa and the teachers, it must be always remembered, was not in any way connected with their position as Christian teachers, nor was it caused by any feelings of enmity against the lotu. They were killed simply because they were foreigners, and the natives who killed them did so for no other reason than their desire to eat them, and to get the little property they had with them.

To say that I felt deeply the responsibility of my position is to say but little. During those dreadful months, in which nearly every one around us was struck down with fever, I had felt much our solitary position ; but it never came upon me with such force as it did at this time. I knew in this instance that I should be held principally accountable for the action we were about to take, and that if we failed, or if any more of the teachers were killed, on me would rest the blame. I knew also that I had no precedent to guide me, and that many good people, whose opinions I respected, and whose esteem I valued, would probably condemn our action as judged from their standpoint. These, and many other points, were carefully considered ; but the conviction was forced upon me that the opinions of the foreign residents and of the teachers were correct, and that we must take some action for the protection of our own lives and the lives of the innocent men, women, and children who were dependent upon us.

After arriving at this decision, we determined to carry it out as speedily and as effectually as possible, always bearing in mind that we must so act that our conduct would bear judicial investigation at any future time. We determined, with the help of the natives, to start from both sides of the promontory whilst the event was quite recent, and before the





Photo by Rev. H. Fellmann.

THE PLACE WHERE THE NATIVE MINISTER AND THREE TEACHERS WERE KILLED.

The bodies were cut up under the cocoanut palm on the left.





natives expected us to take any action. They thought only of punishment when a big ship came ; but we determined to start as soon as we could get ready, and, leaving all the coast towns in ignorance, to push on at once to the very towns where the teachers were murdered, and where the people never dreamt that a white man or a foreigner would dare to go again.

In pursuance of this plan, we left Port Hunter for New Britain on Tuesday, April 16, just eight days after hearing of the murders. Our company consisted of Mr. Powell, of the ketch *Star of the East*, Mr. Turner, Mr. McGrath, the teachers, and myself. A boat from Messrs. Goddefroy's station at Port Wesley, with native crew, in charge of J. Knowles, a half-caste trader there, also accompanied us, and Mr. Blohm promised to follow us next day, which he did. At Nodup we met with Mr. Hicks, from Matupit, and held a consultation with Tobula and Tolituru, our chiefs there. We decided to divide our party, and agreed that Mr. Hicks should take the leadership of one party, consisting of Messrs. Powell, Turner, McGrath, Knowles, ten Fijian and four Samoan teachers, with the natives from Nodup, Matupit, and Malakuna, whilst Mr. Blohm, Mr. Young, and myself, with one Samoan teacher, should go round to the north coast and take charge of the natives there. We all left at noon for our respective stations.

The Blanche Bay party slept at Matupit that night, and we who constituted the north-coast party slept at the house of Mr. Southwell, at Kabakada. I instructed the teachers to remain in the boats all night, to keep watch, and to take special care that the boats were kept afloat. In the morning before daylight Aminio came to me and said : " You had better take care, sir, for we are sure that there is treachery on the part of the natives who promised to assist us. As we were on watch last night, we saw pigs and large quantities of diwara (native money) being carried past, and we feel certain that Taleli has been paying Bulilalai not to help us." I was very glad indeed to receive this warning, and as subsequent events showed, it probably saved us from serious loss. We started by

daylight for Taleli's village, as had been previously arranged. On our way we saw that all the men from Bulilalai's villages were coming along the open beach, instead of going into the bush by an inland path as they had agreed to do, and this conduct increased our suspicions of them. We had therefore to act very cautiously indeed, as we were only three white men (one of them very unwell) and one Samoan amongst four or five hundred natives, our native crews being of very little use if we were hard pressed. We pulled very close in to the shore and found that our supposed allies did not attempt to do any damage to Taleli's house, or commence to look after him in any way. We went as close as possible to the beach and told them to go inland as agreed upon, but the chiefs called out to us to go on shore. We were quite willing to do this as soon as they commenced any operations, but we were very unwilling to trust ourselves with them before they had clearly made known which side they intended to take. I had a conversation with the chiefs, but we all had some serious doubts as to their intentions. They kept their faces towards us, but we had a very decided impression that whilst doing this they were speaking also to some people behind them. One of our party was ill with fever, and was resting his head on the gunwale of the boat. Whilst doing so he called out: "I can see a lot of people behind the fence of Taleli's house." Subsequent events proved that our suspicions were well founded, and that up to that point Taleli's party were actually lying there, whilst our supposed allies were doing their best to get us on shore. If they had succeeded in this there is not the slightest doubt that they would all have joined forces against us. We found when we landed later in the day that our allies had put dracæna leaves on Taleli's house, thus making it sacred and secure from damage by any of their people. We also found the grass all trampled down behind the fence, showing that a large body of natives had been there.

Whilst we were talking to the natives on the beach, a number

of canoes came from some adjoining villages and encircled us from seaward, so that our position was this. We were lying off the beach in two boats, Mr. Blohm and Mr. Young in one, and a teacher and myself in the other. On the beach were about five hundred natives professedly friendly, but whose actions were most suspicious, refusing to go into the bush, or to do any damage which might commit them with the other party. Behind us were some forty canoes, containing from four to eight men each, which were gradually approaching us from the sea. We pulled out and asked them what they meant, and they told us they had come to market. I replied that there would be no market that day, and strongly advised them to go home quietly. This they promised to do, but almost as soon as we went back they returned to their former position, and were gradually drawing nearer to us. Mr. Blohm and the natives repeatedly pointed out the dangerous position we were in, especially with regard to those canoes, and at last we determined to drive them away, which we did; and in about half an hour there was not a canoe to be seen. Only two men were wounded, and as they were found out afterwards to belong to a town which was ostensibly friendly, I paid the wounded men so liberally that I think every man in the canoe was sorry that he had not been wounded also!

This action of ours in clearing off the canoes in so short a time had a very convincing effect upon our native friends on the beach, and they decided to join us, in accordance with their promise. They at once went into the bush and fought Taleli's people. As soon as we returned from chasing the canoes we landed at Taleli's house, and our crews burnt it, and destroyed his canoe, after which we lay at our anchors close in-shore all day, waiting for the Blanche Bay party to come down, as we could see by the smoke on the hills that they were successful, and, as we then thought, were working down towards us. I had given a rocket to the party, asking them to fire it if they decided to sleep inland, and we waited

for this until long after sunset. We slept that night at Nodup, and came back again the next day, Friday, and stayed until Saturday, when I received a note from Mr. Powell telling me that they had returned to Matupit, and were waiting for us there. We started at once, and reached the island during the night, and were glad indeed to find them all safe and well after an arduous but successful expedition. We ourselves had not done much on the north coast except, perhaps, impress the natives with the fact that, few in number as we were, we maintained our position with an absolute disregard of the large numbers who were opposed to us. We had only two whale-boats, and yet we were able to clear the bay of hostile canoes in a very short space of time, and we lay quietly at our anchors within a few yards of the beach for three days, though there were many hundreds of natives close to it who were ready and anxious to injure us. I am sure that the sight of such a small number of us remaining in those two boats for several days, apparently quite unconcerned at the number of those opposed to us, produced a great impression upon the minds of the people, for they often mentioned the matter to me in after years.

On reaching Matupit I got from Mr. Powell an account of their expedition. They started from Matupit soon after midnight on Wednesday, landed on the mainland, travelled by the moonlight, and before dawn were well up the first range. Here they rested and waited for the dawn. All the natives had very strict orders about cannibalism, or any mutilating of the dead, and also against injuring any women or children. The natives themselves have very little compassion on women, and state that they are worse cannibals than the men, and are always the most active in urging on a fight, and in mutilating the dead afterwards. This I fully believe from all that I have seen and heard. There were no large towns there, but every family lived in its own little enclosure. The houses were not large, and in most instances were merely huts which could be put up again in a day or two. All that were seen were burnt, and some



of the murderers were killed. The sea side of the range was very steep, and in many places the party had actually to climb. On the top was a fine level plateau of open country, dotted over with clumps of trees and cocoanut palms. On the march one of the dangers to be guarded against was that of falling into the pit-traps which are generally employed in native warfare. These pits are very cleverly made, generally on one side, or at some sharp angle of the track. Spear points, or pieces of pointed bamboo, are placed at the bottom of the pit, and the top is very carefully concealed by grass and leaves placed so naturally that it is almost impossible to see that they do not form part of the original covering. The guides, and those in the van, all carried long pointed sticks to probe for these pits; but the natives never imagined that we would venture inland so soon, and so no pits had been prepared. Another method of warfare used by these people is to conceal two spears in the high grass on each side of the track. One end of each spear is set firmly in the ground, whilst the sharp points are placed at a proper angle towards the direction from which the assailants are expected. These spears are then connected by a cord, which is stretched across the track. If any one should press against this line hurriedly, as in running or fast walking, the forward pressure draws the two spear points into his body. None of these traps, however, were found. With the exception of a determined attack made at noon, whilst our people were at dinner, there was no attempt at united resistance. This attack was made principally by means of sling and stone, though these were accompanied by some rifle shots from weapons which had been purchased by them from the traders. The sling, however, was the most effective weapon, and some of the stones came with very great force about the heads of our people, and caused a general rush for cover on the part of the native contingent. After repelling this attack nothing more was done except in the preparation of a camp, in which they all slept in the bush that night—another proof to the bushmen that they were now dealing with

a different people to their own coast people, who would never dream of sleeping inland all night. Next morning (Friday) they were early astir, and after burning some other huts farther inland, and more to the eastward, they returned to the beach, and burnt the town of Karavia, as the natives there were clearly proved to have been implicated in the affair. They then returned to Matupit, where we found them, as I have before mentioned.

On Sunday, 21st (next day), I sent out and tried to secure the bones of the murdered teachers, and succeeded in getting some belonging to Sailasa and Timote. We consulted as to what course we ought to pursue. Many of us thought that quite enough had been done; but it was shown clearly that though the natives who had suffered were all implicated in the murder, yet the town where the men were actually killed had as yet escaped, and it was not thought well to let that go free. We decided to visit the place on Tuesday. On Monday two towns sent in some diwara, as a peace-offering for having joined in the cannibalism. I was glad to receive it, and sent back a kindly message. On Tuesday we started at dawn, and landed between Karavia and Diwaon soon after sunrise. Our party were soon on their way up the hill; Mr. Blohm, Mr. Hicks, Mr. Young, and myself, taking charge of the boats and the shore party. We watched our people climbing up the steep sides of the coast range, and afterwards could follow their progress by the smoke of the huts which they fired. We soon saw that they were in the very town where our comrades had been killed. Whilst this party was inland I received a message from Karavia, the coast town burnt on Friday, asking me to go up, as they wished to make friends with me again. We went at once, and I received a present of betel nuts, cocoanuts, bananas, etc., and a roll of about fifty fathoms of diwara (shell money). I sat down amongst them, and told them how sorry we were that this had happened. I assured them that we never wished to fight, reminded them how often they had stolen from us, and how they had previously



A FIJIAN "MEKE," A DESCRIPTIVE DANCE IN WAR TIME OR AT FEASTS.



attempted to kill the teachers, but that we had never resented their conduct or tried to injure them. I told them that we fought now not to avenge the teachers, but because our own lives were in danger. They acknowledged the truth of all this, and said: "'Tis true, 'tis all true; we were the first, we were the first; we began it, not you." I accepted their offering, gave a few little presents in return, and told them that we would make a formal peace according to their own customs in a few days. I then took two pieces of cord, and made a number of knots on each cord. One of them I gave to the chief, and retained the other myself. We were each supposed to cut off one knot each night, and when all were finished I was to return to complete the peace arrangements. This pleased them very much, as it was evidently regarded as a proof of our sincerity. In the bush town several burnt and charred bones, and some little things belonging to the teachers, were recovered, thus proving that no mistake had been made.

In the evening we went to Diwaon, where the body of Sailasa had been eaten; and as they had not sent in any diwara as an acknowledgment of their offence in participating in the massacre, as they had been warned to do, most of the huts were destroyed. A woman was brought down by Aminio, and she told us they had eaten one whole body, that of Sailasa, the native minister. We reached Matupit again at 8 p.m., and next day (Wednesday) we returned home. Not a single one of our party was wounded, though Selalete, a Samoan teacher, was once in very great danger.

Peace making was effected very rapidly. The next week after our return I visited the north coast, and on Wednesday, May 8, I went in the whale-boat to Kininigunan, on New Britain, stayed there two or three days, and on Saturday went to Raluana and Barawon, the two towns which sent in shell money as payment for their cannibalism. We did not stay at these villages, but left word that we would call on our return. We then went on to Diwaon, and landed at one end of the town;



but there were no natives to be seen. I sent up a friendly chief to them, but they were all so frightened of treachery that they were afraid to come down. I was determined to see them and convince them of our desire to be friends, and so we sat for several hours on the beach waiting for them, and sending messages urging them to come. Our crew, and others, urged me to go; but I refused, and still waited on, until at last they came. Two of the chiefs brought diwara as payment, and an expression of friendship. I spoke to them very kindly, explained our position fully, and made them well pleased and satisfied of our goodwill towards them by accepting the diwara, and giving them a good present in return.

We then went on to Karavia, where we found a great number of people waiting for us, as I had sent several times telling them that we were coming to make friends with them again. Amongst the crowd was one of the chiefs from the town where Sailasa and the teachers were killed. He had sent down diwara, and asked to be forgiven; so they sent up to him to come down and meet me. Poor fellow, I am sure he never spent such an anxious hour in his life as he did that day. He was surrounded by Karavia natives, ostensibly his friends, but he evidently felt that they were no protection to him. I sat down just in front of him, as I wished to gain his confidence, and to make him feel that we really forgave the past. At first he evidently wished that I would choose a seat a little farther away from him, but afterwards he got more at ease, though he still watched every movement. I accepted his present, and those of the other chiefs, and then, in accordance with their custom, I made them a return present as a token of good-will. I then rose and spoke to them all, reviewing our conduct from the commencement of the Mission, and reminding them of our many acts of kindness to them. I assured them that we fully forgave them, and that the past should be all forgotten, and that we would be good friends again. They assented to all I said, expressed sorrow for what was done, and

begged to have a teacher stationed with them, to which I agreed.

This reconciliation was made in strict accordance with all their own native customs. We sat down opposite to each other, the Karavia people on one side of the open space in the village and our party on the other. They then brought in a lot of cooked food, and we also did the same, having taken it for that purpose. A man from the town then mixed all the food together in one large heap, from which, at the proper time, we were all to eat together. This was done to show that there was no poison or any magic spell in the food brought by either party. Then the Karavia people brought diwara as "payment" for the wrong which they had committed. I accepted this, but soon returned most of it to the people. We all then rose up and walked round the pile of food, each party finally sitting down in the opposite place to that in which they were first sitting. After this we all ate together from the one heap of food, and as they had now made all possible atonement I made them a substantial present, far exceeding in value that of the diwara which they had given as "payment"; and so we became friends again, and a peace was made which has never since been broken. I then tried to get from the bush chief the particulars of the murders, but soon found out that I could not depend on what he said, and that it was not wise to press my inquiries just then, as it would only arouse his fears. We were told that Taleli had sent messengers after the teachers, telling the bushmen to kill them. The natives from the town where they slept followed them and continued calling, as they went along the road, to other natives, who were working on their plantations, to join them, until they got a large number collected, when they were able to attack them and overpower them at once. The teachers did not appear to have had any suspicions, and were taken quite unawares. On our way home we called at Diwaon and Barawon, and made peace with them also.

As to the results of the expedition, it is with some satisfac-

tion that after the lapse of thirty years from the date of the occurrence I can reproduce—with one slight correction only as to the 'probable number of those who were killed, which we found to be grossly exaggerated—the statement which I made at the time as to the justice of our action and as to its probable results. In my letter to the General Secretary of our Missionary Society, written just after the occurrence, I said: "The effect, I am certain, has been most beneficial, and in this conviction all the foreign residents here concur. I am certain that our Mission here stands better with the natives than it did before, and that we are in a better position to do them good. They respect us more than they did, and as they all acknowledge the justice of our cause they bear us no ill-will. Human life is safe here now for many years to come. I can locate teachers in the very towns which suffered the most, and they will be well received, not because they fear us, but because they feel it to be the best thing for them. We have had several proofs since, both from New Ireland and other places, that other lives would have been sacrificed if no action had been taken by us. On looking back now, some weeks afterwards, when our feelings are not excited as they were when we first heard of the sad affair, and considering quietly and calmly the past events, I honestly believe that the plan I adopted was the best, and was, in fact, the only one which could have saved the Mission and many of our lives. It is true that some lives have been lost; but the present and future good of thousands will far outbalance that. This has been no unprovoked shooting of natives, nor was it anything like an attempt to force a way into their country by force of arms. They murdered the teachers whilst friendly with them, and whilst knowing them to be men of peace. Ours was an honourably conducted war in conjunction with the natives themselves, one which was forced upon us to save our own lives, and to prevent a recurrence of any such barbarities. I yield to none in love for the natives and in earnest desire to do them good; but to have allowed such an act to pass unpunished would have been not only

suicidal on our part, but also an act of unkindness to them. There is not a native in the group who does not acknowledge that we did right, and that no other resource was left us. We made peace with all but Taleli in a few days, and, as I said before, we stand in a better position than we did before."

Messrs. Powell, Wood, and Turner of the ketch *Star of the East*; Messrs. Blohm and Young, from Messrs. Hershheim's establishment; and Messrs. Hicks, Pethrick, and Knowles, from Messrs. Goddefroy's, and Mr. McGrath, all rendered valuable service as volunteers; and Messrs. Brunow, Southwell, and Woodward entertained us very hospitably, and gave us every assistance whilst we were on the north coast. Soon after our return I received the following letter of thanks:

"PORT HUNTER, DUKE OF YORK ISLAND,  
" May 28, 1878.

"TO THE REV. GEORGE BROWN,—

"We, the undersigned traders and foreign residents residing in New Britain and Duke of York Group, desire to express our thanks and approval of your energetic and prompt action with regard to the cold-blooded and unprovoked murder of the native Fijian minister and teachers by the natives of the interior of New Britain.

"We desire at the same time to express our sincere conviction, that but for your prompt action in the matter the lives of neither traders nor missionaries would have been safe in any part of these groups, and it was acting under this conviction we gladly rendered you every assistance in our power.

"We would also state that we have had ample proof since of the good effect produced by your actions, not only on the murderers themselves and the participators in the horrible cannibalism resulting therefrom, but also in the generally improved conduct of the surrounding tribes.

"We therefore again express our conviction that your action is fully justified not only by the sad cause which gave rise to



it, but also by the beneficial results which are so apparent to us all.

“ We beg to remain, dear Sir,

“ Your obedient servants,

(Signed)

“ WILFRED POWELL, Master, ketch *Star of the East*.

GRANVILLE A. WOOD, Mate, ketch *Star of the East*.

GEORGE TURNER, Collector.

WILLIAM HICKS, Trader for Messrs. J. C. Goddefroy's.

H. BLOHM, Trader for Messrs. Hensheim & Co.

CHARLES E. YOUNG } Residents.”

JAMES MCGRATH }

The publication of this intelligence created a good deal of excitement. The Board of Missions passed some very sympathetic resolutions, and the daily Press in the several colonies was, on the whole, very fair in its criticisms. My dear friend, Rev. B. Chapman, wrote at length in reply to some of these. We did not receive these comments until more than six months after the event. I had to reply almost immediately, and I naturally wrote under deep feeling; whilst the conscious assurance that we had done right made me reject almost unkindly the excuses which were made for my action, and also caused me again to take far more than my proper share of responsibility. As an instance of my perverse conduct I may mention that the Rev. B. Chapman had very properly pointed out, on the authority of Mr. McGrath, the difficulties which made the removal of the teachers and their families almost impossible; but in this letter I declined to accept this conclusion, and said that I could probably have removed all the teachers on New Britain before any more lives had been lost. Some months afterwards, with fuller information, I knew that Mr. Chapman, writing after examining Mr. McGrath and others, was right, and that I was wrong; and every white man in New Britain told me so. I make no excuse for this perversity except this, that I naturally



felt a little sore at some of the criticisms, and preferred to have the whole matter of our action discussed in its worst possible aspect. I am older now, and I hope I am a wiser man than I was at that time.

My feelings at the time will be well understood from the following extracts from a letter written by me to the Rev. B. Chapman, General Secretary, on November 16, 1878:

“The *Dancing Wave* arrived here on Wednesday last, the 13th instant; the *John Wesley* has not yet arrived. I boarded the vessel when outside in the channel, and Mr. Robertson gave me at once the small parcel which he had kindly brought for us. I felt very sorry indeed that our actions here had caused such trouble and anxiety to the Board, and to our many friends, and I sympathised much with you in your desire for information on details which I had not given. The fact is, that when I wrote I was afraid of saying too much, on one side, for fear of appearing to boast of what we had done; and, on the other hand, I was afraid of attempting to palliate, or to meet objections half way, for fear of appearing to be consciously guilty of having done something which we knew to be wrong; and so I judged it best just to tell the tale plainly and truthfully without comment.

“I hope when you publish this you will not head it ‘Mr. Brown’s Defence,’ or any other title like that. I do not write now to defend myself or my actions. I simply accept my position with all its responsibilities and consequences, namely, as that of a missionary placed in very difficult circumstances, without any precedent to guide him, who has been compelled to do certain acts which he believed (and still believes) to be right and proper as being the only means for preserving life; and who has thus been compelled to grieve many dear and valued friends, and to imperil, if not destroy, ‘his reputation as a missionary,’ but who has been fully justified by every resident and every visitor here, has been treated with very kind consideration by the Board, and, on the whole, has not been unkindly or unfairly criticised

by the public Press, and who is content to leave the final issue to time for the decision of his fellow-men, and to God for His judgment.

“You will remember that in my first letter I stated that all our actions were done in the expectation of a judicial inquiry. This, however, was not what I feared. A lady writer in *The Weekly Advocate*, September 28, has instinctively and kindly touched upon my greatest difficulty and my sorest temptation. (For my wife and myself I say, ‘Thanks, kind friend, though we know you not.’) I had no doubts about my duty or the necessity of action, none about what to do or how to do it; but I well remember when in poor Sailasa’s house at Kabakada—with the widows and children crying and wailing in their sorrow, as I sat bowed down beside them, with my head grasped tightly between my hands, and my ears stopped, compelling myself to be calm enough to consider the whole affair, and praying to God to help me to decide aright, that this fear of grieving old and dear friends was my greatest temptation; and now I confess, with some shame, that it almost made me coward enough to shirk doing that which, however painful to myself, was, I truly believed, my duty, and the only means of saving the lives of both teachers and traders. Of course I do not expect that all will think yet that I did right; my own conscience is clear enough; but I do not, and cannot, blame those who think differently. As I said before, I can only give the reasons which influenced our actions. I cannot make people *feel their force* as we did. They must be placed in the same circumstances.

“I am quite certain that we did not exaggerate the danger. The trader’s house at Raluana was fired, and he was compelled to flee, but the teachers remained. The same happened at Kiniginunan, and the teacher remained. We continued to visit regularly at Diwaon, the coast town which suffered, though we all knew that they tried to kill four of the teachers when I was away in Sydney. They were buying yams on the beach,



AKESA, WIDOW OF JOELI BULU.



and the natives got them all separated from each other, on the pretence of taking them to different heaps of yams, and it was by what some would call the merest accident that the plot did not succeed. We knew this, but we went there still. I do not pretend to be constitutionally a brave man, but I could easily give plenty of instances to show that neither I nor our teachers were very easily scared into a fight. I have not done so in many instances, even in my printed journals, because I do not like sensational affairs, and because I thought that some might think they were printed for the purpose. . . . We have always been as careful as possible in avoiding collision with the natives; and this has not been very easy work at all times. I will give you one instance, which can easily be substantiated by at least two of the *Johan Cæsar's* passengers, now in Sydney. Some few months ago, as I told you, we visited Spacious Bay, for the purpose of verifying, or otherwise, our ideas of the place. You will remember that when we first went there, when I was down here alone, we did not land, but this time we did so, and I think were probably the first white men who had been on shore there. We did not see the people who were there on my first visit; and our impression was that they had been driven away or killed, as we saw only the deserted houses and some burnt human bones. However, there were many natives on the beach, all armed. We landed and traded with them, and did our best to make them feel friendly. I was trading for some yams, I think, when one man snatched at a piece of red cloth in my breast-pocket. An involuntary exclamation escaped me, the man sprang back, and in an instant forty or fifty spears were lifted and pointed within a few feet of our bodies. Had there been the slightest sign of fear, of flight, or of an intention to fight nothing could have saved us. I pulled out the piece of cloth, held it up, and pointed to the man who had attempted to steal it. The natives understood, and scolded the man; the spears were dropped, and all went on well again. After that we went all over the village; but it was the narrowest escape we have



ever had, so far as I know. Until the murder of the teachers, in all our many journeys by land and sea amongst these people, I have never known a weapon even to be pointed in anger by any of us.

“I come now to your own letter in *The Weekly Advocate*, October 5. For all your kind words and consideration, you have, as you know, my heartfelt thanks; but I must, I fear, again weaken my own case with many, by saying that though the difficulties you have pointed out as hindering my withdrawing all our teachers to Duke of York did undoubtedly exist, yet I do not think they were insuperable. I did take away the teacher and his wife who were left behind at Kabakada, and all the widows and children, arriving there, as I told you, only just in time to save them. I could also, most probably, have removed all the teachers on New Britain before any more lives were lost. I did not attempt this, because I felt certain that such a step involved not only the abandonment of our Mission, but also, in all probability, the death of the few traders and one white lady at Kabakada. Their lives were threatened by Taleli, and they themselves felt that they were in imminent danger. The natives were quite demoralised after the massacre; all their angry passions were excited; the other tribes were all being tampered with, and life was no longer safe. In simple self-defence we acted as we did, rather than leave our fellow-countrymen to bear alone the fury of the storm of which we unfortunately were in some measure the cause. In this I firmly believe we did right. The whites are alive, our stations are occupied, and the teachers are respected and loved. The houses of the murdered teachers have been well looked after. Their gardens are untouched, and the people are anxiously waiting for their teachers to come by the *John Wesley*. Since I wrote you last by H.M.S. *Sandfly*, I have succeeded in getting Taleli to meet me. It was a long job, but he came at last, and we interchanged presents and became friends.

“On the Press criticisms given in *The Weekly Advocate*,

October 12, I need say but little in addition to the explanations already given, as, with the remarks made by the editor, they meet all the objections of most of the papers. I have no fault with any of them save one, and that only for 'distortion of facts.' Our conduct was open to criticism, and I fully expected that it would be criticised. I was not sanguine or simple enough to think that we would please all, or that our situation could be fully understood by those far away from us, and looking at the question from quite another standpoint from that in which we were placed. I may, however, state that I at once wrote to Sir Arthur Gordon, Her Majesty's High Commissioner of Polynesia, informing him of the affair. We only heard of the appointment being made long after we were friends again with the people. We shall be very thankful indeed for the protection and help which this appointment will afford; but in a case of immediate danger like this action had to be taken, and the consequence incurred at once.

"The article in *The Age* has been so fully replied to by one who has himself faced danger and endured trials in the mission field, that I have but little to say about it as regards myself, except to thank Mr. Watsford sincerely for his kindness in saying what he could for an absent brother missionary. I must, however, say a few words for the men with whom I am proud to labour here, as they cannot speak for themselves, except by their self-sacrificing lives and conduct. The writer speaks of us as 'bearers of glad tidings, who take care to have their muskets with them.' It will perhaps enable that gentleman and others to understand our position better than he does when I tell him that, though we landed here more than three years ago, when there was not a white man in the group, have lived amongst them ever since, have opened up the whole of this part of the group to trade and to the influences of Christianity and civilisation—though our teachers have remained, in spite of insult and injury, in villages when the houses of the traders were burnt, and from which they were

compelled to flee; yet up to the day when I took the widows and children from Kabakada our whole stock of arms consisted of only a few (three) fowling pieces never used but for shooting pigeons or for collecting birds, a small revolver, which a friend, who was anxious about me, sent us in Samoa, but which has never been fired or even pointed at a man, and an old Tower musket, left here by Captain M., which, I am sure, neither the editor nor any other sensible man would like to fire off. But for this even we had no caps, nor, as far as I know, had we a bullet amongst us, unless some of our lads had got a few for pig-shooting. We had not a single rifle nor an ounce of lead in our possession. Would either Mohammed or the writer of the article in question have come equipped in the same way, have gone where we have gone, and done what we have done? The writer also says: 'With such a motive (*i.e.*, not to desire to avenge the murder, but rather to consult the safety of the settlement in general, and to prevent future outrages) he felt himself justified in joining an expedition,' etc. Does this gentleman really condemn me for this? Does he think that in becoming missionaries we cease to be men, and, above all, cease to feel and act as Christian Englishmen? Does he think that it would have been more becoming for us to sneak away like cowards to our own shelter, and leave a few white men and one white lady to the tender mercies of a lot of cannibals who had just tasted blood, and were thirsting for more? There were men there, and one white lady, living in the same village with Sailasa, whose lives were threatened by Taleli, and who were most certainly in imminent danger from the passions excited by the murder of our teachers, and yet we, who were in some measure the hapless cause of their danger, ought to have gathered up our goods and fled to our own island, protected *ourselves* there, and left *them* to their fate! Had we done this I am quite certain that the editor of *The Age* would not have commended our conduct.

"I should like also to say a few words on one part of the very fair criticism in *The Australasian*. The writer says:

'If missionary enterprise in such an island as this leads to wars of vengeance, which may readily develop into wars of extermination, the question may be raised whether it may not be better to withdraw the Mission from savages who show so little appreciation of its benefits.' I reply that the great danger of any such wars arising (the present case notwithstanding) is not from missionary enterprise. Our Duke of York people here complain, as other natives have done, that they are forgetting how to fight, and that their young men are growing up not knowing how to throw a spear or sling a stone. The danger is from quite another source, and the missionary, by his simple presence alone, exercises a restraining influence which prevents many outrages and averts the evil consequences of others. Any one who has been much in the company of old South Sea men, when their tongues are loosed, will have heard enough to make him wish that there was a missionary on every island in Polynesia. We have been here only three years, but I only assert a simple fact when I say that the natives *everywhere* regard us as their best friends.

"Neither our teachers nor I have any fears of any more disturbances on this account, either now or at any future time. Both the coast towns are very anxious for the teachers to go there. The house at Karavia is built, and would have been occupied long ago but for the death of the teacher. The fact is, that we had public opinion here, both native and European, entirely with us. There is not a single native in the group who does not think that we did right. They all say that other murders would very soon have followed if we had acted otherwise. Taleli is the only man I do not yet fully trust."

I wrote that letter under strong feeling ; but during the many years which have passed since that time, I have never found any reason to alter the opinions and judgment which I then expressed.

During the time which elapsed between the writing of my letter of June 26, giving the first account of the murders and



the action which we had taken, and the one I have just quoted above, we were visited by Captain De Hoghton, of H.M.S. *Beagle*, who arrived in the group on August 8; and also by Captain C. G. Horne, of H.M.S. *Sandfly*, who arrived about the same time. During the six days we were over on New Britain, Captain De Hoghton examined nearly the whole of the bay, especially Karavia, one of the coast towns which suffered most for their participation in the murders. I provided him with a competent interpreter, and he made most particular inquiries of the people. He told them that a British ship-of-war visited their islands for the protection of the natives themselves as much as for the protection of the whites, and that he was also anxious to find out why the teachers were killed. To this they replied that the murders did not originate with them; that Taleli and others had sent word to the bush towns asking for the teachers to be killed; and that they themselves were not directly concerned in the murders, though they acknowledged that some of their people had helped to eat the bodies. In answer to a question as to whether they still wished for a teacher, they said they were very anxious indeed that Joni (a teacher) should come and live with them as soon as possible.

Whilst we were lying in Blanche Bay the *Sandfly* called in on her way to the extreme end of New Ireland. Captain Horne very kindly asked me to accompany him on this voyage, and I very gladly accepted his kind invitation, not only on account of my health, but also because it gave me a good opportunity for acquiring some knowledge of those parts. Captain Horne visited the north coast, and interviewed the people amongst whom Sailasa, our native minister and the other teachers, had lived. He also conversed a good deal with the white residents on the subject of the massacre, and I had his full permission to inform the Mission Board that in his opinion we acted perfectly right in the action we took, and that it had been very beneficial to the teachers and traders, and the people themselves.

A few months after this we were visited by H.I.M.S. *Ariadne*. Her commander, Captain von Werner, and the Imperial German



Consul for Samoa, Tonga, etc., Th. Weber, Esq., who was on board the vessel, made very full and particular inquiries, both from the natives and the foreign residents, quite unknown to me, and formed their opinion absolutely independently of any information supplied by me. The commander was very kind indeed to us, and was very considerate also to the natives in the various cases of house-burning, etc., on which he had to adjudicate. A nominal fine and reproof were the only punishments inflicted, with a warning that any further offence would be severely punished. Captain von Werner did all he could to strengthen our influence with the people. He brought the splendid band from the vessel up to the mission house, to the great enjoyment of ourselves and natives. He also arranged a sham fight, which very much impressed the people with the power of the weapons used by the white men. We had all our people seated in front of the mission house when the supposed attacking party were landed on the beach, and as the skirmishers gradually approached the house, and the firing in the dense bush became very rapid, it required all my efforts to assure the people that no harm was intended. At one time, when the troops had united and charged the mission house with fixed bayonets and wild cheering, I certainly expected that they would all break away and run for their lives. However, they much enjoyed the exhibition, though they were very frightened at the time. Nothing, however, was said to me about the massacre and our action until I received the following letters :

[COPY]

“MAKADA, DUKE OF YORK, ON BOARD H.I.M.S. ‘ARIADNE.’

“*December 14, 1878.*

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Enclosed I beg to return to you Captain von Werner’s letter to you and the copy of his report to the Imperial Admiralty, together with the English translation, which I made at your request.

“I will not fail to state again on this occasion that I fully coincide with the views expressed in these documents by

Captain von Werner, and I feel that great thanks are due to you for what you have done for all.

“I hope sincerely that sentimentality and false humanity will not succeed in troubling you seriously, and I shall be very glad if I should at any time be able to be of any service to you in this matter.

“With kindest regards and sincerest wishes for your welfare, I beg to remain, my dear sir, yours very truly,

(Signed) “TH. WEBER,  
“*Imperial German Consul for Samoa, Tonga, etc.*

“REV. GEO. BROWN, ETC., PRESENT.”

[TRANSLATION]

“HARBOUR OF MAKADA,  
“*December 14, 1878.*

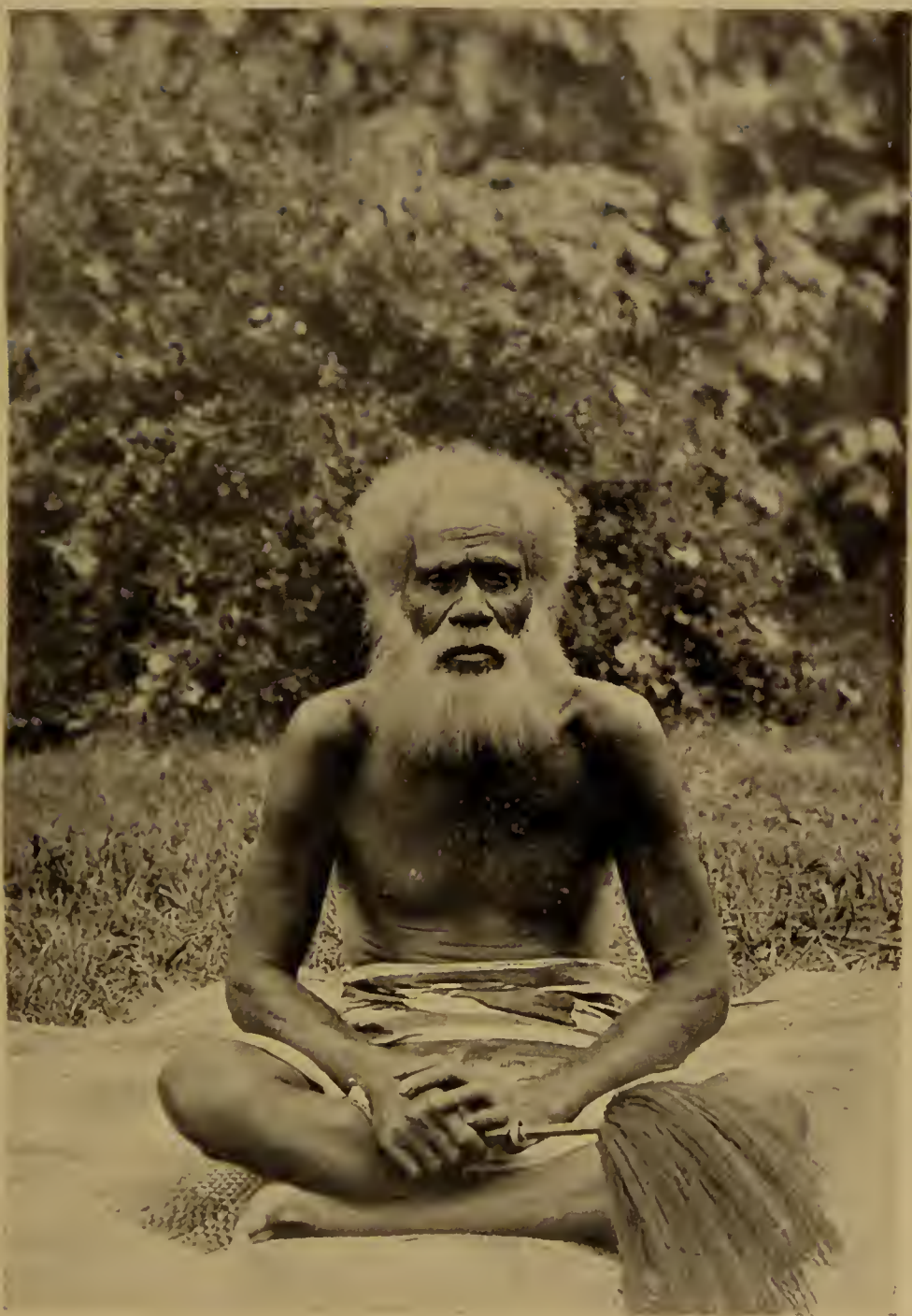
“REVEREND SIR,

“In consequence of the murder of some persons belonging to your Mission, you have in April this year undertaken an expedition against the murderers, leading to a sanguinary encounter.

“Although this matter does apparently not concern other than English interests, still I have been informed here on the spot to the effect that this expedition, undertaken under your wise guidance, was not an act of revenge only, but principally a command of self-help, because otherwise a general rising of the natives would have taken place, which could only have ended with the murder of all foreigners living here.

“I have also been informed to the effect that the issue of this expedition became such a favourable one only because you, reverend sir, by taking its guidance upon you, thereby obtained at the same time the power to check the aroused passions and to prevent an excess of bloodshed, whereby otherwise the final result of this expedition might have become again a doubtful one.

“This favourable issue, which has also materially benefited German interests, has thus caused me to inform my Government of the sentiments of gratitude which your noble and



A CHIEF OF REWA.



courageous action has created in the hearts as well of all Germans living here as also those foreigners who are in German employ.

“At the same time I omit not also to express personally, in my capacity as a representative of His Majesty the German Emperor, my kindest and most cordial thanks to you for what you have done from humanity for my German brethren.

“I have the honour to remain, with the expression of highest consideration, reverend sir, yours obediently and gratefully,

(Signed) “VON WERNER,  
“*Captain of Corvette and Commandant.*

“TO THE REVEREND MR. BROWN.”

[TRANSLATION]

“DUKE OF YORK ISLAND,  
“*December 12, 1878.*

“I have the honour to report to the Imperial Admiralty most obediently as follows :

“As you will, no doubt, have been made aware of ere this, the English missionary, Mr. Brown, with the assistance of Fijian and Samoan mission teachers who are under his orders, and also of foreigners living in these parts, undertook an expedition in April this year against the natives of New Britain for the defence of life and property of all foreigners living here, in consequence, whereof, about one hundred natives<sup>1</sup> lost their lives. This brave deed has been very harshly criticised in many quarters in Australia, but especially by the Government of Fiji, to which jurisdiction Mr. Brown belongs, and it has been hinted to me in Levuka by competent parties that Mr. Brown is to be put on his trial for manslaughter, and that he would be punished at least with five years' imprisonment, as the privilege of defending his life in such a manner could not be allowed to a missionary. The Chief Justice of the colony of Fiji told me himself that he would leave Levuka at the beginning of December in the English corvette *Nymph*, to proceed to Duke of York, and conduct the inquiry on the spot.

<sup>1</sup> See page 313.



“These contradictory opinions made it difficult to arrive at a correct view of the situation from a distance, and I was agreeably surprised to find the information which I received here from Germans and German trading agents to be of such a nature that the sympathy which I had already felt before for this brave man could only be strengthened thereby. All information which I received agrees upon this—that no foreigner living ashore would now be alive, and that all foreign property would be destroyed, but for the action of Mr. Brown, and that consequently the greatest thanks are due to this man, who left his wife and children behind under the protection of doubtful savages, in order to jeopardise his life for the lives of all foreigners living here and for their property.

“This unanimous acknowledgment of this brave deed, by which next of all something like order and security have been brought about in the state of affairs here, causes me to submit this matter to the wise consideration of the Imperial Admiralty, as a warm commendation from the Imperial Government is due to Mr. Brown according to my estimation, because, although Mr. Brown jeopardised his life as well for all, without distinction of nationality, still practically he has done so for German interests principally, as, so far, only Germany has got commercial interests here, even if many of the trading agents in German employ are English subjects. Perhaps the Imperial Government may feel all the more inclined towards such a well-deserved commendation, since this heroic deed, committed with the best and clearest conscience, is judged of so harshly by his own country.

“A letter of acknowledgment from the Imperial Government to the Government of Great Britain would be perhaps the best and most useful commendation for Mr. Brown; for the present I have myself, as a representative of the German Government, addressed a letter of thanks to Mr. Brown.

(Signed) “VON WERNER,  
*Captain of Corvette.*

“TO THE IMPERIAL ADMIRALTY, BERLIN.”

In accordance with this request, a letter was addressed to the Marquis of Salisbury by Herr von Munster, the German Ambassador in London, from which the following is an extract :

“From the concurrent communications of all the Germans residing in the Island, as well as from the announcement to the Imperial Government from the Commander of H.M. corvette *Ariadne*, it appears that but for the courageous act of the English missionary all the foreigners living in that part of the coast of New Britain would undoubtedly have been exposed to very serious dangers of life and property.

“It is therefore the desire of the Imperial Government, that the most cordial thanks should be expressed to your Excellency on our part for Mr. Brown’s estimable and courageous conduct in protecting the interests of the Germans in New Britain. Whilst, therefore, I have the honour of discharging hereby the commission intrusted in me, I think I may be allowed to express the hope that the acknowledgment awarded to Mr. Brown by the Imperial Government may, perhaps, in case of necessity, guard this spirited man, so highly deserving in regard to the interests of all foreigners in that group of islands, from the troubles into which he is reported to have fallen with the Royal British Authorities, in consequence of the expedition mentioned in the beginning.

“With the most distinguished consideration, I have, etc.,

(Signed) “MUNSTER.”

The visit of this splendid vessel, the *Ariadne*, and the kindness we received from all on board, did much to cheer us in our loneliness, and I think it also strengthened our position with the natives. When the vessel left Makada Harbour, Captain von Werner brought her quite close to the high cliffs on which our house was built, as the water was very deep almost up to the shore-line. It was quite a surprise to us when we heard the band playing, and, of course, we were soon out on the edge of the cliffs, looking down almost direct

upon her decks. The officers and crew were all mustered, and it was a fine sight to see such a large vessel under steam so close to our house. As they steamed away the crew manned the rigging and lower yards, and gave us three hearty cheers in wishing us good-bye. We were quite unprepared for such a compliment, but we did the best we could in reply, some of us expressing our feelings in the old British way, and the natives by uttering the most piercing yells and shouts that they could produce. It would be simple affectation if I were not to say that we felt pleased that our actions met with such approval as was expressed in the letters of Captain von Werner and Mr. A. Weber, Imperial German Consul, and in their conduct to us whilst they were with us.

Before leaving this part of our history, I will give the account of our relations with the man who played such a prominent part in the affair of which I have been writing. Taleli was a man who in many respects was far above the people amongst whom he lived. Under different conditions he would no doubt have been a leader amongst the people. As it was, his natural force of character and intelligence caused him to be feared, if not respected, throughout the whole of the district in which he lived. It was a great pleasure to me when I succeeded, some few months after the occurrence, in again adding Taleli to the number of my friends. I had made peace previously with all the rest of the people before I succeeded in securing an interview with him. One morning, however, in October, I think, I got him to come to me at his own village, and after a long talk he consented to accept the conditions which I proposed to him, namely, that he should pay for the injuries he had committed, as all the other chiefs had done. He brought the payment for which I had stipulated, but he had evidently misunderstood my motive in seeking to make peace with him, or he had calculated too much on my simplicity and ignorance, for on counting the

shell money I found it to be considerably short of the specified quantity. The stuff was, of course, of no value to me at all, but it was important that I should maintain the position which I had assumed. I therefore refused to accept the diwara which he had brought, and returned it to him, thus leaving the matter *in statu quo*. I think this action gave Taleli an increased appreciation of my intelligence; at all events, after chewing his betel-nut, and evidently considering what was best to be done, he went away, and brought back an additional quantity of diwara. I could see at a glance that he had not yet brought sufficient, but I deemed it wiser in this instance not to recount it, and to be satisfied with what I had got, leaving to him the consolation that he had at all events cheated me out of some of it. It is not wise in these cases to press the matter too far. I then returned him most of the money (diwara) which he had brought, and gave him a very good present in return, so that I really paid far more than he did; but the prestige, which was all I wanted, was on my side. We had a good talk, and I then took up a stone and said to him: "Now, Taleli, suppose I take this stone out into the blue ocean and drop it overboard, what would become of it?" He said it would go to the bottom out of sight. "Well," I said, "this stone represents our quarrel, and I fling it now into the ocean, and it is gone out of sight and can never be seen again." He was evidently very much impressed; and ever after when I was visiting his place, especially during the time when we were building Mr. Danks's house at Kabakada, I went about his village without the slightest fear. I remember once walking with him when we came upon the ruins of his large canoe which we had broken up. He looked down at me and smiled, pointing to the broken planks, and then put his arm around me in a most friendly way.

Perhaps I may be forgiven if I state here some of the principles on which I have always acted in dealing with natives, and which, in my opinion, have given me some of the



influence over them which many believe that I have. One of these principles was never to break my word to a native, even in small matters. If I told a native teacher I would be at his village on any given date, I always managed to get there, and the consequence was that I found all needful preparations made both for myself and crew. I have known some who would put off such a journey from some little indisposition or other trivial cause, and go on a date when they were not expected, and then were cross because no proper preparations had been made for their reception. Once the natives know that they can implicitly trust your word they will honour that trust by giving you their confidence. The other principles were, never to make foolish threats which were never intended to be carried out; and not to nag or be perpetually fault-finding for little faults. A native chief will often get into a furious rage with his people, but when his anger has passed he resumes his friendly relationship with them, and he loses no popularity whatever by the occurrence; but I am quite certain that no natives would either honour or obey for any length of time a chief who was always finding fault with them.

I had some very good proofs in Taleli's conduct towards me that my character for always keeping my word and promise was well known to the people. I had told him, for instance, that when the *John Wesley* came in and called at Kabakada he was to come on board, and I would give him a present; and this he agreed to do. However, when the vessel arrived I found it utterly impossible for me to go over in her to Kabakada, but I certainly did not forget my promise. I sent a native on board the ship with special instructions to go at once to Taleli and explain the reason why I had not come, but inviting him on board, and to give him the present. When the messenger went Taleli listened quietly, but on the conclusion he said: "Is Mr. Brown on board?" "No; but he has sent a present for you, and you can get it on board." But he resolutely declined to go, saying: "If Mr. Brown



were on board I would go, but I will not trust myself if he is not there." I was very pleased at this mark of confidence, especially as I knew that there was a big price offered by some of the foreign residents for Taleli, either dead or alive. But I think the most gratifying proof that he gave of his confidence in my word was some time after this, when we were building the house for Mr. Danks. It was just at the commencement of that very severe illness which finally necessitated my temporary removal from the Group. I was lying on the floor in one of the partly finished rooms when Taleli came in. He sat down by my side, and asked me what was the matter with me. I told him, and said: "I am very ill indeed." After talking a while he stretched himself out alongside of me with his musket, without which he never travelled, between his legs and went sound asleep. I must confess that I felt quite proud when I saw him lying there. He of course knew well what a cruel wrong he had done us, and he also knew that a large amount of diwara was offered by some of the various foreign residents for his capture, and yet he had such confidence in my word that he could lie down and go to sleep, thus putting himself absolutely in our power, because I had told him that we had fully forgiven the past.

I took his likeness several times, and often look at it now with deep interest. I really liked the man, though I fear he was a big rascal; but we got to be great friends, and after I left the group I used to receive very kindly messages from him. He was finally deported by the German Government to New Guinea, and died there an exile from his own land, and I, for one, felt very sorry indeed when I heard that he had passed away.

On December 2, 1878, the *John Wesley* arrived at Port Hunter, and our hearts were gladdened to find the Rev. B. and Mrs. Danks on board. The Rev. J. J. Watsford was also on board as a passenger; and for this I also felt very glad, as we had long wished for a visit from one of our brethren who could

present an impartial report of the work done and of the general conditions of the Mission. As soon as possible we all went over to New Britain, and visited most of the stations there. Whilst we were at one village the men, women, and children came round us in great numbers, and some of the children especially got hold of my hand and also of my dress, and were evidently pleased at our visit. I said to our friends: "These people do not seem very frightened, or appear to have any ill-feeling against us." To which they replied: "No, indeed. They seem quite at home with you." I then surprised them by saying that we were then in the town of Diwaon, which we had destroyed for their participation in the murder, and for their cannibalism in eating the body of Sailasa, not very far from the place where we then stood.

It was on this visit also that I found, from a remark which I accidentally overheard, that there had evidently been an impression amongst some members of the Board and others that I had been trying to cover too much ground, and so had scattered the teachers over a large extent of coast, thus preventing them from uniting together for mutual protection in case of danger. It was, I was informed, a surprise to our visitors to find that on the north coast, where Sailasa lived, there were four teachers and another Fijian stationed on four miles of the coast, and that in Blanche Bay the teachers were all within a mile or two of each other. The knowledge that this wrong impression existed grieved me a good deal at the time, though I felt that I could scarcely blame those who entertained that opinion, as so little was then known of the geography of the district. It is true that I liked to go ahead; but I knew well that any steady progress could only be secured by working from a strong and firmly set base of operations, and it was in accordance with that principle that all the teachers were appointed. My own visits to outlying places and districts were only preparatory, to accustom the people to us and to make ourselves known; and there were few places within a radius of many miles round Port Hunter which were not



FIJIAN GIRLS.





acquainted with the *Henry Reed* or my whale-boat. I noticed in the first letter that my colleague Mr. Danks wrote he said: "I, in common with many others in the colonies, was under the impression that the teachers were very much scattered, and thus in times of danger were without assistance. This is a wrong impression. The teachers are so placed that in four hours they could all assemble in a good place for protection, and when the new arrivals are stationed one hour's walk will take any one teacher to his neighbour."

On the first Sunday after the arrival of the *John Wesley* Mr. Watsford baptized our little boy Wallis, who was the first white child born in the Mission; after which I had the great honour and privilege of baptizing five young men from Duke of York and two from New Ireland. They had been under instruction almost from the commencement of the Mission, had long conducted family prayer in their own houses, and had often proved the sincerity of their convictions by the consistency of their conduct. It was a very thrilling service. The young men all chose the names which were given to them in baptism; and as they were the first natives who were received into the Church of Christ in New Britain, I place their names on record:

Penijimani (Benjamin) Lelei, of Molot.

Paula (Paul) Kaplen, of Kinawanua.

Jiali (Charlie) Noa, of Kinawanua.

Inoki (Enoch) To Bagbag, of Kinawanua.

Loti (Lot) Alik, of Kinawanua.

Petero (Peter) Topilike, of Kalil, New Ireland.

Apisa (Abijah) Turane, of Kalil, New Ireland.

Every one of these seven men became local preachers; five of them were afterwards appointed as teachers and pastors to other villages, one of whom (Inoki To Bagbag) is still in the work. It is a great joy to me to be able to record that all the rest witnessed a good confession, and were faithful unto death.

In the afternoon we held a service in Fijian, at which all the newly received converts were present, and for the first time



joined with us in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It was indeed a blessed service, and my heart was full of gratitude and love to our Heavenly Father. I wrote in my diary at night: "From this day dates the beginning of the Church in this Mission. God grant that many more may be added to the number." And now, after the lapse of more than thirty years, we have abundant proof that God has heard and answered the many prayers which were offered up on behalf of the people in New Britain.

The *John Wesley* sailed for Fiji on December 26, and we soon settled down to the hard work necessitated by the formation of a new mission station at Kabakada. Our launch had been gradually showing signs of the hard work which had been done; but our new colleague, Mr. Danks, was an expert engineer, and he succeeded in effecting some very necessary repairs, and soon had her in very fair working order. His services in taking this work off my hands were very valuable, and we all felt very grateful to him.

On January 2, 1879, just a week after the *John Wesley* left us, the carpenter and I started for Kabakada, leaving Mr. Danks to follow in the steam launch, which he did on the 7th. We were soon all hard at work on the new house. A few short extracts from my diary will give only a very imperfect idea of the work done during the next three months, as my readers can have no correct idea of the distances which were travelled, or of the exposure to sun and rain which many of these journeys involved. The privations and anxieties of the past months were beginning to tell upon me, and I see now that if I had paid heed to the warnings which I received from the ever-recurring attacks of illness, I might have been spared much subsequent suffering:

"On January 8 I went to Urara, an island off Kabair, and from there away to Matavat, where I stayed part of two days. Called at Port Weber on my way up. On the 14th returned to Port Hunter. On 16th I was away again in the boat to Port Wesley (Meoko), to select land for teacher at Kerawara.

Mrs. Danks and Mrs. Brown went with me. On Sunday (19th) I preached at Port Hunter in the morning, and at Waira in the afternoon, going on to Port Wesley in the evening. 20th, opened two churches, one at Meoko, and the other at Utuan. 22nd, left very early for Kabakada; stayed there until February 16, superintending and helping at house during Mr. Danks's absence at Port Hunter. During that time I visited old Bulilalai, and at last got him to pay us a visit."

I give also the following extracts from my diary as they were written at the time. They will, I think, give some idea of the state of society at the time amongst whites, as well as amongst natives, of the work which was done, and of some of the difficulties we had with some of our native colleagues: "He (Bulilalai) brought me a pig, and I hope now he feels himself safe with us. I hear he has lots of property belonging to Jamieson, who, there is little doubt, was murdered by his orders.

"On February 7 I walked to Malakuna, and from there took our boats and went on board the *Halton Castle*, Captain Angel. She has called in here on her way to New Zealand. No news, no newspapers. She left on February 8 for Wellington. I got very wet indeed both going and returning. Whilst over at Matupit Mr. Blohm and I made many inquiries about the disappearance of a man called Tom from the brig *Adolph*. As far as we can find out, there was a quarrel on board on Christmas Day, and Tom was wounded and cut about the head by Captain L. with an iron belaying pin. He was afterwards put on shore by the ship's boat. At 7 p.m. he went to the carpenter's, and seemed quite quiet and sensible. He asked for a place to sleep, but the carpenter told him to go to Joni's first, and if he could not get a bed there then he could sleep in his outhouse. From this there are no certain accounts. One story is that he was sleeping on the sand spit in front of the house when the boat returned in the night, and that some of the crew murdered him *by orders*. The only thing which is certain is that he was killed

ashore. A stone was put round his neck, and he was thrown into the harbour. His body was seen floating about the harbour afterwards. The strange thing about the affair is that neither of the white men here even mentioned the affair, and when we spoke of it they at first pretended not to know what had become of the man."

"On February 15 I went to Man Island, and had a very bad attack of fever on the way."

"On March 3 I left again for New Britain in the new boat."

"On Tuesday, March 4, I did a very foolish thing. I wished to inspect the land selected by the teachers for Samuela at Birara, and so I started in a canoe immediately after having a cup of cocoa, expecting to be back for a late breakfast. I was, however, quite out in my calculations, and found that the place was very much farther away than I expected. We went several miles in the canoe, then landed and started inland. We had to go first through some few miles of lowland covered with very dense bush, and full of fever, I think. I was not nearly recovered from my recent illness, and felt a cold, clammy feeling creeping all over me as we posted through the lowlands as fast as we could. We walked about six miles, and then came to the chief's house. Here we got a few unripe bananas, but I could not manage to eat them; and as I failed in my endeavours to get either eggs or fowls on such a short notice, I had to go without my dinner. On the whole, I approved of the site selected, and after sitting for some time and having a short service we started for Kininungan again. On the way back I called to see two of the traders, and found one of them suffering very much from fever. He had put up his house, a miserable shanty, on a piece of land bounded on three sides by a swamp, about the very worst site on the coast, and of course he paid the penalty. He had to remove a few days after my visit, and one of his family died. I fortunately got a cup of tea about 4 p.m., which staved off a nasty headache, and then reached Peni's house again at



TWO FIJIAN LADIES OF HIGH RANK.





sunset, having walked the last mile and a half over loose sand, in which we sank up to our ankles almost every step. Having just recovered from a severe illness, and then going over 20 miles in a canoe and overland without any food from sunrise to sunset, it is no wonder that I too had to pay the penalty. However, I got off better than I deserved, and next morning felt but little the worse.

“Next morning, March 5, I baptized the son of Samuela and Losaline (Penijimani), and then started for Raluana, where I had to open a nice new chapel. The teacher's house and the chapel here have unfortunately been built on sacred ground, *i.e.* ground on which no woman or any of the uninitiated boys can go. After some trouble I got them to remove this tabu by paying them for it; and then we prepared to have service. It took an hour, however, before we could manage to persuade any of the women to venture in. Not only had they never dared to go on the land before, but it was quite a new thing for women and men to assemble or sit together. We got a few in, however, at last, one old lady being very conspicuous in a large white shirt. I had made a special appeal to this woman because she was the wife of a chief, and I thought some other women would follow if she set the example. The poor little woman after consenting to come to the church no doubt felt that she ought to wear some clothing, and as her entire wardrobe at that time consisted of a string of beads, or a piece of string without the beads, she naturally went to the teacher and asked him to lend her something. He had nothing available but a new white shirt, which she gladly accepted. He was a very big man, and the shirt, even if it could be considered as an appropriate garment for a chief's wife, was very much too large for a woman of her size. The sleeves were so long that the cuffs hung down far below the tips of her fingers, and when she stood up to sing she presented such a ludicrous appearance, and appeared to be so very uncomfortable, that I could not help

wishing that she had left the shirt in the teacher's box, even if she had to come to me as the others did, in their native costume of sunshine. I excused her from standing when the next hymn was sung, as the sight was rather too much for me, though neither the natives nor the teachers saw anything to smile at in her appearance.

"After service I went to Karavia, and found Samuela and some of his family and Peni's wife sick with fever. There they were, lying on the ground, though I had begged and entreated them to make raised bedsteads. Nay, I even threatened at our last meeting to suspend and send back to Fiji any teacher who did not do so ; but it seemed quite unavailing. And, worse still, there was the quinine bottle untouched in the teacher's box, though they well knew its value and how to use it. It seems to be a bad trait in Fijian character that they lose heart so soon when they are sick, and apparently resign themselves, like fatalists, to whatever they fancy is to be. Samuela's sickness had assumed the remittent character, and he was evidently very weak. Fortunately I had stimulants with me, and I gave him at once a glass of brandy and ten grains of quinine, leaving with him a similar dose for the morning, and ordering them to report to me the following day. I heard here bad news about Ratu Livai being very ill at Nodup, and so determined to get on there as soon as possible. Called at Diwaon, and saw the site selected for Samuela's house. The house was nearly finished, but, as usual when the teachers have to be trusted to select the site, it was a very poor one. There were plenty of bananas on the ground, and that seems to have blinded them to the fact that the drainage from the hills just behind must flow right through it. Got back to Raluana just after sunset thoroughly tired out. I intended to remain here all night, and go on to Nodup early in the morning, as we had done a very hard day's work ; but after supper I found that sleep was out of the question. I kept thinking about the news I had heard of Ratu Livai's illness, and got so troubled about it that at last I determined

to go on at once in the moonlight. As soon as we got fairly out in the bay I was glad to find that there was no wind which would require me to keep awake, as I could hold out no longer. I lay down on the seat, and, utterly worn out, managed to sleep for an hour. We then got into a nasty cross sea under the Mother, which made our progress very slow, and we did not reach Nodup until about 2 a.m. Contrary to our expectations, we found Ratu Livai very much better, in fact, nearly well. We rested all next day, and I opened the new church here in the evening, after which we started at once for Kabakada.

“On Friday, March 7, Mr. Danks left for Port Hunter, and I remained. I was not at all well on Saturday, but managed to preach in New Britain language on Sunday, after which I was ill all the week until Mr. Danks returned on Thursday. I left in the boat on Friday, 14th, and got home only to be ill for days. In fact, I was scarcely out of bed until about the 26th, when Mr. Southwell arrived in the *Minnie Low*, and brought us letters from home.

“Sunday, April 6. Preached at Molot this morning, and at Kinawanua in the evening, to good congregations. What a change there has been effected here in three years! To God be all the praise. Just twelve months to-day since the teachers were murdered. Last year we had nothing but sickness and death at this season. This year has been far more healthy.”



TROUBLOUS DAYS, AND A BRIGHTER  
MORNING





## VII

### TROUBLOUS DAYS, AND A BRIGHTER MORNING

AFTER these there are no more entries in my diary for several months. Though I kept up and did some little work it soon became evident that I was seriously ill, and that unless I left the Group at once, and got medical assistance, there was no hope of my recovery. Very fortunately, our kind friend Mr. Hershheim was going to Cooktown in the steam launch *Alice*, and though the accommodation on such a small vessel was very limited he very kindly offered to take me. We had only very short notice, but I managed to get ready, and we left the harbour of Makada on May 1, 1879. My wife and our three children had to remain behind, as it was quite impossible to take them on such a very small vessel. My good colleague, Rev. B. Danks, seems to have been very anxious about me, as I found out afterwards. He wrote to the General Secretary under date April 30: "Mr. Brown leaves here for Cooktown to-morrow in the steam launch *Alice*, which belongs to Captain Hershheim. Mr. Brown is very ill—so ill that I am very much concerned about the future. In all probability you will see him in Sydney, as he thinks of going on from Cooktown. May God grant him health, for he is almost worn out with continued suffering." Mr. Hershheim, or Captain Hershheim, as we always called him, was, as usual, very kind indeed, and fortunately we had a fine passage to Cooktown. I knew no one there; but a kind friend who heard that a sick missionary had arrived

came down to the wharf, and very kindly took me to his home, where I stayed until a steamer was going south. Mr. Hartley, the son of a well-known minister of the Primitive Methodist Church, was an utter stranger to me, but he and his good wife nursed me very lovingly whilst I was in Cooktown. They may have forgotten the stranger whom they took into their home, but I have never forgotten their kindness, and I trust that they will one day hear the Master say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these My brethren, even these least, ye did it unto Me." I left Cooktown in the S.S. *Egmont* for Sydney; and here again I was fortunate, for I found that the chief officer was my old friend Captain W. C. Thompson, formerly an officer in the *John Wesley*. He very kindly gave me a berth in his own cabin on the upper deck, where we had many a good yarn about old times on our journey down the coast.

At Brisbane I stayed for some days, where my dear friend Rev. R. Sellors (now Dr. Sellors) was in charge of the Albert Street Circuit. I well remember how thankful I was for the glorious winter weather of Brisbane, and how grateful I felt to my kind friends Rev. F. T. Brentnall and Mr. Rutledge (now His Honour Sir Arthur Rutledge) and to Dr. Sellors for their kind words, both in public and in private. I was sadly in need of a little sympathy at that time, and the kindness of the men I have named, and many others, did much to cheer and strengthen me. I had, of course, to lecture, which I did in the Albert Street Church on May 19; and as that was my first public appearance since the event, my allusions to our action in the Blanche Bay matter naturally excited some attention, and were fully reported. The address was well received by the audience, and I had no reason to complain of the subsequent criticisms which were made on it in the public Press.

I arrived in Sydney a few days afterwards, and was very kindly received by Rev. B. Chapman, the General Secretary, and by many friends there. Mr. and Mrs. William Clarke,

then living at Castlereagh Street, Redfern, had, I found, made a special request that I should stay with them on my arrival, and I went at once to their home. Mr. Clarke was then manager of a bank in Pitt Street. I have, as I gratefully acknowledge, received much kindness from many kind friends, but I always remember with feelings of the deepest and most sincere gratitude the loving care and tender sympathy which I received from Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, and from every member of their family. It was well known before my arrival that I was very seriously ill, and the prospect of having the care of a man in such a condition might well have deterred any one from offering to take such a responsibility; but I was never allowed to feel that the unwearied care and attention which Mrs. Clarke especially bestowed upon me was at all onerous to them, or considered otherwise than as a work which they were privileged to do for Christ's sake.

On the Sunday after my arrival in Sydney I was asked to give an address in the Bourke Street Church, and, though I was quite unfit to do so, I did not like to disappoint the people. I managed to speak with comparative ease for some time, but just before the end of my address I suddenly collapsed. This was not very apparent to the audience, but I felt at once that all my physical strength was leaving me, and I am quite certain to this day that I could have died on that platform, and that I should indeed have done so, had I not made a most determined resistance. Some of my friends were in tears when they spoke to me after the service, and I myself felt very weak and helpless. I got rapidly worse after this, and though I had the best medical attendance which it was possible to obtain, I made no apparent progress. After several consultations the medical gentlemen informed the Board of Missions that there was no hope of my recovery, and that, in their judgment, I ought to be informed of that fact. The late Rev. B. Chapman, and my brother-in-law, the late Rev. W. Fletcher, B.A., were deputed by the Board to convey this opinion to me; and, needless to say, they did so as kindly

as was possible. After they had told me I said that I would like to see our children, who were in New Zealand, and Mr. Chapman decided to cable for them at once; but on looking at the newspaper we found that there was no steamer leaving Auckland for at least ten days; so I requested him not to send the message until just before the date on which they could leave. After this we talked together for a while, and I said to Mr. Chapman: "Well! all I can say is that I do *not* feel inclined to die just now"; to which he replied in his own quaint manner: "Well, don't die!" I answered: "I assure you I don't mean to die just now if I can help it, for I have too much work to do yet." I firmly believe that the strong determination to live until some of that work was done was a most important factor in my recovery, and I prayed most earnestly that I might live until I was able to put on record some of the knowledge of the language which I had gained. There was no other white man at that time who knew the language, and I felt that if I were spared to translate one of the Gospels, some of the knowledge I had acquired would, at all events, be preserved. I fought against the disease most resolutely, and I am afraid that in doing so I was the cause of much distress to my kind hostess by my apparently wilful conduct. She and all my friends thought I should remain quietly in bed, but I persisted in rising and coming downstairs every day, and whenever I felt a bit stronger, and got a good opportunity, I used to slip out of the house and step into a passing omnibus and go down town, where I am told I frightened most people I met by my appearance. Very slowly the fearful rigors, which were the most ominous symptoms, got a little less frequent, and then, to the amazement of all, I announced that, instead of sending for the children, I would go to New Zealand myself and see them. I was warned that I should probably die at sea, but I told my friends that heaven was as near us at sea as on shore. The S.S. *Hero* was at that time commanded by an old friend of mine, Captain Logan, and I took a passage with him. He often said after-



wards that when I went on board all he could see was "a hat, a great coat, and a pair of boots." I had not been allowed to eat anything on shore but milk food, sago, arrowroot, boiled flour, etc., but when I got to sea I asked the steward for a mutton chop. I was just preparing to eat the forbidden food when the captain saw me, and at once snatched my plate away, called the steward, and absolutely forbade him to give me anything else than the food which I had indignantly classed under the generic name of "slops." He was a good man and an earnest Christian; and I think now that if he had allowed me to have my own way he would not have had the satisfaction of landing me safely in Auckland.

I have no record of the date of my arrival in Auckland. I remember well, however, how glad I was to see again our five dear children whom we had been compelled to leave behind us when we returned to New Britain in 1877, and how much I was cheered and encouraged by the loving sympathy of our many dear friends in New Zealand. I gave a long address in the Pitt Street Church, on August 6, which showed that the voyage and change, and a few weeks' rest, had been beneficial to me, though I was still very weak. This address was given just before my return to Australia, as I find notes of my having lectured in Bathurst and other places in August.

We left Sydney in the *John Wesley* on Thursday, September 18, for Tonga, Fiji, Samoa, and New Britain. The General Secretary, Rev. B. Chapman, and the Rev. W. Clarke, who were appointed as Deputation to Tonga; the Rev. J. B. and Mrs. Watkin, and Mrs. Chapman, were also passengers. We arrived in Tonga on Saturday, October 4, 1879; and after the Deputation had finished the work which was entrusted to them by the Conference, we left for Fiji on Thursday, October 30, and reached Levuka on November 3.

On our arrival, Mr. Chapman and Mr. Clarke called upon His Excellency Sir Arthur Gordon (now Lord Stanmore), the Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner for the Western

Pacific, who informed them that he had received instructions from Her Majesty's Government to make a careful inquiry into the circumstances attending the steps taken by myself and others in consequence of the murder of certain native teachers in New Britain, and that he proposed to put certain questions to me with reference to the subject. His Excellency, however, afterwards decided that as the Chief Judicial Commissioner, the Hon. John Gorrie, who was Deputy High Commissioner at the time of the occurrence, was absent from Levuka on vacation, he would defer the investigation until his return. As my case was therefore not then *sub judice*, His Excellency very courteously included me in an invitation to dine at Government House with the members of the Deputation, and Revs. F. Langham and A. J. Webb.

Next day we all started for Bau ; but soon after we had passed Government House we saw a whale-boat with a very strong crew coming after us. As it was evident that they wished to communicate with us we turned back to meet them. I, of course, received a lot of sympathetic banter from my fellow-passengers about the fate which awaited me when the boat reached us. However, their only object was to hand me a letter, in which I was informed that H.M.S. *Emerald*, which had just arrived, had brought despatches containing the result of a judicial inquiry in New Britain made by Captain Purvis of H.M.S. *Danæ*, by instructions from Commodore Wilson. A very dear friend of mine sent me a private message at the same time to say that the reports were favourable. So we went on our journey with much satisfaction. We visited Bau, Viwa, and Navuloa, and returned to Levuka on Saturday.

On Monday, November 10, Mr. Chapman and Mr. Clarke called on His Excellency, as they proposed leaving Fiji on the following day. His Excellency again assured them that he would make the inquiries himself as soon as possible, but before the interview was finished he was astonished by receiving the intelligence that His Honour, the Chief Justice, had issued a summons against me for manslaughter, thus taking the matter



Photo by Mr. H. P. M. Berry.

A FIJIAN CHIEF.





out of his hands, and soon afterwards Mr. Chapman received a subpoena to appear as witness. This was a very serious matter, as the steamer was leaving the next day for Sydney. Mr. Chapman called on the Chief Justice, and pleaded to be allowed to go, as he had no material evidence to give; but His Honour absolutely refused to sanction his departure. I had, however, ascertained that the probable reason for detaining Mr. Chapman was that he might prove that the letters which appeared in the *Sydney Morning Herald* and other papers were written by me. This was important, as my own letters were practically the only evidence against me. On learning this I called upon the Registrar of the Supreme Court, and informed him that it was very necessary indeed that Mr. Chapman should leave Fiji the following day, and that I could think of no possible reason for his detention unless it were to prove the authorship of the letters which had appeared in the public prints. I stated that I was ready to admit that the letters were written by me, and to sign any document which he might prepare for that purpose, and I requested him to submit my proposal to the Chief Justice with a view to obtaining his consent to Mr. Chapman's departure. Shortly afterwards I met His Honour, when he told me that if I would write him a letter admitting the authorship of the letters he would allow Mr. Chapman to leave the Colony. This I did at once, and the Deputation left next day, November 11, for Sydney, much to their satisfaction.

On the same day I received a letter from the Secretary to the High Commissioner, requesting me to go to Government House. As no intimation was given of the nature of the interview, I supposed that His Excellency only wished to ask me some questions, and so went alone. On my arrival at Government House I was shown into a large empty room. After waiting awhile His Excellency came in, wearing, so far as I remember, his D.C.L. robes, and accompanied by the Secretary to the High Commissioner, the late Sir J. B. Thurston. His Excellency then read me an address informing me of the instructions which he had received from Her Majesty's Govern-



ment, of his intentions to ask me certain questions regarding the occurrence, and of the reason which had prevented him from carrying out his instructions and wishes. After this he came and shook hands with me. As I was up to that time ignorant of the fact that the proceedings were official, I asked if I might be furnished with a copy of his address, to which His Excellency replied: "Oh! certainly, Mr. Brown, the proceedings were official, and you might have had all your friends present if you wished them to be here." I did not receive the copy of the address for some few days, but this was owing to the wise and kindly consideration of my sincere friend, the Secretary to the High Commissioner, who feared that we might make use of it in a way that would have made the position of the Chief Justice, and perhaps also my own, very unpleasant. He therefore deemed it advisable not to forward His Excellency's deliverance for publication until after the proceedings in the Supreme Court on the 13th. The Minutes of the proceedings as furnished to me are as follows:

*"Extract from the Minutes of Proceedings before Her Majesty's High Commissioner for the Western Pacific.—November 11, 1879.*

"JOHN B. THURSTON,

*"Secretary to the Commissioner.*

"The Reverend George Brown being in attendance, the High Commissioner said:

"Mr. Brown, before leaving England I received the instructions of Her Majesty's Government to make a careful inquiry into the circumstances attending the steps taken by yourself and others in consequence of the murder of certain native teachers in New Britain, and it was my intention to-day to have taken advantage of your presence in Levuka to put to you certain questions with reference to this subject.

"I learn, however, that a criminal charge arising out of those transactions has been preferred against you in the High Commissioner's Court, and that you are to-morrow to be called

upon to answer to that charge before the Chief Judicial Commissioner. I am therefore precluded from now putting any question to you which might affect your plea, nor do I think it would be possible for me with propriety to continue at present the investigation with which I have been charged. I do not know what evidence may be adduced before the Chief Judicial Commissioner in support of the charge which has been made, and, no doubt, whatever it may be it will be impartially and carefully considered by him. But I think it only due to you to say that thus far the evidence which has been submitted to me, which includes your own letters, the statements of various parties concerned, and a mass of depositions lately taken by the captain of H.M.S. *Danaë*, would not have led me to institute, or to recommend the institution of, a criminal prosecution. In saying this, I do not inquire whether or no the action taken by you was in accordance with your calling as a missionary; that is a point with which I have nothing to do. Your acts must be regarded by me in the same light as those of any planter or settler in the group where you were resident. Neither do I pronounce, or even form any opinion, as to the strict necessity of the measures taken. They may have been wholly necessary, or they may have been partially so, and yet pushed too far. They may even have been hasty and unnecessary, but there is a vast difference between indiscretion and criminality; and as I have before observed, nothing which has come before me would lead me to impute to you any suspicion of crime. Unless, therefore, other evidence which I have not yet seen and which would produce a different impression on my mind had been adduced in the course of the inquiry, I should not have reported that the case was one on which to found judicial proceedings.

“I therefore cannot but hope that the evidence to be adduced to-morrow may lead to a similar conclusion, and will free you from all imputation of criminality, thereby enabling me, at no distant day, to renew the investigation now so unfortunately interrupted.”

This deliverance naturally gave great satisfaction to my many friends; but there still remained some cause for anxiety, as it was well known in Levuka that strained relations existed between the two highest officials in the Colony on this matter. His Excellency the High Commissioner felt that the duty of making the necessary inquiries devolved upon him, in accordance with the instructions which he had received from Her Majesty's Government, but His Honour Sir John Gorrie, who was Chief Judicial Commissioner, was declared to have asserted his right to conduct the inquiry, and his determination to do so. Many statements were made at the time as to the reasons which actuated His Honour in the steps which he took. He had always been *persona grata* with the Aborigines Protection Society since the days of the prosecution of Governor Eyre for his actions in suppressing the Jamaica rebellion, in which prosecution Mr. Gorrie, as barrister, took a leading part, and it was thought that much of the zeal which he manifested was due to his desire still to occupy the same good position in the opinion of the members of that influential and useful Society. He was, at all events, considered by most, if not by all the foreign residents of Fiji to be primarily, if not solely, the instigator of the 'action which was taken. My good friend, the late Rev. Dr. Fison, writing to the *Fiji Times* on the matter, had, as a resident in a Crown Colony, to write very cautiously, but his meaning was very apparent when, in referring to His Excellency's remarks made to me, he said: "It is clear from the foregoing that criminal proceedings had already been commenced, but it is not so clear as to who initiated them. The order for the summons was obtained upon the information of the Attorney-General of Fiji; but, as he is not an officer of the High Commissioner's Court, there must of course have been some prosecutor behind him to set him in motion. Inasmuch, therefore, as he could only have made the application in his professional capacity as a barrister-at-law entitled to audience before the Court, and as the Crown did not see cause to prosecute, one is lost in

bewildering speculation as to the source of the impulse which moved him."

The next intelligence which we heard was that the Attorney-General of Fiji had withdrawn from the case, and refused to prosecute, so that I found myself in the singular position of a man who had received a summons to answer a criminal charge for which there was no prosecutor. I had from the very first courted the fullest investigation, and had come to Fiji in opposition to the advice of many kind friends in New South Wales and Fiji, who strongly urged me not to do so. I did this because I felt that it was due to the Missionary Society and myself that the matter should be fairly considered by the only tribunal which had the legal right to do so, and that after that had taken place I should, whatever the result might be, be in a position to speak and to write in defence of our action, and to submit it to the decision of my fellow-countrymen, which I considered to be a higher tribunal than even the Supreme Court in Fiji. As I had thus deliberately come to Fiji, and had of my own accord placed myself within the jurisdiction of the Court, the fact of there being no prosecution would not have given me entire satisfaction had I not known that the matter had already been fully investigated on the spot by Captain Purvis of H.M.S. *Danaë*, whose decision was distinctly favourable to us all. When we were aware that the Attorney-General had withdrawn from the case all doubts as to the issue of the proceedings were removed, as we well knew that no British judge could occupy the positions of prosecutor, judge, and jury in any part of the Empire. Mr. Solomon, a well-known and very able barrister in Fiji, was instructed by my old and well-remembered friend, the late Rev. Dr. Langham, to appear on my behalf, and I duly appeared at the Court on Thursday, November 13, in answer to the summons I had received. There was no opportunity given for Counsel to speak, as the Chief Justice, as will be seen from the address which he made to me, had evidently decided to consider the deliverance of His Excellency the



Governor as analogous to that of a Grand Jury, and so did not allow the matter to be discussed. When the case was called I rose from my seat by the side of Mr. Solomon, and the Chief Justice addressed me as follows :

“ Mr. Brown, you are aware that these proceedings were originally commenced on the receipt of your own letter which I received as Acting High Commissioner, narrating the events which had taken place in New Britain. No summons was actually issued, as it was hoped, either that the investigation would take place in New Britain, or that you would come to Levuka. On your arrival recently, the summons was accordingly issued, and you are here to-day to answer it ; but in the meantime—for much delay has necessarily taken place—a very full inquiry into the circumstances of the affair in New Britain has been made by a competent naval officer under the authority of the Commodore, and the result of that inquiry has been, since your arrival in Levuka, received by the High Commissioner. No inquiry by a naval officer can, of course, be taken as a legal investigation where an offence has been committed by a British subject within the jurisdiction of the Order in Council, but such inquiries are most useful in supplying the High Commissioner with information, and to enable him to determine whether acts done in the Western Pacific ought, or ought not, to be regarded as offences, and to be prosecuted as such in the public interest. I have received from the High Commissioner communication of the documents supplied by the Commodore, with an expression of His Excellency’s opinion as to whether you ought to be prosecuted as for an offence under the Order in Council or not, and that opinion is, that yours is not such a case as ought to be so prosecuted. The High Commissioner, as you are aware, has not merely executive authority, with power to authorise counsel to prosecute for the public interest, but he is, by the constitution of the High Commissioner’s Court, the head of that Court, to whose opinion as to the propriety of the institution of proceedings other judges of that Court are bound to give that



respect and deference to which it so well entitled. I therefore, in these circumstances, do not propose to proceed further with this matter; indeed, there is in point of fact no prosecutor (the Attorney-General was here asked if this was not so, and he replied, Yes), and you are accordingly free to depart."

I received very hearty congratulations from my many friends as soon as the Court adjourned. It was indeed a great pleasure to me to know that all through this affair I had the full sympathy, not only of all my ministerial brethren, but also of the whole of the residents in Fiji. I had received an intimation some days before that a number of the residents in Levuka intended to invite me to a public dinner after the trial, the successful issue of which was not then doubtful, as an expression of their sympathy; but this I declined with many thanks, as I was very anxious indeed to proceed at once on our voyage. I can now tell why I was so anxious to get to sea. It will be remembered that, soon after our arrival in Fiji, H.M.S. *Emerald* arrived, bringing the despatches containing the report of the inquiry made in New Britain by Captain Purvis, of H.M.S. *Danæ*. She also brought as prisoner a half-caste Tonga (Mr. J. K.), who was accused of having committed at least two murders in New Britain. As I knew the man well I visited him in the gaol at Levuka, and reminded him of the many warnings which I had given him of the fearful effects of intemperance, more especially upon a man of his temperament and disposition. I also urged that if he should regain his liberty he would never again indulge in the practice which had led him to the commission of such fearful crimes, and this he faithfully promised to do. I visited this man simply because I felt a great sympathy for him, and knew that when he was sober he was one of the quietest and most obliging of men I have ever known. As soon, however as he took any intoxicating drink he became most quarrelsome, and was eager to fight even his best friends. As soon as I returned from this visit I began to think that I had acted imprudently in visiting the prisoner, and I was very much afraid that if the Chief Justice knew that I was in New Britain

at the time of the first alleged murder committed by K., and that I had myself reported the fact to the High Commissioner, he would issue a subpoena summons to me, and I should thus be prevented from proceeding on my voyage. This it was which made me so anxious to get to sea, and I instructed Captain Mansell to be fully prepared to weigh anchor immediately after the matter was decided. This he did, and as soon as I was "free to depart" I said good-bye to my many kind friends and went on board the *John Wesley*. There was no wind, however, and we were compelled to wait until the next day (Friday), when we weighed anchor and tried to get through the passage; but the wind failed us, and we had to drop down to another part of the lagoon, and anchor for the night just in front of Sir John Gorrie's house. I was not very comfortable, especially as I knew that His Honour had said to one of our ministers after the trial that I should not have been free to depart if he could have prevented it. Next morning (Saturday), however, the wind was fair, and we were soon at sea, and with our sails full and the sheets hauled taut, we were glad to dip the flag, and again say good-bye to our many kind friends on shore.

Before giving the concluding part of this episode I wish to place on record my very sincere thanks to all my brethren in Fiji, more especially to my dear old friend the late Rev. Dr. Langham, for their unwearying labours on my behalf, and for their loving sympathy with me. Dr. Langham indeed was more concerned about the issue than I was, and I well remember his saying to the brethren in plaintive protest: "What's the good of our bothering about this affair when Brown himself doesn't seem to care a farthing how it goes? Here are we distressing ourselves with anxiety and fear, and he is quite unconcerned." No man was so anxious as my much-loved old friend, and it was a great sorrow to me when his anxiety caused one of those painful seizures from which he suffered during the last years of his labours in Fiji. The late Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Webb, who were then stationed at Levuka, were also very kind indeed to me;



NATIVE CANOE, MARAU SOUND, SOLOMON ISLANDS,



as also Revs. W. W. Lindsay and I. Rooney. The Rev. L. Fison was then, as ever after, one of the best friends I have ever had. His wise counsels were invaluable to us all, and the able manner in which he stated the whole case in the public journals, and the manly and yet tender sympathy which he expressed, did much to cheer and strengthen me, not only at the time, but throughout the whole of my life.

Before leaving Fiji I received, through the courtesy of my friend, the late Sir J. B. Thurston, K.C.M.G., then Secretary to the High Commissioner and Colonial Secretary, and afterwards the Governor of Fiji, copies of the report of Captain Purvis, and also of the whole of the evidence of whites and natives, taken on oath at the investigation made by him in New Britain. I do not think it necessary to give the latter, and will only say that they were all distinctly favourable. They also showed that, as I anticipated, the number of deaths was very much exaggerated at the time. When the various witnesses were examined on oath, only one man—and he was a Duke of York native—was found who could testify that he had seen ten bodies; the others only saw from two to seven men who had been killed.

The following is a copy of that part of Captain Purvis's report which bears upon the case.

“ *Dance* at Sea,  
“ Lat.  $2^{\circ} 25' 3''$  ; Lon.  $152^{\circ} 3' 9''$ ,  
“ *September 21, 1879.*

“ Sir,—In obedience to your orders to make a full inquiry respecting the action taken by the Rev. George Brown in carrying war against the natives of New Britain in April 1878, I have the honour to make the following report :

“ In consequence of the time that has elapsed since the event, most of the white population who could have thrown any light on the subject have either left or died.

“ I have, however, obtained the evidence of two respectable white men, Mr. Powell, late master of the ketch *Star of the East*, and Mr. Southwell (a native of Boston, U.S.), the latter



trading for the German firm of Messrs. Goddefroy at Kabakada at the time of the massacre, also several Fijian and Samoan teachers.

“From Mr. Powell’s evidence I gather that Mr. Brown, previous to taking action, endeavoured to obtain some apology from the natives, but failing in that he returned to Port Hunter and there assembled all the available white residents to obtain from them their views on what seemed to him a most serious crisis.

“The counsel thus called together represented all the various interests of the island, both English and German, and all urged Mr. Brown to take immediate steps to suppress the impending rising of which they seemed assured. This evidence is borne out by Ratu Livai, a Fijian chief and missionary teacher, who was in New Britain at the time of the murder, and who, in virtue of his rank as chief, was called to the council of war.

“Mr. Southwell (who evidently was the means of saving the unfortunate wives of the murdered men from being eaten) had nothing to do with the expedition, being at Kabakada, New Britain, the whole time. His evidence, therefore, is most important. He considers that had no steps been taken to revenge the murder of the teachers, no white man’s life would have been safe. He is also of opinion that it would have been impossible to have left the matter till the arrival of a man-of-war: and in this Mr. Powell agrees.

“There is a difference of opinion between these two witnesses as to whether the Duke of York natives would have followed those of New Britain, Mr. Powell considering they would, and Mr. Southwell being of a contrary opinion.

“Most of the native teachers, however, are of Mr. Powell’s opinion, Aminio Bale stating that the Rev. Brown’s wife was threatened, and his (Aminio’s) wife had a spear pointed at her.

“In reviewing the evidence it does not appear to me that the Rev. Brown did, on his own responsibility, make war on the New Britain people, that the action taken was by the

united voices of those persons who were best able to judge of the circumstances, several of whom had been a considerable time in the islands, and knew thoroughly the native character.

“The question now arises whether the Rev. Brown, in his capacity as clergyman and missionary, should have been present in the attack. This, I think, may be answered by the fact that the disturbance had commenced by the killing and eating of his teachers, and that the excitement of the natives in consequence placed the lives of the white men and the other native teachers in jeopardy, so that the Rev. Brown could not fail to be present in order to give the full weight of his authority to the proceedings. He, however, appears to have spent most of the time on the beach trying to bring the natives of some of the other districts to reason, and was not personally in any of the places where most of the natives were killed. I therefore think Mr. Brown, having regard for the safety of those people entrusted to his care, could hardly have acted otherwise than he did. . . .

“I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

“C. PURVIS.

“TO COMMODORE CRAWFORD WILSON, etc., etc.”

As this is practically all that I shall have to say on this matter, beyond giving in its proper order the resolution of the General Conference, I now give a copy of a letter which I addressed to *The Australasian*, in answer to a paragraph which appeared in that journal. I do this because it contains a résumé of the whole case, and because it gives me the opportunity of stating that after the publication of that letter I received nothing but the most kindly sympathy from the editor of that important and influential newspaper.

“TO THE EDITOR OF ‘THE AUSTRALASIAN.’

“Sir,—In your issue of September 25, just received here, I notice the following remarks: ‘Instances of arbitrary action

on the part of missionaries of the Gospel are becoming unpleasantly frequent. It is not long since the Rev. G. Brown, of Duke of York Island, commanded "the army of revenge," which exacted such bloody satisfaction for certain native outrages.' I feel certain, sir, that you must have inserted these remarks either from forgetfulness or from ignorance of the real facts of the case, as elicited from the official inquiries made both here, on the spot, and in Fiji. Will you allow me, please, to place before you very briefly my own case, and ask you to consider it fairly, without reference to sects or to societies; without favour, as also without prejudice to me because I am a missionary; but with simple, impartial justice, because I am an Englishman?

"I was placed suddenly in circumstances of almost unparalleled difficulty; a fearful responsibility involving the life or death of numbers of my fellow-countrymen and fellow-labourers was suddenly thrust upon me, and in that position we did that which I then thought to be the only means of saving our own lives and the lives of those under our care. I still think that we did right, but I cannot and do not blame those who may think differently; and I cannot in charity wish that any of them may ever be placed in a similar position. I do, however, claim that my actions and the reasons alleged for them only be judged, and that I may not have motives imputed to me which certainly never influenced my conduct.

"In April 1878 four of our teachers were foully murdered and eaten on New Britain, and the life of every white man or foreigner in the group was not only placed in great jeopardy, but was actually and openly threatened. The few white men met and earnestly urged immediate action to prevent an actual and imminent danger, namely, the murder in detail of every white man and teacher, and the same fate, or a worse one, for their wives and children. The few traders themselves supplied the arms for this act of self-defence, as we had not a musket which could be used; and we united with them. Our action was entirely approved by the natives themselves as a necessary act





SACRED HOUSE, SHORTLANDS GROUP, SOLOMON ISLANDS.





of self-preservation, and one quite in accordance with their own ideas of justice. The bones of some of the murdered men were found in the small villages which were burnt, and, as far as we can possibly know, only the actual perpetrators and participators of the murders suffered. Peace was made the next day, and we have ever since been on the most friendly terms with the people.

“ Now first, I would ask, Did we do wrong in defending our lives and the lives of our wives and children from a number of cannibals who had tasted blood, had made a good deal of money by selling portions of the bodies of our comrades far and wide, and who openly declared their intentions to have more to use for the same profitable purpose? Or, to narrow the case, as you so frequently use my name, did I do wrong in taking part in this affair? My own life was certainly not in imminent danger just at that time, and we on Duke of York Island might, perhaps, have saved ourselves for that present time—though in the opinion of some even that was doubtful—but the lives of my fellow-countrymen and fellow-labourers were certainly in most imminent peril, and as a matter of undoubted fact, I was only just in time to save the lives of the widows and orphans of the murdered men. Should I have done right then, sir, in staying at home in safety and leaving my companions in peril, the poor fellows who had followed me here from their homes in Fiji, to perish miserably by the hands of cruel savages, ignorant, as they were then, even of the very name of Christianity, knowing as I did that I was the only one who was able to prevent it? Would I not have been branded deservedly as a mean, contemptible coward, who had led men and women, and children too, into dangers which he was afraid to share, and had left them to perish miserably when he could have saved their lives? Come what may, I am devoutly thankful that my children and my friends have no occasion to blush for such a disgrace as that. I have had trouble and suffering enough, sir, about this matter—harder to bear because I have hitherto been almost compelled to silence, and have had to hear my good name traduced by

some without having the power to speak in my own defence ; but I have never once repented my share in the transaction. Bitterly have I regretted the necessity of it, but I have never doubted the justice of the action ; and hard as it has been to hear the adverse criticisms of the few who have been utterly unable to realise the position in which we were placed, I am still thankful that my own conscience is clear. Had I acted as some of my fireside critics tell me, I should have been for ever degraded in my own eyes, and would never again have dared to look an English audience in the face. I, sir, could never have talked any nonsense about the glories of martyrdom when I knew well that it was no question of martyrdom at all, but that the men had been murdered because a lot of cannibals who had never heard of Christianity wished to eat them or to make money by selling their limbs to others, as they had already done with our teachers, and that I, who might have saved them, had been so much 'afraid of what people would say,' that I failed to do so, and even refused them the means of saving themselves. As it is, I am not ashamed or afraid to stand before any company of Englishmen in any part of the world to tell them our tale, and to let them judge.

" I have shown my love for the natives by giving the best years of my life to promote their best interests, both temporal and spiritual, and the fact that even these savages here esteem and respect us as their best friends, and that I still enjoy the confidence of my brethren, should surely have some effect in the consideration of this matter. I must ask you, however, please, to separate my name from that of our society or of any other missionary society in this matter. If I have done wrong in this, I alone am to blame and I do not shirk the responsibility. I need not assure you that it forms no part of our instructions to coerce or to oppress natives, nor do we do it. Nothing but the most dire necessity would ever justify us with our society for using force, even to save life, though some remarks made lately would almost lead an outsider to infer that muskets and navy cats form a necessary and important part of a missionary's outfit.

“To show that I have not given you simply my own opinion of the matter in the remarks I have made, I will now quote from the official report of Captain Purvis, of H.M.S. *Danaë*, a well-known and experienced officer, who was sent down officially to investigate the matter. He arrived here whilst I was ill in Sydney, and I have never seen him nor had any communication whatever with him.” (See pages 313-315.)

I then gave an account of the visits and inquiries made in New Britain by Captain de Hoghton, H.M.S. *Beagle*; Captain Horne, H.M.S. *Sandfly*; Imperial German Consul, H. Webber, Esq.; Captain von Werner, H.I.G.M.S. *Ariadne*; and their opinions and judgment. I then proceeded:

“In May of last year I was compelled to go to Sydney, being very ill indeed. As soon as ever I was able to do so I went to Fiji, even against the advice of kind friends, and placed myself within the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court there in order to court the very fullest investigation. Sir Arthur Gordon declared in his official capacity that there was no evidence which would at all justify any criminal proceeding, the Attorney-General of Fiji refused to prosecute, and the Chief Justice dismissed the case. Could I have done more than I have done, or are there any signs of conscious guilt in my actions?”

“I have been commended, and our actions approved, by the highest authorities in the colonies, both official and naval, and have been legally acquitted by those who alone had jurisdiction over us. I am still assured of the cordial sympathy and confidence of the vast majority of my brethren, though I had more reason to dread censure from them than from any others. Every officer who has visited us here, every trader who has ever called or who has ever lived here, has approved, and I feel pretty certain that the great majority of my fellow-countrymen do the same; so I cannot understand, sir, why you still speak of my commanding ‘an army of revenge,’ and appear to hold me up as a warning and example of what dangerous men missionaries are. I am the more surprised, as I had no reason to complain

of the first fair and honest criticism which appeared in *The Australasian* on this matter. I do not wish to appear oversensitive, nor do I object to fair criticism. I know, of course, that missionaries, like other men, may sometimes do foolish and illegal acts, and, equally of course, that they must take the consequences and suffer the penalties of their misdeeds; but I maintain, sir, that, although I have been gratified by the approval of the many, I have yet borne a great deal of unmerited obloquy and suffering from the few, especially from one or two in England, who know least about the matter; and now, when I have done so much to court and to assist investigation, when such a mass of evidence in my favour has been produced and acknowledged, when so many gentlemen of unquestioned honour who have actually been here have borne testimony to the necessity and justice of our action, and when I have been acquitted by those who alone could legally adjudicate on the case, I confess that this persistence in regarding as guilty an innocent man appears to be very like persecution. I say 'appears to be,' because I do not believe that you so intend it, and I therefore presume that you do not really know the facts of the case. This, therefore, is my apology for troubling you."

THIRD TERM OF RESIDENCE IN NEW BRITAIN





## VIII

### THIRD TERM OF RESIDENCE IN NEW BRITAIN

AFTER leaving Fiji we proceeded on our voyage to New Britain. The following account of this eventful voyage was written by me at sea for the information of the Board of Missions, and when the events which it records were still fresh in my memory.

We left Fiji on Saturday, November 15, but did not pass the Island of Tucopia until December 6, on which day we got our first fair wind, and began to indulge hopes of having a quick run to Duke of York.

"*Monday*, December 8. At noon to-day we were by dead reckoning (as no observations could be got), in lat. 12°10', south, long. 164°54' east, wind about north-east, barometer 29°90'. There was a heavy squall at 6 p.m.; the top-gallant sails were taken in and the upper topsails lowered down. The storm cleared away a little, and at 7 p.m. the upper fore-topsail was again hoisted. At this time a poor exhausted and frightened sea-bird, which must have been conscious of the coming storm, took refuge with us. It dropped on deck, and ran for shelter behind a spar under the bulwark. Mr. Lancaster saved it both from the jaws of the old cat and from the fury of the gale, by putting it under an empty case in his cabin. At 7.30 p.m. we had family prayer as usual in the cabin, when most of the crew were present. Soon after 8 p.m. the barometer began to fall rapidly and the gale increased in violence. At 9 p.m. all sail was taken in, and a piece of canvas was put up in the weather main rigging to keep her head to the wind, which was then

blowing hard from north to north-north-east. The captain tried to get the royal yards sent down on deck, but no one could venture aloft to attempt to do so then. The main- and after-hatches were battened down, and nothing more could be done but wait and watch.

“How can I now describe to you the scenes which followed? In the lulls between the fierce gusts of the gale I could hear the teachers and their wives praying to God to have mercy upon us all. I had been in several times and comforted them as well as I could, but one or two of the more frightened ones alarmed them all again; though afterwards, when we really expected death, they were all as quiet and collected as it was possible to be. The captain and I were often anxiously looking at the barometer, but, alas! there was no hope for us there. Afterwards, when the captain could not come down from the companion-stairs, I gave him the readings from time to time. It was really terrifying to notice the rapid, regular fall of the mercury. When it fell below  $29^{\circ}$ , I knew well what was in store for us; in fact, it was almost already upon us. No words can adequately describe the noise of the wind. It really shrieked and howled as if mad with rage against us, and ever and again it seemed to throw itself against the good old ship with another savagely exultant burst of fury, as of a demon exulting in the fulfilment of a long-deferred but ever-longed-for vengeance. I have felt the force and heard the roar of a hurricane on the land, and have been in many a heavy gale at sea, but have never felt or heard anything to equal that; and this is also the testimony of all on board. We have old sailors on board who were out in the *Dandenong* gale, and who have experienced the force of some of the severest cyclones in India and China, and other parts of the world, who all declare that they never felt the wind to blow so hard, though they have known a much higher sea. The poor natives all came crowding into the cabin, and we anxiously awaited the issue. I managed to get another reading of the barometer at 10.45 p.m., and to my horror saw that it was down to 28.82. I set the vernier at that, but I had

no chance of taking another reading. I think it probable, however, that it fell a little lower than this. We were expecting a shift of wind, and Captain Mansell was calling out continually : ' Now then, now, my lads, look out ; stand by the starboard main braces ; look out for a shift ; ' whilst the gale seemed to roar and mock at him and at us all ; but the good old brig still looked both wind and sea bravely in the face, and we were almost beginning to hope that we might weather through after all.

" I had just started to try and get another reading of the barometer, when the gale struck her again with fresh fury. We felt the vessel give, as it were, a sudden leap from under us, and everything that was not lashed and secured broke adrift. I narrowly escaped being crushed by the harmonium, as it gave a mad leap right out of the cleets which had held it so long, and was pitched against the side of my cabin, which it stove in. The cargo and the ballast all shifted to leeward, and the poor *John Wesley* was forced down under water, and lay stricken and trembling there whilst the waters rushed aboard as with a shout of victory to take possession of the prize. Never will any one who was on board ever forget that fearful sight. We all felt her gradually settling down, and I climbed up the companion-stairs, preferring to struggle and die in the open air rather than in the cabin. The whole of the poop deck on the port side up to the skylight and companion was under water, brightly phosphorescent in the thick darkness and foaming and hissing under the fury of the gale, whilst all the fore part and main deck of the ship on the same side was buried under the sea. No one could stand or face the storm, and we all thought and felt that the end was come. There was no crying nor confusion then, but just a quiet, nerve-strung waiting for the ship's final plunge, and the instinctive struggle for life which would follow. Many a fervent prayer ascended to heaven, and many a good-bye to our loved ones far away was felt and muttered during these fearful moments.

" But there was a chance yet ; the cry was raised for axes to

cut away the masts, and every one felt that there was no time to be lost. Fortunately Mr. Lancaster had axe and tomahawk all sharpened and ready to hand for any emergency. From my position in the companion I passed up the axe, and the steward jumped up on deck with the tomahawk, and got half drowned in trying to pass it to the second mate. And now you could hear Captain Mansell, almost hoarse from excitement and shouting, calling out: 'Cut away! cut away! cut for your lives!' Then again: 'Steward! Mr. Brown! anybody! get the new tomahawks out of the store, tomahawks! tomahawks! Get the tomahawks!' The steward was on deck, but the cook and I tried to find the parcel in the store. It was no easy thing holding on with one hand and trying to get a light with damp matches with the other, whilst keeping the store-room door open with one foot, so as to be able to strike out for the deck if she filled, as we were expecting her to go from under us every minute, for she was then on her broadside. Just at the last moment the lanyards were cut through, and the mainmast, unsupported by the stays and shrouds, went crashing over the side, and soon afterwards the foremast also succumbed and followed. This relieved the ship somewhat, but there was now a new danger, that of the wreckage alongside, as some of the masts or spars might knock a hole in the ship's bottom; and there was a fresh outcry for tomahawks. Fortunately we had got the parcel then, and the cook and I tore it open and passed them up, when everything which kept the spars and yards alongside was cut away, and then they were all sent adrift. This was about 11 p.m. As soon as this weight was away the ship righted a good deal, but so much of the cargo and ballast had shifted that she still lay very much on her side. Captain Mansell and I went 'tween decks, and I asked the teachers to go to work and throw the yams, ballast, etc., which were piled up right to the main deck beams on the leeward side, over to windward. They were still very frightened, but several of them went to work. Wiliami, a Tonga teacher, was very useful indeed, and did good service both on deck when the masts



were being cut away, and also in the 'tween decks when moving the ballast. The steward also was one of the hardest workers here, and by his presence and example encouraged the teachers and kept them at the work. Whilst the crew were still busy with the wreckage, the cook and I got one of the lower hold hatches off, and he went down with a light. Very gladly did I convey to Captain Mansell the report that the vessel was not making any water. After the wreckage was sent adrift, and the 'tween decks cargo was shifted to windward, there was nothing else to do but to wait for daylight, leaving the poor old storm-stricken brig to be buffeted about by wind and wave, as she was quite unmanageable.

“ Captain, officers, and crew had worked fearlessly and well, and deserve all praise. But for the promptness with which the masts were cut away and the wreckage sent adrift amid circumstances of no little danger, this journal would never have been written ; and no one would ever have known the fate of our mission ship. Mr. Lancaster, the chief officer, had a very narrow escape. When the vessel was thrown on her beam ends he was thrown from the windward side by the lurch, and was carried right over the lee rail by the rush of water. When he came to the surface he was some little distance away from the ship, and at once commenced to swim to her, as he was sheltered by the hull from the force of the wind. The next sea, however, dipped him up and threw him right on board again, where he got hold of some ropes and climbed up again to windward. Whilst waiting for daylight we were all, officers, crew, and passengers, collected in the cabin, and though the storm was still raging we felt comparatively safe. At last the mercury began to rise again, telling us that the strength of the gale was past. This was at 12.40 a.m., the wind being then SSW. I sat listening to the talk going on around me. All were loud in their praises of our vessel then. ‘Isn’t she a beauty?’ ‘Didn’t she behave well?’ ‘I’ll never say a word against the Johnnie so long as *I* live.’ ‘Talk about her being cranky, why there’s very few ships in *this* world would ever

have come up again after such a knock down as she got to-night.' These are a sample of one class of remarks. Then there was a little cessation and a little talk about personal risks and what each one did, but *the* topic was soon started again by some one saying: 'But, I say, wasn't it a near go?' to which there was a general chorus of reply: 'It was so, it was indeed, couldn't have been nearer.' Then again: 'If the masts hadn't gone when they did, she would have turned turtle (capsized) in another minute.' This last remark was most emphatically assented to, for it was, and is yet, the full conviction of every one on board the ship. Just before the mainmast went not one on board felt the faintest hope of ever seeing the sunlight again. Other thoughts also and other feelings occupied us during the remainder of that eventful night, and heartily and earnestly did we each thank God for His goodness in sparing our lives. Some few perhaps slept a little in their wet clothes, but most of us were too much agitated to sleep. Never did I pass such a wearisome night. Over and over again the Tonga teacher Wiliami would go up the companion and look out, anxious to report the first peep of daylight, and glad enough was I to hear him say at last, 'The light is climbing up.'

"*Tuesday, December 9. Barometer 29.40. At daylight I went on deck, and oh! what a sad sight it was to see our beautiful vessel in such a state! Stripped of masts, spars, and rigging, she looked so very small that it was difficult to realise the fact that this was indeed our own ship. There was a jagged and split stump of the mainmast standing, about ten or twelve feet high; another jagged stump was to be seen just above the level of the cook's galley; and those were all that remained of masts and spars; all besides had gone. The new whale-boat had been swept away, and the davits also had been torn from the side. The long-boat was washed away from her position on the main hatches, but, fortunately, was but little injured. The deck was strewn with broken boards, pieces of the bulwarks, hen coops, etc. Away forward the jibboom was carried away,*



HOUSE AND ARECA PALMS, RUVIANA, SOLOMON ISLANDS.



but was still floating alongside, attached to the ship by the guys and stays. A torn and tattered sail was dipping in the water from the end of the bowsprit, whilst ropes and chains were hanging down over the bows, dipping into every sea, the whole a very picture of wreck and ruin. The most serious matter here, however, was the windlass, which was totally wrecked, one of the large bitts having been torn away, I suppose, by the mainstay when the mainmast went. The sky was all a dull leaden colour, and a heavy sea was running, whilst the wind still blew in heavy, fitful gusts, which, however, soon decreased in violence. All the live stock was swept away, the only animal left being one of a lot of turkeys which Mrs. Fison had kindly sent to Mrs. Danks and Mrs. Brown, as we were anxious to introduce them into the group. This sole survivor was, however, nearly dead, and so Captain M. consigned it to the cook's care for our day's dinner. Two small staysails were rigged just to steady the ship a little, as the sea was still running very high, and then the boat was secured again on the main hatches. Captain Mansell then ordered a spare topmast which we fortunately had on board to be got ready, and this occupied all the remainder of the day. In the evening we had our usual prayer-meeting in the cabin with all the crew, and oh! how appropriate the 'Traveller's Hymn' was felt to be. Every one joined heartily in the singing. I remember it being sung by kind friends as we were leaving Sydney in September last, when Mr. Fletcher gave it out on board the *John Wesley*, but we never before so fully realised the truth—

When by the dreadful tempest borne  
High on the dreadful wave,  
They know Thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to Thy will ;  
The sea, that roars at Thy command,  
At Thy command is still,



We are yet in no little danger ; the hull is just tossed about in every direction at the mercy of the wind and wave, and we cannot get any observations to enable the captain to find out our position ; but yet—

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
Thy goodness we'll adore ;  
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

“ *Wednesday*, December 10. Last night Captain Mansell tried to get an observation from some star in order to ascertain our latitude, but did not succeed. Lots of sharks were about the ship this morning ; we caught two of them, one of which, as he was being hoisted up, vomited the wings and feathers of one of the nice turkeys we brought from Navuloa. The brute had evidently enjoyed it, and no doubt would have liked another one. All on board were hard at work early this morning trying to raise the topmast as a jurmast. The first attempt did not succeed, as the ship was rolling very much. The mast was, however, well up, when some rope carried away, and it fell to the deck again. The next attempt was successful, and by 9 a.m. it was hoisted, lashed to the stump of the foremast, and partly secured. This was no easy job, as the vessel was so very unsteady, and all were very glad to see the mast on end, and to know that no one had been injured whilst getting it up. Officers and crew all worked well, and we passengers hauled in the slack and gave other like important help. At noon Captain Mansell ascertained our position to be lat. 11°8 south, and long. 164°5 east, wind a little to the eastward of south ; so we hope to be able to reach St. Christoval, which is our nearest land, being about ninety miles away.”

I then stated the reasons in favour of this course ; that, owing to exceptionally fine weather, the crew were able to get up all the spars which were available, and to set all the sail we were able to use ; that the captain then, much to my sorrow, decided to make for the Australian coast ; and that, after a long, tedious voyage, we reached Sydney on January 23.

I wrote this report at the time, but there are some little incidents connected with the hurricane which I did not mention. One of the bravest acts I have ever known was done by one of our Tongan teachers, named Wiliami. When the masts went the wreckage was kept alongside by the stays and rigging, and as the yards might at any time have knocked a hole in the ship's side, it was felt to be absolutely necessary that some of the stays which still held them should be cut, but the work of doing this was one of very great danger. Wiliami, however, volunteered, and in the midst of that roaring hurricane, and in the black darkness, he managed to wade across the submerged deck until he reached the fore part of the ship, where he found that the mainstay, though it had torn part of the windlass from its position, still held. There was, however, such a fearful strain upon it that when he struck it with an axe it snapped like a harp-string, and then everything else gave way. Many of the bolts were torn out of the side of the ship. The large iron davits were twisted as if they were pieces of rope, and every other rope which held the wreckage was broken, and so the ship was at once relieved of the terrible weight which was pressing her down under the water. I am inclined to think that we owed our preservation from terrible danger to that brave action of the Tongan teacher.

The escape of the chief officer, Mr. Lancaster, was very wonderful, as he was thrown right away from the ship and again cast on board by a returning wave. He was a good man and a very able seaman, and I was very sorry to learn in after years that he and all on board the ship in which he then was lost their lives in another hurricane between Fiji and Samoa.

There is another incident which I should like to mention. I noted it at the time in my journal, and think it may be interesting as an instance of what is known as unconscious cerebration. When we were expecting the vessel to go down, and actually felt her sinking, I stood on the upper steps of "the companion-way," just behind the captain, with my hands held out for the final plunge; and I well remember the thoughts

which passed through my mind when death seemed to be so very near. I was not frightened with any physical fear of death, but felt a kind of nervous anxiety to have it all over if it was to be. My first thoughts were something like this: Well, here we are going, and no one will ever know what has become of the *John Wesley*; and I pictured to myself the theories which would be formed and the inquiries and searches which would be made when our nonarrival was known. Then, strange to say, the Chief Justice of Fiji was next very prominently in my thoughts, and I imagined him as feeling some kind of satisfaction that I had not escaped after all. I thought then of my dear wife and children in Duke of York Island, how long and anxiously they would wait for our coming, and how sorry they would be when month after month passed without our appearing. But, strange to say, I do not remember thinking at all of our dear children in Auckland, or of any of our friends there. This was not, of course, because I loved them less, but because all my thoughts were or had been principally and recently connected with the events in the order I have mentioned. All these thoughts occupied but a few moments, and constitute, I think, an instance of what Dr. Carpenter calls "unconscious cerebration."

The entries in my diary from December 15 to the date of our arrival in Sydney I have not published; but they contain the records of what was to me one of the saddest and most painful periods in my life. I cannot even now think of the pain which I suffered on account of the selfish duplicity of one man, and of the almost maddening anxiety which I felt during those weary weeks for my dear wife and children, without shuddering as the remembrance comes back to me. Yet, had I really known the actual facts of the fearful suffering which was being borne by my wife and by Mr. and Mrs. Danks, it would have been worse even than it was. I have no desire to enter into details at present, especially as the man whose conduct I so much objected to has long since passed away. I simply give an outline of the facts in justice to myself.

As I have already stated, both the captain and every one on board said after the hurricane that our best plan was to go to St. Christoval to get spars and refit, and no one ever doubted our ability to do so ; but after the calms and light winds had enabled the crew to effect all the repairs which were possible, I began to notice a great change, and it was evident that the captain had suddenly become very lukewarm about going to the Solomons. After some days had passed I became very anxious as, though no definite statement was made, it was quite apparent to all on board that no proper attempt was being made to reach the Solomons, but that, on the contrary, the vessel was being deliberately kept away. I am an old traveller, and I know well a passenger's proper place on board a ship. I am perfectly well aware that the captain is the sole responsible man on board. If he had at once said that he had changed his mind, and that he meant to go to Australia, and not attempt to make the Solomons, as he had previously decided, I could only have lamented the fact, and accepted the position ; and this I should certainly have done. But I was sailor enough to know that instead of doing this he was only pretending to go to St. Christoval, whilst all the time he was keeping away from it. This fact was well known to all on board, who laughed at the farce which was being played, though we little knew at the time that the farce would end in a tragedy at Duke of York Island. I kept a journal of the whole of the voyage, which I can submit to-day to any nautical man. In this I noted each day the ship's position, the direction of the wind, the rate of progress, and the course steered, and this will furnish to any competent person full proofs of the statements which I made. My diary gives abundant evidence of the anxiety I felt during those weary weeks when we were drifting towards the Australian coast, but I need only give one extract, which is as follows : " I sympathise with the captain in his great desire to get to Sydney, but at the same time I think that some consideration ought to be shown, not only for the interests of the Mission, but for the feelings of my own



wife, who has endured so much, and who is now suffering such cruel torture from anxiety and fear, and also for Mr. and Mrs. Danks and teachers, who have been left so long without their supplies. If there was any necessity for our running away, if the ship was leaking, or if there was any danger to life, I should not say a word, but would endeavour to submit patiently to God's will ; but under our present circumstances I consider that our going direct to the colonies from here without making a fair and honest attempt to reach St. Christoval is unjust to the Society, and cruel and heartless in the extreme to the missionaries and their wives, as well as to the teachers."

As I am glad to finish the account of this painful incident I will anticipate the course of my story, and give the results of the inquiries which were made on the subject. There was of course great satisfaction felt on the safe arrival of the vessel in Sydney. The complaints which I made to the General Secretary were, I believe, considered by the Ship's Committee at the time, but I do not remember what their findings were. I have the impression, however, that they simply justified the captain's action in bringing the vessel to Sydney. I then requested that the matter should be considered by a number of nautical experts, and suggested that the Conference should appoint one, that the captain should appoint another, and that I myself should appoint the third. This was done, and I stated my case, which was simply that I made no complaint whatever with regard to the captain's seamanship, or against his judgment in deciding to make the Australian coast rather than attempt to land us at the Solomons. The fact of the vessel being safe in Sydney Harbour would of itself have made it unwise for me to do that. The underwriters were naturally content with the fact that the vessel had arrived in port, but it is not difficult to imagine what their opinions would have been, if an accident had happened, on the propriety of a man leaving a safe port ninety miles to leeward, and risking the voyage of 1,700 miles across the Coral Sea in a disabled ship, and with only one damaged boat to contain the



whole of the passengers and crew. By God's good providence, however, we had arrived safely, and the only complaint which I formally made, and which I proved clearly, both from the official log of the ship and my own journal, was that whilst the captain was pretending to make the Solomons he was really doing his best to keep the vessel away, and that he finally abandoned all pretence, and made the best of his way to Sydney. I am sorry that I cannot find the report of this Committee of experts to the Board, but I have a distinct remembrance that, whilst they exonerated the captain for coming to Australia, their opinion was that the statements which I had made were confirmed by those contained in the official log. It was a decision which was intended to please both parties, and to set the matter at rest; and there I leave it.

We saw Cape Moreton at 8.30 p.m., January 14; passed Smoky Cape on 17th; signalled Manning River Station on 18th, and spoke the *City of Grafton* steamer the same day. On the 19th a steam tug came off from Newcastle, and as "we were in distress and it would not be right to take advantage of our unfortunate position," the captain very kindly said he would tow us to Sydney for the small sum of £300! Our captain offered him £50, which he declined; but after waiting for several hours he offered to take us for £75. On our still declining he left us for the night. The steam tug came out again, but as we had then a fair wind we declined his assistance, and on, January 23, we arrived in Sydney.

The late Rev. Shirley W. Baker met me on the wharf, and informed me that the Conference was just commencing its sessions. He did not tell me any news about my family, and I walked with him to the Coffee Palace in George Street, as he thought I would probably see Rev. R. Chapman, the General Secretary, there. Just as we were sitting down to tea some members of the Conference came in, and I received many congratulations on our safe return. The late Rev.

J. B. Waterhouse came and sat down by my side, and asked me if I had received any news since my arrival. On my answering that I had not done so, he said: "I am sorry to tell you that your little boy in New Britain is dead." "Which boy?" I asked, for I had left two dear little boys there when I was brought away ill. Unfortunately Mr. Waterhouse did not know the name, and I had to wait in great anxiety until 7 p.m., when my brother-in-law, the late Rev. W. Fletcher, B.A., came and told me that I should never again see on earth our dear little Wallis, the strong, sturdy, happy child, whom I had left in apparent good health a few months before. It was a great grief to me, not only on account of the loss of our dear child, but because I knew well how much my dear wife must have suffered, and how terrible her anxiety must now be on my account, as she knew of our having left Fiji, and that we were due in New Britain in December. I learnt also that, when the vessel which brought the news of the death of Wallis left New Britain, another of our children was also seriously ill. The pain of these sorrowful tidings was intensified by the knowledge that but for the terrible mistake made in not landing us at the Solomons I would long ago have been at home to comfort my dear wife, and to help her in the care of our little ones. It will be seen afterwards that she had to bury a second child whilst I was absent. The following extract from a letter written by Rev. B. Danks from Duke of York Island, under date May 29, 1880, gives his account of the death of our dear child:

"We have passed through no small trouble since my last by the *Danø*. Death has cast a shadow over our home, and our hearts are sore. Mr. Brown's youngest son, Wallis, has been taken away from this life, and there is a void in our hearts and home. He was such a bright, hearty little fellow, so pretty, both in appearance and manner, that all who saw him could not but love him. Mrs. Brown is broken-hearted. I need not enlarge upon her sorrow in order to secure for her the sympathy of God's people, for I am sure the prayers of all our churches



MAN AND WOMAN, RUVIANA, SOLOMON ISLANDS.





will go up as that of one man, that 'the God of all comfort' would 'comfort her in her tribulation,' when they hear of this sad event. You will understand the darkness which has surrounded us better if I give you an account of the events as they occurred.

"On Tuesday, September 30, Geoffrey, Mr. Brown's eldest son here, was taken ill. Fever ran very high, and the poor boy suffered much. We managed that case very well, and in a few days he began to recover. On Wednesday, October 1, Wallis became very restless; we could not make out what was wrong with him, but supposed that teething was the cause, and treated him accordingly. On Thursday afternoon, as Mrs. Danks was nursing him, he gave a sudden start, and was at once seized with convulsions. We did all we could for the poor child, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing him recover from the attack. After a few days he seemed to be making rapid progress toward complete recovery. On Friday night Mrs. Danks was suddenly seized with a fainting fit as she was nursing Wallis, and I was only just in time to save her from a severe fall. Fever set in, and for three days and nights she was continually vomiting, and during all that time she was in dreadful pain. She is only now beginning to recover strength. On Wednesday, October 8, I was taken ill with fever, and passed through twenty-four hours of misery. I recovered a little next day, and thought all was over, but at night it returned in great strength, and for four days I could get no rest—sick all the time during the day, and on the verge of delirium at night. There were four of us, and only Mrs. Brown and the Samoan servants to attend to us, for we were helpless. What a mercy that Mrs. Brown was not taken ill! In the midst of all this care, suddenly, on Sunday morning, October 12, Wallis died. I will not attempt to describe our house that morning; enough to say that we felt no greater calamity could befall us, and everything seemed dark. We buried him on Monday morning—a sad task for me, and a heart-rending one for the lonely mother!"



I received a very kindly welcome from the Conference, and earnest thanks were given to God for our safe arrival. As soon as possible I made inquiries for a vessel going to the Solomons, as I knew there was no possibility of any direct opportunity to New Britain. I found a small ketch or cutter called the *Lotus* was likely to sail soon, and I at once secured a passage in her for myself, intending to leave the teachers to be sent on in a larger vessel. As soon, however, as this was known in the Conference, several members protested very strongly against my going in such a small craft, and I had to wait for a larger vessel. Very fortunately, however, we had not long to wait, and on February 13, 1880, we left Sydney in the three-masted schooner *Avoca*, Captain Runcie. The *Avoca* was a fairly good ship, and her captain was one of my old friends, but she was simply an island trading vessel, and had little or no accommodation for passengers. My berth was on a deep shelf in the quarter of the ship, and I had to share it with scores of rats and hundreds of the large cockroaches which are so plentiful in most vessels which carry copra ; but poor as it was, I was very thankful to be on my way home again.

After a fair passage down we sighted Rennel Island on February 26, at 11 a.m., and passed between it and Bellona Island in the evening. After this we had thick and rainy weather and did not arrive at Marau Sound until Sunday, February 29, just sixteen days out from Sydney. As soon as we entered we were boarded by Captain Woodhouse of the auxiliary steam schooner *Emu*, and soon afterwards by my old friend Captain Ferguson of the S.S. *Ripple*, from both of whom we had a hearty welcome. Next day, March 1, the weather was still very "dirty" as folks say at sea, and so Marau did not look very cheerful, though we were heartily glad to be safe at anchor in its quiet waters. It is really a splendid harbour. With the exception, however, of the three vessels and a small village on one of the islands in the lagoon, there were few signs of life, and even the birds seemed un-

willing to leave their shelter to face the heavy north-west winds and rain. Some months previous to our arrival there was a large village on the western side of the harbour, but the inhabitants at the time we were there deemed it safer to dwell far back on the mountains, as they had recently committed one of the most cruel and unprovoked murders ever committed in the South Seas, on a quiet old man who had been appointed to the charge of the trading depôt established by the firm of which Captain Ferguson was the island manager. The chief Washari had been on the most friendly terms for years with them, and was paid a regular monthly sum to take care of and protect the trader and the station. On the evening before the murder, Captain Ferguson landed the trader who was appointed to take the place of the previous trader, who was being removed. Nothing at all occurred to excite any suspicion; all was quiet and peaceable as it had been for four years past, since the station was begun; the chief and people were to all appearance friendly as they had ever been. Captain Ferguson asked the chief to look after and protect both the man and the property as he had always done, received his assurance that he would do so, and then took his departure for Sydney with the fullest confidence in the chief and people. The very next morning that same chief, who had given such assurances to the captain, accompanied by a man called Alec, who also was in Captain Ferguson's employ and had received many favours from him, crossed over to the small island where the trader was living, chatted with him for awhile, and then pointed out a canoe which they said was coming to sell cocoanuts. The man turned his head to look, when he was at once struck down and murdered, after which they took away all the trade which they were able to carry, and ruthlessly destroyed everything which was of no use to them or was too heavy to be taken away. H.M.S. *Danæ* visited the group some months afterwards, and an armed party was landed and proceeded inland to endeavour to capture the murderers, but did not succeed in doing so. They, however, destroyed

the village, and so thoroughly frightened the people that at the time of our visit the shores of the harbour were quite deserted.

On the arrival of the small ketch the *Lotus*, which left Sydney a few days before us, I made some inquiries as to the probable date of her sailing, as I was anxious to get away at once with the teachers to New Britain. When I mentioned the matter to Captain Ferguson he was much concerned, and I give his reply, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words. He said: "Look here, Mr. Brown, I don't at all like the idea of your going on the *Lotus*. Wait a few days until I get the *Avoca* discharged, and I will run you all up to New Britain in the steamer. That poor wife of yours must be nearly mad with anxiety and trouble, and I cannot bear the thought of her continued sufferings. Wait a few days longer, and we will all go together as soon as ever I can get away." Needless to say, I thanked him with a broken voice, but from a full heart; and as will be seen from the subsequent narrative, he promptly fulfilled his promise, and conveyed us all to New Britain free of any expense to the Missionary Society. When I was living on Nusa Songa in the Solomon Islands in 1905, one of the most sacred spots to me on that little island was that on which stands a small monument erected to the memory of Captain Ferguson by some of his old companions and friends. He was murdered, as I shall narrate, by the natives at Numanuma on the island of Bougainville.

Whilst we were waiting at Marau I employed my time in collecting specimens of natural history, and in visiting the deserted shores of the harbour. Poor Captain Ferguson was much concerned about this, and often warned me that the natives were known to be always on the lookout for a white man to kill, in revenge for the losses which they had sustained by the action of the ship of war. I, however, felt very little fear, though I did not, of course, neglect proper precautions. In fact, I am quite certain that I frightened the natives far more than they frightened me. I never attempted to hide our tracks when we went any distance inland, but whenever

I thought we might be followed, I used to tie some cocoanut leaves across the track, clear a space in the middle of the road, make a little mound of earth, stick some twigs in it, and then put some pieces of paper or bits of cloth on the twigs, together with a betel-nut or an old cocoanut, or anything else I could get, and then pass on. All this was utterly meaningless to me, but I knew that if the natives saw it they would at once conclude that it was some form of "tabu," with dreadful penalties attached to any infringement of it; and the fact that it was new to them, and therefore not intelligible, would only add to its terrors. Whether it had any effect I do not know; but we never saw a native all the time we were at Marau, though I was out in the bush every day, and they were known to be about.

We left Marau on March 7, but had to return to port again on the same day, as the wind was strong and the weather was dirty-looking. We left again on March 9, and on the next day passed between the islands of Guadalcanar and Savo, and were fairly on our way again. We called first at Cape Marsh, on Rossell Island, to purchase yams. The people at this place were very wild in those days, and great caution had to be observed in dealing with them. I have often been asked which was the narrowest escape I have ever had from being killed by the natives, and I have always replied that my narrowest escapes were, in my opinion, on occasions when I myself apprehended no danger at all, or, at all events, when I saw no signs of it. I have often thought since that I had one of those escapes at Cape Marsh. Whilst the men were trading for yams, I strolled away into the bush, and, of course, I was followed by a crowd of natives, who were always eager to see what a white man was about to do. These people did not know me, nor did they know that I was a missionary, though I do not think this would have affected them in any way. I shot a few birds, but when I found a fine land-shell (*Bulinus . . . .*) I became very anxious to get more specimens, and set the natives to work to look for them, and soon



got a good number. They were highly amused at my folly in collecting such rubbish, but as I paid them for all they brought they were well content to profit by my ignorance. After awhile, however, I began to consider that we were at least two or three miles from the beach, that I was alone with a lot of men who bore a very bad character, and I came to the conclusion that I was acting very foolishly in placing myself so completely in their power, and soon afterwards I expressed my satisfaction with the results of our work, and turned back in the direction of the beach. I kept them, however, fully employed in hunting for something or other which they thought I might like to have, and paid them, of course, for everything which they brought. We reached the beach again in due time, much to my satisfaction, and also to the relief of Captain Ferguson. I cannot say whether the natives ever thought how easy it would be for them to kill me, and so obtain the little trade I had with me without any further trouble, but it is quite certain that those same people killed and ate Captain S—— a few weeks afterwards at the same place, though he never went farther than the beach. I never look at those shells in my cabinet without thinking that I obtained them at no little risk. The people had been formerly very numerous at that place, but were even then much decreased in number, owing to the head-hunting raids of the Ruviana people and other natives of New Georgia. These Ruviana people were continually fighting the Guadalcanar natives. They had nearly depopulated Cape Marsh and other places on Rossell Island; Murray Island people had been entirely destroyed by them; and the one-time dense population of Ysabel was now represented only by a few scattered villages. The traders were unanimous in their desire that the British Government should stop this wholesale murder, and were equally unanimous in their opinion that the presence of a small ship of war during the head-hunting season, the punishment of a few ringleaders, and the confiscation of all canoes captured whilst engaged in a raid, would soon stop the horrible business.



From Cape Marsh we went to New Georgia, coasting along the shores of the main island, and around and about the many lovely islets which stud its beautiful lagoons. We anchored at Maravo and Ruviana, taking in coals at the latter place for our last long run at sea. This was my first introduction to Ruviana, and I was very much impressed then with the importance of the place as a centre for missionary work in the Western Solomons. The people, however, were at that time strongly opposed to the introduction of Christianity, and repeatedly told Captain Ferguson that they would never allow a missionary to live amongst them. They were a very numerous and a very powerful race in those days, and were known and feared by all the adjacent islanders. They were indeed the Vikings of the Western Solomons, and the sight of a Ruviana tomako (war canoe) caused fear and consternation whenever one of them appeared in the neighbourhood of any village on any of the large islands of the Western Solomons. I preached to the few white traders, and one of them who heard me, Mr. F. Wickham, told me twenty-three years afterwards, when I had the honour of commencing our mission in the Solomons at Ruviana, that no other sermon had ever been preached during all those intervening years.

I was much interested with the manners and customs of the people, and felt quite excited when I heard a word which reminded me of a similar one in our Eastern Polynesian dialects, or of one in some of our New Britain dialects. Some of their customs seemed to be similar to those in Eastern Polynesia, and others to those which are peculiar to the Western group. I found also that the geographical area of our Eastern Polynesian race (or Malayo-Polynesian race, as it was then called) must be considerably extended, as the people of the Sikyana, or Stewart's Island, are almost pure Samoans; and I met on board the *Ripple* with men and women from Lord Howe's Group, and from Abgarris, or Feads Islands, who spoke a dialect of the Eastern Polynesian language—in fact I could easily understand most of what they said, and I

was certain that in a week or so I could have preached to them in their own dialect. The people on Marqueen Island and on the Tasman Group are also Eastern Polynesians, and I was told that Carteret Islands were once inhabited by the same people, but they had been quite exterminated by the natives of Bouka Island. I took down a number of words from the chief of Feads Group, who was on board, and found that by the observance of certain changes made in some of the consonants, large numbers of Samoan words could readily be changed to the language spoken by him. One change which was very marked was that of the letter "f" to the aspirate "h," *e.g.* fale, a house (Samoan), hale, a house (Feads).

We left Ruviana on Tuesday, March 16, and passed Treasury Island next day at sunset. On Saturday, March 20, we saw the land at Cape St. George. I had only fallen asleep towards daylight, but I was soon awake when Captain Ferguson came into the cabin and said: "Here's your New Ireland coast at last, that you've been so long hoping to see."

Next day (Sunday), March 21, we were off Duke of York Island, close in shore. About 9 a.m. a canoe came off from Waira, a village about five miles from Port Hunter. I saw that the teacher was in her, but when they came alongside I felt so very anxious that I could scarcely muster up courage enough to go and speak to him, and when I attempted to speak my mouth was so dry and parched that for some time I could not utter a word. I asked him at length if all were well at the mission station, and he said: "Yes, sir, all are well." Poor fellow, he looked very ill himself; but he told me he was well. I soon found out that it was something else which made him look so pale and ill. I asked then particularly, "Is Mrs. Brown well?" "She's well." "Is Mabel well?" "She's well." "Is Geoffrey well?" "He's well, sir." "Only Wallis dead?" "Only he, sir." I went then to Captain Ferguson, who was anxiously waiting to hear, and told him gladly: "'Tis all right, captain; there's no worse news; they're all right; only little Wallis gone, as we heard in Sydney."



CANOE HOUSE, RUVIANA, SOLOMON ISLANDS.



Photo by Mr. H. P. M. Berry.

HOUSES, RUVIANA.





Oh how glad I felt, and how earnestly I looked out for the Heads of Port Hunter, hoping to see my dear wife and children on the verandah in a few minutes. On looking round, however I saw that the poor teacher, who was still standing by me, looked pale, and I took him into the cabin and gave him some brandy and quinine. After a while he said: "I fear, sir, I have not told you aright about the children. You must forgive me, but I had not the heart to tell you. I told you wrong, sir; I couldn't bear to be the first to tell you, but I must do so now." "What is it, Mijieli?" I said. "Tell me all; tell me quickly!" "Well, sir, there's only Geoffrey alive." "What! Is my wife dead?" "No, sir, she lives; but Mabel has gone, and Geoffrey alone is left." Then I knew that I should never again see our dear little girl in this life, and that my poor wife had borne another bitter sorrow alone. She died, I found, on the 12th instant, so that had we arrived here ten days earlier, I should have been in time to see the dear girl, and to share the sorrow with my wife, even if not able to help or save the child.

But there was yet another disappointment for me. We were in full sight of the mission house, and yet no one appeared on the verandah to welcome us. So I turned again to Mijieli and said: "But why don't they come out? Where are they all, for they can surely see us now?" Then he said: "I fear that they have not yet returned from New Britain. Mr. and Mrs. Danks and Mrs. Brown all went away soon after Mabel was buried, and the house is empty now. Mrs. Brown could not stay there, sir, when Mabel was taken away." And so after all that weary waiting there was no one there to welcome us back but the Samoans who formed part of our family. We soon anchored in the old familiar waters, but I felt quite unwilling to leave the ship, which seemed more like home to me than any place on shore. After some time Captain Ferguson accompanied me, and we walked up the hill to the house, and for the first time, I think, I really felt utterly broken down, and began to think that our troubles and sufferings



were never going to end. Close by the wayside, on entering the mission-house grounds, were the two little graves of the dear children I had left so well and strong. The mortar was yet wet on the stone-work which was about that in which our dear little girl was laid. She was born only a few weeks before I left home in 1875, to commence our Mission here, and now, as we were nearing the close of this part of our work, she had passed away. I stood for some time by the graves before entering the house, sorrowing most for my dear wife, who had suffered such bitter trials alone. I did not then know how severe those trials had been, nor how many, and how severe others had been. The history of those dark days, when Mr. and Mrs. Danks and my dear wife suffered so much, and endured all so patiently is all too little known to the world, but it will not be forgotten. I walked into the empty house, and I shall never forget how utterly desolate and miserable I felt as I stood in our bedroom, and saw everywhere the traces of the painful experiences through which my dear wife had passed. The room was all untidy, just as it had been left when the body of our dear child had been carried from it. Her hat, and, as I vividly remember, a little pink dress which she wore, were thrown on the floor in one corner of the room; the dolls and toys with which they had tried to amuse her were still lying near the bed on which she died. The medical books over which they pored in vain were still about; and on the drawers and table were the medicine bottles and some powders which Mrs. Brown had prepared for the dear child an hour or two before she died. I stood speechless with my great sorrow, until Captain Ferguson came and, throwing his arms round my neck, said in his old familiar way, but with deep emotion: "Come out of this, old man. This is no place for you. Come away, and I will get up steam again, and we will go and look for Mrs. Brown." I was glad to get away, and after looking again at the house and at the two little graves, we went on board the *Ripple*, and at 10 p.m. we started for Kabakada, where I expected they had all gone.

On Monday morning, the 22nd, we were off Kabakada, and were anxiously looking out for them. For some time we were in doubt, but at last saw some people on the verandah, and soon after we made out the boat on the beach; so I knew that they were there. The boat was soon launched, and was quickly alongside the vessel, and at last I saw my dear wife, pale with excitement, and with plain traces in her face of the effects of her many trials. I cannot describe our meeting when I led her into the *Ripple's* cabin. For a long time speech was impossible, and we could only weep together. We sustained ourselves with the precious words of comfort from Him who is the Father of mercies and God of all comfort, and He upheld us in our affliction. Mr. and Mrs. Danks were looking better than I had expected to find them, but they had evidently passed through deep waters also. Mrs. Danks had been very ill indeed toward the close of the previous year, and even then she was far from being strong and well; but we hoped she would soon be all right again. The *Ripple* left us the same afternoon, after Mr. Danks's goods were landed, and then we were able to talk together about all that had been taking place during my absence.

I found that he had been blamed by some of the traders for the advice which he had given to the natives not to go in any vessel which was recruiting labour for distant places far away from their own homes. I had previously given them the same advice, and Mr. Danks was only following my example, but as I was absent he had to bear the blame alone. Some of the teachers had also been behaving foolishly, and had given him trouble, and so he very gladly welcomed us back to the work again. My own impressions of the state of the work I gave in a letter to the General Secretary, and are expressed in the following extract: "On the whole, I am well pleased with the state of the district. Brother Danks has made very rapid progress with the language, and is fully able to do good work. About his willingness to work I have told you before, and need not repeat it now. His heart is in his work.

His knowledge of the Duke of York language will be invaluable to him in New Britain, in fact, he will have very little trouble indeed in learning the language, as the idiom and a large proportion of the words are alike. He reports that a day or two before our arrival he baptized the New Britain chief of whom I told you. There are several also who are waiting to be baptized. The little book in Duke of York language which I sent down from Sydney has been made good use of, and, rough as it is, has already done good service. The Sunday is well observed at most of our stations, especially at Port Hunter. The boys and young men who have been under Mr. Danks have made good progress, and several of them can now read portions of the lesson-book and first catechism in their own language. I have not yet seen much of the work on any of the out-stations, but all I hear is as favourable as we can expect."

Soon after the *Ripple* left us we returned from Kabakada, and I was very glad indeed that Mr. and Mrs. Danks were able to accompany us. Our return to our old home was very painful to my dear wife and myself, but especially to her, as wherever she went, either in the house or about the station, there were many reminders of the children we had lost, and of the other painful experiences of the previous months. My wife had little or no fever until our little boy died. She was wonderfully sustained in health during what Mr. Danks called "those dark days." He told me that they fully believed that had Mrs. Brown been taken ill they would all have died. Both Mr. and Mrs. Danks often spoke of some of their painful experiences during my absence. He said that one night when Mrs. Brown was nursing her sick child she became very uneasy about Mrs. Danks, and though she had not heard anything to excite her fears, and naturally supposed that all in the house were asleep, she had a powerful impression that she must go and see how she was. So, leaving the child on the bed, she determined to go as far as the door of the room which was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Danks, and, if necessary, ask if



COAST SCENE, RUVIANA, SOLOMON ISLANDS.





they needed help. On her way she found Mrs. Danks lying on the floor in the passage quite helpless, and vainly trying to make one of the Samoan servants hear her cries. She had felt herself very ill during the night, and had vainly tried to awaken her husband, but he himself was almost unconscious and quite unable to help her. She then slipped down to the ground, and crept as far as the doorway of the passage on her way to Mrs. Brown's room, when her strength utterly failed, and she could neither make herself heard nor could she get back to her room again; and in this state Mrs. Brown found her.

The story of the death of our little boy, as given me by Mr. Danks, can be given in a few words. He said: "We were all feeling very anxious one day about Geoffrey and Wallis, but could do but little to help. Mrs. Danks was very ill in one room, poor Geoffrey was tossing about in another room on the sofa or on the floor. I was lying down weak and ill on the verandah, and Mrs. Brown was nursing Wallis a few yards away, when she suddenly called out to me: 'Oh! Mr. Danks, he is dead.' And so her great sorrow came upon her." Not many words, 'tis true, but who could write the story in full? Those were days of trial and sorrow for all that small party in New Britain, and they were followed by some weary months of anxiety and dread as day after day and week after week passed away without the appearance of the long-overdue mission ship. It was known by them that we had left Fiji in November, and so were due in New Britain early in December; but it was not until near the end of March that I reached them in the *Ripple*, after the conviction had been forced upon my dear wife that I had been lost at sea, and after she had been called upon to suffer the loss of our dear little Mabel. And all the time we were drifting 1,800 miles towards Sydney, when we might have been landed in a few days at St. Christoval, and I could have reached home from there in a few weeks at the latest!

One of the saddest stories told me was that of the illness

and death of our dear girl. Often when she was recovering from an attack of fever she would look out to sea, and then turn to her mother and cry: "Oh, mamma, why doesn't father come back to us?" And all this might have been avoided! I think it is not to be wondered at that I wrote in my letter to the General Secretary, that "the dispensations of our Father in heaven, though painful, are easy to bear; it is the folly and selfishness of man which are so hard to endure." At the time I was writing this to Mr. Chapman my colleague, Mr. Danks, was also writing to him. I did not see the letter until it was published in our Connexional paper, but I have always felt grateful for the kindly appreciation and sympathy expressed in it, and I will close this part of my story by giving an extract from it. The concluding part of the letter, which I do not publish in full, contained a strong protest from Mr. Danks against the action of the Captain of the *John Wesley*, and gave the opinion of Captain Ferguson, who was at St. Christoval in the S.S. *Ripple* at the time, and who would certainly have seen or heard of the vessel if she were near the land, and also that of other captains and traders, that there was no difficulty whatever in reaching St. Christoval; that the *Ripple*, *Avoca*, and other vessels were there at the time, and that there was every facility for putting the *John Wesley* in a good seagoing condition, so that she could either have continued her voyage to Duke of York Island, or transferred passengers and cargo to another vessel, to be brought on whilst she returned to Sydney. Mr. Danks in recording his protest said: "Our provisions had almost all gone, our most important medicines were all gone, our barter goods were fast coming to an end, many of our teachers were dragging out a most miserable existence, for our stores for them had all been given out, and most of mine had also gone to them, disease and death were in our families, whilst Captain —— sailed 1,800 miles back to Sydney without making an honest attempt to go 100 miles, and place himself in a position whence help could have been sent to us." We all felt deeply hurt at the time,

and though the wound has long been healed there is a deep scar left which time cannot quite obliterate.

The following is the extract from Mr. Danks's letter to the General Secretary, dated March 29, 1880: "You will be glad to know of the safe return of Mr. Brown to this, the scene of his former labours, and of so much sorrow during his absence. He is looking wonderfully improved, and I trust he will continue to go on improving. I never thought to see him here again when I saw him depart, some eleven months ago. God has been good to us all in sending him back to us, especially in a fit condition to remain; for if he could not have done so, our Mission must have suffered great and, for some years, at least, irreparable loss. Now that we have him back again, I trust in a few months to have a copy of one of the Gospels, at least, in our hands written in the Duke of York language.

"On Mr. Brown's arrival at Duke of York he found us all at New Britain, where we had gone to get away, if only for a short time, from the scene of so much sorrow and affliction. Sad indeed must have been the thoughts and feelings of our dear brother as he stood beside the graves of his two little children, and there tried to form some estimate of the dark, dark days which his wife must have passed through during his absence. When I speak of those days I must ever speak of them as the dark days of my mission life, for I cannot conceive it possible to have more trouble and more darkness than we had then. It seemed to us as though the very heavens were closed against our cries of agony, and that we were left alone in our misery. Whoever undertakes to write the history of our Mission here will fail to fulfil his task if he does not give to the world the story of poor Mrs. Brown's trouble, and her Christian patience and faith while passing through such deep waters. And I wish the world to know how that, when nursing her dear little boy Wallis, expecting him to die every moment, she had still a kindly word of encouragement for me, as I lay on the sofa too weak to move

myself, and expecting every moment to hear of my wife's death. I well remember that morning, for one of our teachers had just returned from New Britain bringing with him two other teachers, who were also at death's door. He sat on the floor close to my side, and the tears came into his eyes as he looked at me lying there so helpless; and when he told me of the state of the two teachers he had brought across, I could stand it no longer, but burst out into an agony of tears, and felt utterly desolate. I am not given to crying, but I don't think anybody will charge me with unmanliness for so doing, if it be remembered how that one of Mrs. Brown's children was at the point of death, another seriously ill, Mrs. Danks in a semi-conscious state, and myself unable to get about. In the midst of all this Mrs. Brown moved about the house supplying all our bodily wants, and giving words of comfort even when her own load was too heavy to carry. If we had been without her assistance some one would have had to record, if not the death of either Mrs. Danks or myself, a very prolonged illness, which would have necessitated our removal from this very interesting field of labour.

"No one can possibly know the desolation of our house after the departure of Wallis. My heart ached for poor Mrs. Brown, as she went about the house with tearful eyes and stooping gait, as though the inward burden was exercising not only a mental, but a physical influence upon her. When she went upstairs and locked the store-room door, we knew what it was for—that she might weep in silence over the dear departed one. As she walked outside in the cool of the evening we knew why she did so—that she might weep at the little one's grave. As our heads bowed in prayer, the tear unbidden would flow; and thus for months. We were at last beginning to get over that, when this last affliction came, which has again made a gap in Mr. Brown's family. On February 2 Mabel was taken ill with low continued fever. For fourteen days she lived on, undergoing great pain, and gradually getting weaker and weaker. She ate nothing worth speaking of all that time,



and was reduced to a mere skeleton. On the fifteenth day the complaint suddenly changed or merged into a lung or throat disease, which terminated in death on the 11th instant. We buried her next day by the side of Wallis, who that very day five months previously had departed this life.

“We could not remain on Duke of York any longer. We all felt the necessity of a change, especially as Mrs. Danks was still weak from a prolonged attack of fever, which had lasted over fourteen days; Geoffrey also was going about the house pale and sickly looking; and I myself had had another good shaking. So we determined to make a tour of all the New Britain stations. On our first day out Mrs. Danks was very ill indeed, and I thought of turning back, but as she was much better by next morning we pushed on from the uninhabited island of Palakuuru, where we passed the night, and about nine o'clock reached the house of our own catechist who is stationed at Kininigunan.

“We reached Kabakada on Saturday afternoon, and intended to remain there till the following Wednesday, and then start back for Duke of York, so as to be home for Good Friday. ‘Man proposes, but God disposes,’ is a well-known saying, but none the less true on that account. Little did we think of seeing Mr. Brown at Kabakada on the following Monday morning; but we did. . . . I pass over our meeting on board the S.S. *Ripple*; it is too hallowed, too sacred, too full of joy and sorrow to attempt to expose it to the world's gaze. The deck of the busy, smart *Ripple* will have associated with it in my mind one of the most painful, yet the most comforting scenes it has been my lot to witness—the meeting of man and wife after such a separation as that of Mr. and Mrs. Brown. May they long live to be a comfort to each other, and a blessing to the thousands around them, who have need of their sympathetic and earnest labours.”

On Wednesday, March 31, 1880, just ten days after my



return, and two days after the *Ripple* had left us for Meoko (Port Wesley) we were surprised by the arrival of one of our teachers from New Ireland, bringing with him three men who had arrived on his station at Topaia in a destitute condition endeavouring to make their way to Port Hunter. These men reported to us the arrival of a large colonising expedition at Likiliki, about twelve miles round Cape St. George, some few weeks previously. They told us that there was a large number of men there, nearly all of whom were ill with fever and in a very destitute condition. I ordered my boat to be got ready, and we determined to go at once and ascertain what were the real facts of the case. Though Likiliki was more than one hundred miles away from Port Hunter, and neither Mr. Danks nor I was in a very good condition for taking such a journey, we started in about an hour after receiving the news. On our way across the channel we boarded a German schooner, and reported the matter to Mr. Blohm, who promised to render any assistance he was able to if I would report to him on my return. In the far distance we saw, much to our disappointment, the steamer *Ripple*, apparently heading directly for the Solomons, and we felt very sorry indeed that we had not been able to intercept her. We had a very heavy pull under a blazing hot sun, without a breath of wind to help us. I deeply pitied the poor teachers, who were quite exhausted with the heavy work of pulling the boat in the fearful heat. We were all glad indeed to get on shore on the New Ireland coast about sunset. I said nothing to the men until they had rested for an hour or two, and had been refreshed by a good supper, but I felt very anxious to get on our journey, and so I told them that we were almost certain to have a strong land breeze after the great heat of the day; that they could sleep as well in the boat as on shore; and that we would steer the boat when the breeze came whilst they got their much-needed rest. This they consented to do; and as I predicted, we got a fine breeze off the land, which enabled us to lay right along the coast. Mr. Danks and I steered the most of the night, and at daylight,



METLIK (OR LIKILIKI), WHERE MARQUIS DE RAYS' COLONISTS LANDED.



to our great joy, we saw the *Ripple* only a few miles ahead of us. We concluded at once that Captain Ferguson had called at Port Carteret, and had heard of the settlement, and was on his way back to Port Hunter to inform us of it. When we got on board, however, we found that he knew nothing whatever of it, and was very much surprised when I told him. He said that he had gone into Port Carteret the night before, but the natives appeared to be so excited that he deemed it best to go outside again and wait until daylight. This he did, and when he saw our boat he thought that some one was sick, and kindly waited for us. As soon as we were on board he took the boat in tow, and we steamed into Port Carteret. Soon after we entered we met a boat belonging to the German firm, in which were Captain McLaughlin and several sick men, who were on their way to our station at Duke of York. It was very sad indeed to see the deplorable condition in which some of these poor men were, and it was an exciting time when they were lifted on board, where Captain Ferguson attended to them with his usual kindness. From Captain McLaughlin we learned the following particulars.

The ship *Chandernagore*, Captain Jos Seykens, left the port of Flushing on September 14, 1879, called at the Cape de Verde Islands October 3, sighted Louisiade Islands January 1, landed seventeen colonists, in charge of M. Charles Noetinger, at the Laughlin Islands, with provisions for three months. The author of the expedition was Charles du Breil, Marquis de Rays, the scheme having for its object the founding of a free colony, under the name of "Free Colony of Port Breton," including the archipelago of New Britain and the Solomon Islands, as well as that part of New Guinea unoccupied by the Dutch. They arrived at Port Praslin on January 16, and from there went round to a bay near Cape Bougainville about February 1. The ship departed suddenly without notice, February 20, leaving some stores, but no medicine. The Major Commandant of the colony, M. de la Croix, left with her. Sickness soon broke out. One man died; six more left by stealth in a boat on



February 29, and had not been heard of. Towards the middle of March nearly the whole of the party were sick with fever and bad sores, and in this deplorable condition we found them. Just before reaching the place, we met another party of three men, who had left in a small canoe, preferring to risk the long voyage, and the danger from natives on the way, rather than remain any longer there. We had to anchor for the night before proceeding to the settlement.

I well remember some of the incidents of that night. The cruel scorching that we had received in the boat during the day, followed as it was by the heavy dew-laden and cold land-breeze during the night, had brought on a most violent attack of elephantiasis, and I was utterly unable to move. Captains Ferguson and McLaughlin were both educated men, and they passed a great part of the night in discussing Herbert Spencer's *Study of Sociology*, which had recently been published. I never see the book now without thinking of that night, for when I was tossing about half delirious with fever each time I woke I would hear the discussion on the educational bias, the bias of patriotism, the class bias, the political bias, the theological bias; and the headings of these chapters have ever since been associated in my mind with one of the most violent attacks of elephantiasis that I ever experienced. Next day we were on our way very early, and after rounding Cape St. George we went on to the bay of Likiliki, about ten or twelve miles on the eastern shore of New Ireland. I was not able to go on shore, but Mr. Danks went, and saw the men, and received their earnest entreaties to be taken away at once to some place where proper food and medicine could be given to them. I realised the difficulty of my position in interfering with any scheme of settlement, but at the same time I felt that unless something was done many of the men would die; and it was absolutely certain that there would have been very serious trouble as soon as we left them. I stated these difficulties to Captains Ferguson and McLaughlin, and also to the men, telling them that I could only grant their request on the ground of humanity, and by



their own written petition to me to do so, and further, that I could only grant their request if the officer in command also asked me to do so. They at once prepared the following petition :

“TO THE REV. GEORGE BROWN,

“*Superintendent of the Wesleyan Australasian Missions  
at Port Hunter.*

“SIR,—

“We, the undersigned colonists at Likiliki, being in the utmost distress from fever and want of proper medicine and nourishment, beg you to use your influence to have us transported to a place where we can be sheltered and properly taken care of. We severally promise to submit to all the rules and regulations of your establishment, and to act as honourable men while under your guidance and care.” This was signed by forty of the colonists.

I also received another letter from Captain McLaughlin, as follows :

“REV. MR. GEORGE BROWN,

“SIR,—

“All these men having already intimated to me by a signed paper their desire to leave Likiliki by any route to join your establishment, from the motives stated in their prayer to you, and in which I am obliged to concur, I thank you in advance in the name of humanity for any aid and assistance you may be able to give them.

“CAPTAIN McLAUGHLIN.

“LIKILIKI, *April 2, 1880.*”

After receiving this I arranged that Captain Ferguson should convey the party to our station at Port Hunter, which he very kindly consented to do, at some personal inconvenience and loss. The only recompense he received was a number of rifles which the sick men had, and which were of no further use to them. Indeed we were very glad to get them away from them. Mr. Danks told me that it was really piteous to see the eager

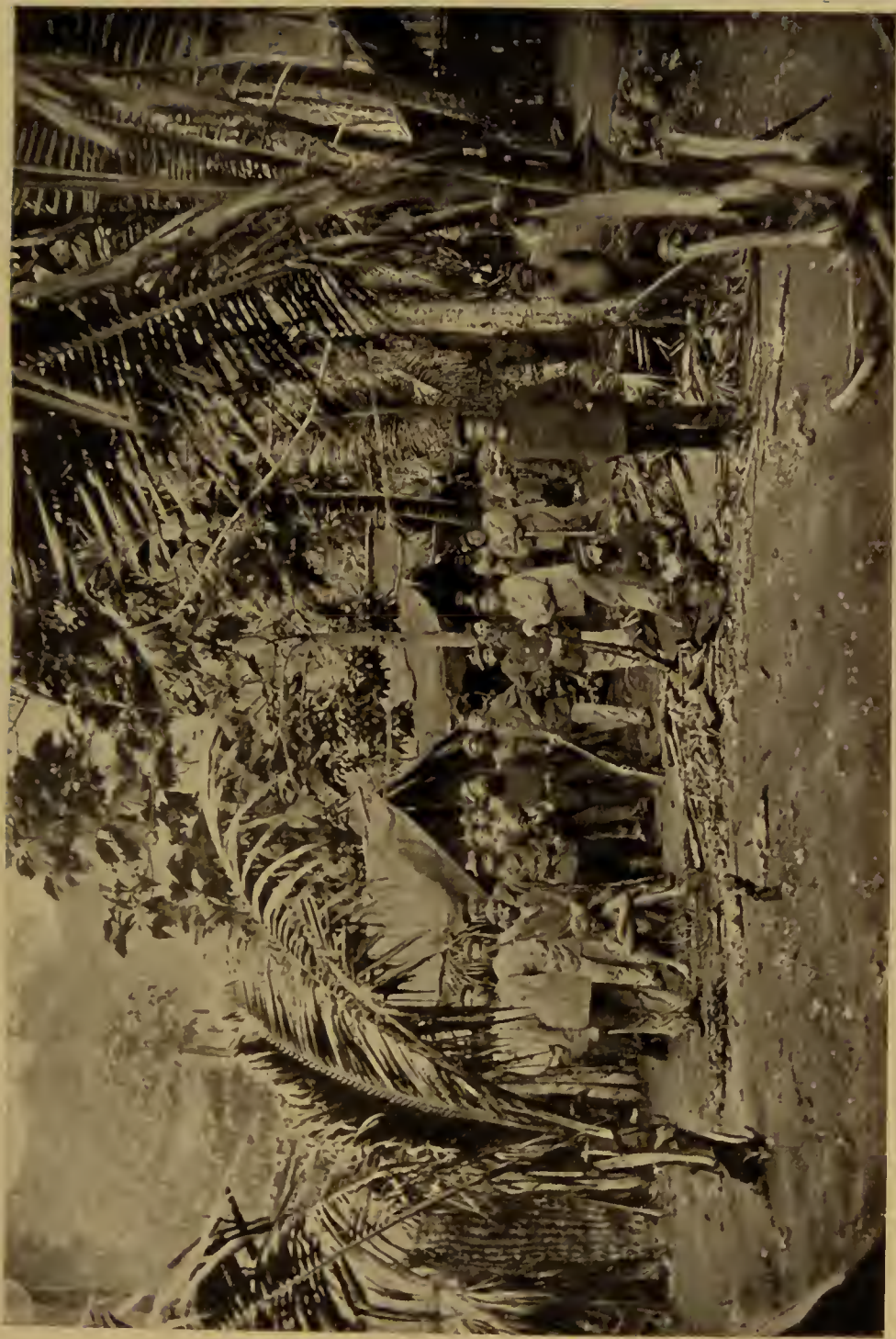
way in which the poor men almost rushed the boat, so much were they afraid of being left behind.

We arrived in Port Hunter at midnight, but I was not able to land until daylight, when I was carried up to the house, where I made another good resolution to take great care and avoid all unnecessary exposure in future. I felt, however, no condemnation for our action in this instance, as the necessity was very great and we were perfectly justified in incurring the risk. I suffered severely from the strain and exposure. One of the poor men that we brought back died the day after landing. We had then forty-one in all, and knew that we should have no little difficulty in supplying their wants if their expected vessel was long in coming. Captain Ferguson very kindly left some stores for them, Captain McLaughlin put on board some biscuits, pork, cheese, and a few other things, and Mr. Blohm, a few days later, forwarded some very acceptable supplies.

The following list of names was supplied to me whilst the men were residing at Port Hunter : Schulz, Tetzlaff—these two went to Mr. Kleinshmidt. De Nassau, Buch, Gasser—these three went in German steamer. Jerome Semeriva (?), Leroux, Lemeure, Car, Vincent—these five went with Mr. Embleton. Krause, Grandry, Bocquet, Hervais, Vorndran, Eck, Caul, Furtz, Urban, Erbslande, Diedrich, Hoberg, De Lavour, De Lavande, Joseph Bricanne, Horneck, Lemelle, Lourdeaux, Bret, Strevenard, Douchet, Becker, Scheurmann, Lachet, Mangny, Kaisen, Chauvaux, Schaeff, Coenen, Brandt, Benninger, Schoesler, Glachet, Gervais, Kurmilla, Muret, Binz, Canals, of these Krause died on April 4, Urban and Grandy on May 2, De Lavande and Hoberg on May 4, Erbslande on May 14, and Lourdeaux on May 18.

In this list I do not find the names of Brunois, Johan Malmgrene (?), Mr. Schmit (?) and Le —, who signed the petition for removal.

Our first work was to build houses for the men, and in this I naturally expected to receive some assistance from the able-



A NUMBER OF MARQUIS DE RAYS' COLONISTS AT LIKILIKI.





bodied immigrants, but we received little or no help from them. They were quite dispirited, and appeared to have no bond of union or spirit of comradeship amongst them. Nearly all the work had to be done by our teachers and the natives whom I employed and paid. A large number were sick and utterly unable to work. They were suffering from fever, ulcers, and malarious dysentery. Many of them had sold most of their clothes to the natives for food previous to their coming. Some of those who were sick were lying about in a most filthy condition, and some of them half naked. I saw some dreadful sights at this time which will not bear to be reported in print. One man swam out to sea and tried to drown himself, but we sent a canoe after him and brought him back. I fortunately had secured a case of spirits from Captain Ferguson, and I used to go round amongst the sick, giving them large doses of quinine together with a little stimulant, which proved very effective in most cases. I tried to get some of the men to act as nurses, but with very little success, and at last we had to get the worst cases up to our own grounds, and erect some cottage hospitals for them, where they were fed from our own table. This was no little tax upon Mrs. Brown, and also upon our resources. I gave special supplies to any one who would volunteer to attend upon the sick, but most of the men seemed quite content with the food which was provided for them daily. We gave as many clothes as we could to those who were in most need of them, and sent boats away regularly to purchase yams, taro, bananas, and other fruits for them. In addition to these they had fish, tinned meats, pork, and cheese. Every man was supplied regularly also with an allowance of tobacco for his own use, or with which to purchase additional food from the natives. Many of the men, I found, were Protestants, but we treated all alike, quite irrespective of the faith which they professed, and I think they were all grateful to us. They naturally enough, however, looked to us for the supply of all their wants, and we were continually receiving requests from them. These we granted as far as possible.



When our stock of biscuits got very low I told them that, as I had only one tin left, I purposed keeping that for those who were sick, and that I should not be able to give any regular allowance of biscuits until our supplies were replenished from Sydney. We took very good care, however, that they were abundantly supplied with good native food, together with the articles I have already mentioned. The day after I had made the announcement that no more biscuits could be supplied, one of the men came up as usual for the supply, and on my telling him that there were no more biscuits available he became somewhat impertinent, and told me that he must have biscuits, or he would die. This made me very indignant, and I spoke my mind to him very freely indeed. I told him that the best thing he could do was to go away and die as soon as possible, for he did not appear to me to be of much use in the world, and that a man who in the possession of good health and strength could be so indifferent to the necessities of his sick comrades deserved very little consideration from us. As soon as he had gone I sent down for the officer in charge, Mr. Brandt, and told him that he was to gather the men together, and tell them that they were to get ready and we would take them all back to Likiliki on the following morning. On his inquiring the reason for this action I told him of the request which had just been made to me, and asked him to tell the men that as I presumed the messenger whom they had sent had fairly represented their wishes, there was no other course open for me, as I had no more biscuits, and I did not wish them all to die on my hands. Mr. Brandt went down and reported this, and in a short time afterwards I had to go down and intercede for the messenger, as they were preparing to inflict summary punishment upon him. They positively refused to go away, and promised again that there should be no further trouble.

I cannot give in full detail a proper account of the sad deaths which I witnessed. We did all that we possibly could for those who were sick, but some of the cases were too far advanced for any effective help. It was very sad to hear their

complaints and cries. "Oh! mother, mother, my mother!" was the pathetic moan of one poor man whom we thought to be dying. We removed him to the Mission premises, and the poor lad got well; so I hope he saw his much-loved mother again. The poor little man who tried to drown himself was always talking about his brother, and calling out for him to come. He saw Mr. Danks one day, and at once threw his arms round him and cried that he had at last found his brother again. But the most dreadful sight I ever saw was the death of one of these unfortunate men. We placed him in one of the cottage hospitals in our own grounds, in which we made two bedsteads, which were carefully covered with fresh dried leaves every day. On each morning he had to be lifted from one bedstead to the other, and the leaves on which he had slept taken out and burned, and then replaced with a fresh lot; and the same plan had to be pursued each evening. He was in a most dreadful condition, and I cannot possibly give the details. When I saw that he was near death I sent down to Mr. Brandt, and told him that he was to appoint two men to sit with this poor man during the night. I said that he was not to ask for volunteers again, but simply to make the appointment, and that if the men did not come, I should not issue any more stores. When the men whom he had appointed came up, I took them into the study, and spoke very kindly to them, and asked them to watch over the poor man in his last hours. I gave them pipes and tobacco and kerosene lamps, and some other things, and they promised faithfully that they would remain with the man all night. Next morning they told me that he was dead, and I went down to see him. It is utterly impossible for me to tell what I saw. I had to take some strong carbolic disinfectant with me before any one would enter the hut, and we had to make a special basket before the body could be carried away for burial.

There is one little serio-comic incident which I must relate here. Whilst the men were still with us, living in this state of destitution and sickness, the captain in charge received instruc-

tions from France, which were opened and read on our verandah. These letters contained, amongst other things, elaborate directions as to how he was to lay out the future city of this colony. He was told to set aside a portion for the "noblesse," another portion for the "bourgeois," and another for the "ouvriers." He was also directed to select a suitable site for barracks for the "gendarmes", and definite instructions were given as to the size and locality of site on which the cathedral was to be erected. These instructions were read to us, with the lands which were to be so used still covered with wild jungle just in front of us, and whilst the men we had rescued in such a sad state of destitution and misery were still on the premises. I contented myself with asking the captain to reserve for me a corner lot in the "noblesse" quarter; and this he promised to do.

H.M.S. *Conflict* arrived at Duke of York on May 22, 1880. She had called at the settlement on New Ireland on her way, and Captain McLaughlin, the officer in charge there, came on in her as passenger to Port Hunter. Captain Bower came on shore immediately on his arrival, and interviewed the immigrants who were with us, Captain McLaughlin being also present. The men stated that they wished to be taken to Sydney, or to be employed by one of the traders. In the event of neither of these schemes being practicable, then their desire was to remain where they were; but they refused to go back to the colony. It was represented to them that they could not stay at Port Hunter to depend upon us for supplies, now that provisions, etc., were at Likiliki, having, I presumed, been brought there by the schooner *Emilie*; and that they must either go there or be prepared to shift for themselves. Next day at sunrise Captain Bower went to New Britain in our steam launch, to consult with Mr. HERNSHEIM, the German Consul in that group. On our return to Duke of York the men were again mustered; those of them who had got employment were left behind; the others were taken on board the *Pacific* by Captain HERNSHEIM and landed again at Likiliki. The houses were fired, and so ended that part of this episode in our mission life here.

We heard that the *Emilie* had called on her way to New Ireland at the Laughlin Islands, where the first party were left, and found that out of seventeen men left there by the *Chandagore*, seven had died ; so that they also had great troubles.

On July 18 I left Port Hunter in the S.S. *Ripple*, Captain Ferguson having kindly offered to tow my whale-boat as far as the settlement at Metlik (Likiliki), on his way to the Solomons ; and by this means I was able again to visit the colonists, and also our mission stations on New Ireland, with comparative ease. We arrived at Metlik on the 19th, and found the colonists in great distress, and very anxious to be removed. Captain McLaughlin and Captain Ferguson made some arrangements for their removal ; and as Captain McLaughlin and I said good-bye to our old friend Ferguson as the *Ripple* steamed out, I received again his assurance to tell the poor fellows on shore that in three weeks' time he would be back again, and would take them all to Sydney. It was, as I shall narrate a little further on, in hastening back to fulfil this promise that he was killed.

The colonists, I found, had erected a large block house and several other buildings, but little or nothing had been done in the way of cultivation or of making provision for the supply of their wants. There were abundant evidences in the settlement of the great preparations which had been made in France for the success of the expedition. A large steam boiler and fireplace were on the beach, together with a great quantity of bricks, which were intended, I believe, to be used in the foundations of the cathedral which they purposed building. They had also the machinery for sugar refining, a steam crane, incubators, a saw-mill, and agricultural implements ; but it was evident that there had been great carelessness either in shipping the material or in landing it, as they had cases of knife handles without any blades, and a number of wheelbarrows, but no wheels. They had scarcely any axes, and the few spades with which they were supplied appeared to be of the worst possible material. They



had no quinine and few other medicines. I have read in the accounts of the subsequent trial in France statements which were certainly not correct with regard to the island. It was described as "an abomination of desolation—that there was nothing to distinguish it from the merest rock rising out of the ocean; that there was absolutely no soil to cultivate, the little there was of any depth being at the bottom of deep ravines and fissures in the rocks, whence most of the vegetation springs; that the few head of cattle which they were able to bring with them could find no pasturage, and had to be fed while they lived with branches cut from the trees; that the barrenness of the soil was alone sufficient to take all heart out of the colonists, seeing that starvation stared them in the face; and that malaria came as a deliverance to many by putting them out of their misery." This is all fanciful, as a short visit to any part of New Ireland will easily prove. The land, instead of being a mere rock, is covered with splendid forest trees, and the soil will grow yams, taro, bananas, sweet potatoes, and any tropical fruits which may be planted in it. The fact is that the people were disheartened from the very commencement, and even before the *Chandanagore* left, Captain McLaughlin, in one of his letters to the captain of that vessel said: "I have an ugly time of it; more than one half of my men are laid up with sore feet, and the other half with laziness." It is only fair, however, to say that the latter part of this description did not apply, so far as my experience went, to some of the men, as I found them quite willing to do anything that they could. Perhaps it will be well here to give a *résumé* of the history of this unfortunate expedition.

It was organised mainly by the energy and enterprise evinced by the Marquis de Rays, who, at his own expense, fitted out and equipped the barque *Chandanagore*. She was purchased for the expedition in Havre, and it was intended that the immigrants, who were of mixed nationalities, should embark at that place for their destination. The French Government, however, refused to countenance the movement, and the vessel cleared out of Havre for Port Breton *via* Antwerp. The





MIA, A CHIEF OF RUVIANA.



Belgian Government, however, also declined to allow the emigrants to embark at Antwerp, and the vessel was then taken to Vlissingen, a seaport about forty miles below Antwerp. She finally sailed from there on September 14, with a party of eighty-two men, who were under the charge of Captain McLaughlin, an American. This number consisted of forty Germans, twenty-five Frenchmen, six Belgians, eleven Swiss, and other nationalities. M. de la Croix, the representative of the Marquis, was in charge, and they, as I have already mentioned, landed at New Ireland on January 16, 1880. I first saw them after the *Chandanagore* had left for Sydney, and I then stated that, in my opinion, those who were in charge of that vessel incurred a very serious responsibility in going away as they did, and leaving the poor men almost without tools, and without a single ounce of quinine or any other medicine. The excuse made was that the anchor had "carried away"; but even if this were so, they could still have communicated with the shore, and have landed some of the most necessary stores. After the men came on our station nearly a month passed without a death, but afterwards several of our patients succumbed to the diseases which affected them. In nearly every case the ulcers were getting well, and the fever was controlled, but the dysentery so weakened the system that they could not rally. Nearly every man had fever, and our large stock of quinine was nearly all used. Seven men died at our station at Port Hunter.

I wrote at the time as follows: "Marquis de Rays, and those who have carried out this mad scheme, have incurred a very heavy responsibility indeed. They have begun the venture without having any proper conception of the nature of the work, or of the difficulties to be encountered. No good judgment whatever has been exercised as to the suitability of the place, which seems to have been selected in some drawing-room in France, whilst looking over an old book of Bougainville's travels. The people brought out are, as regards the greater portion of them, most unsuitable men for colonists,

and no proper care was taken to have them supplied with tools or medicine, from the want of which they have suffered so much.

“As to the colony, I am quite satisfied that they never will succeed in establishing one such as Marquis de Rays desires in the place they have selected here ; and unless better judgment is exercised in the selection of the colonists they will never succeed anywhere. The men are from all countries and have no common bond of union, and from the beginning they seem to have had little or no interest in the affair. They have been good and well-behaved here, and have always shown us the greatest respect ; but there is no *esprit de corps* amongst themselves, and it has been with the greatest difficulty that we have succeeded in getting the most necessary attention paid to the sick and dying ones amongst them.”

On Friday, August 27, we were startled by the sound of a steamer's whistle in the channel, but we could not make out the flag under which she was sailing. However, I got my boat afloat as soon as possible and went out to her, when we found that it was the *Genil*, Captain Rabardy, and that the flag was that of Liberia ; so there was some excuse for our ignorance with regard to the nationality of the vessel. As soon as I began to mention the difficulties under which the colonists at Metlik were placed, Captain Rabardy stopped me, and led me to his cabin, as he evidently did not wish any of the people on board to hear the communication which I had to make. After I had told him he accompanied us on shore, leaving the steamer in the channel. We had a long talk about the state of the people, and he was very much distressed indeed at the account which I gave him of their sufferings and of the deaths which had taken place. He told me that another large vessel was following him almost immediately, and that she would bring several ladies, together with horses, carriages, dogs for hunting, etc., etc. On our way down to the boat I took him to the place where we had buried

the men who died whilst they were with us in Port Hunter. I do not think I ever saw such a sudden change come over any man as I saw in Captain Rabardy, when I pointed out the spot where some of the unfortunate members of the expedition were buried. He had been talking quite cheerfully and in an excited way about the prospects of the colony; but as soon as he heard what I was saying he stopped, and uncovered his head, and after a short interval of silence threw his arms around me, and saluted me on both cheeks, whilst he thanked me for the kindness which we had been privileged to show to his distressed comrades. We heard some time after he left us that the *Victor* sailed on September 1 for Sydney with the survivors of the first party.

During the remainder of my stay in the group we had several opportunities of seeing members of the expedition when they came to Duke of York Island, but I did not visit them again until November, after the arrival of the *India*. The settlement had in the meantime been removed to the west coast, and located in what are known as English and Irish Coves. I left on November 11, and reached Lamasa to breakfast after a very fine passage, and got to Irish Cove at 1 p.m., where I was very courteously received by Commander Le Prevost and all on board the *India*. I found her to be a large steamer, and very snugly anchored in Irish Cove. I spent some time on board, but after dinner went on board the *Genil*, Captain Rabardy, and slept there. Next day I walked about the settlement, and took a number of photographs. The number of immigrants was much larger than on my previous visit, many of them being Italians. Several small plantations had been already begun, and good progress had been made during the month they had been located at this place. A large block house was in course of erection. There was an abundance of fine water, both river and spring; but the impression made on my mind was that, whilst the place might do very well indeed as a depôt, it was no fit place for a large colony. There were numbers of women and children amongst



the later immigrants, and they were certainly doing their full share of the hard work necessary in clearing the dense scrub around them. I left for Port Hunter again in the evening. I have no further details of my own to give in connection with this expedition, but its subsequent history may be briefly mentioned.

The next vessel to arrive at the colony after the *Genil* and the *India* was the *La Nouvelle Bretagne*, which vessel left in the spring of 1881 with about a hundred and fifty immigrants on board. On reaching Pointe de Galle, Captain Henri received a telegram from the Marquis stating that enemies and traitors by whom he was surrounded had placed him in an embarrassing position with regard to the enterprise, but he hoped he would obtain the upper hand of them. At Singapore the captain found another telegram awaiting him, nominating him provisional governor of Port Bretagne, and instructing him to divest Captain Rabardy of the command of the *Genil* in favour of one Coll, a Spanish subject. Henri's suspicions concerning the business in which he was employed were fairly aroused, and instead of carrying out his orders, he took counsel with Rabardy on his arrival at Port Bretagne as to what they had better do. Rabardy satisfied Henri that he could not be dismissed, inasmuch as neither he nor his crew had received any payment for their services, nor had the vessel been purchased. The Marquis had undertaken to send out provisions and money, but nothing of the kind had been despatched. Captain Henri had no alternative but to aggravate the situation by landing his fresh batch of emigrants. But, filled with pity at the condition of these unfortunate people, and after taking counsel with Captain Rabardy, he decided to steam to Manila to obtain succour. His coal being exhausted, trees had to be cut down to supply fuel for the fires. He left the island on September 16. At Manila fresh perplexity awaited him. An embargo was laid upon the steamer by one of the Marquis's creditors. The vessel was seized by the authorities in Manila, and the firemen taken out of her, as well as an important piece

of her machinery. A few days after this there were signs of a typhoon coming on, so the authorities replaced the piece of machinery, and put six officers in charge of the vessel. Henri telegraphed to the Marquis, and received a reply ordering him to sell the vessel and satisfy the claim. Henri, however, whose kind and manly conduct did much to relieve the gloom of this sad history, thought of the starving wretches at Port Breton ; and, having put provisions on board before the embargo was declared, he took advantage of the storm, slipped his anchor and steamed away, landing the six officers forty miles off, and made the best of his way to New Ireland. He reached his destination on January 1, 1881, but was closely followed by another steamer, the *La Gaspe*, manned by a Spanish man-of-war crew, on January 12. This vessel had been sent in pursuit of the runaway *La Nouvelle Bretagne*. It arrived too late, however, to stop the provisions being landed. The inhabitants had by that time been reduced to a still more deplorable condition, for it was three months since Captain Henri left to obtain relief. He submitted himself a prisoner to the Spaniards, but before starting again for Manila, on January 20, in tow of the *La Gaspe*, he took on board a large number of the surviving colonists. He was tried at Manila on the charge of violating the embargo, and also of having carried away some carbineers who had been placed "in possession" of the vessel. It is certain that Captain Henri had no motive for stealing the carbineers ; he even took the first opportunity that presented itself for putting them ashore ; but his conduct in taking these representatives of authority away with him when he slipped anchor appeared most outrageous to the officials, and, although he was acquitted on the first count in consideration of his philanthropic motive, in defiance of all logical sequence he was convicted on others, and sent to prison.

On February 13 all the colonists arrived at Meoko (Port Wesley) in the S.S. *Genil* and the *Marquis de Rays*, en route for Sydney. I was not then in the group, but Rev. B. Danks, who was in charge of the Mission, attended a meeting of

the colonists at Meoko, at the request of Captain Rabardy, but nothing definite was done. On February 14 Captain Rabardy was unwell, and on the evening of the fifteenth he died very suddenly. Soon after this event the *Genil* sailed for Sydney with the survivors of this ill-fated colony. They reached Noumea in a starving condition, and were brought to Sydney at the expense of the Government of New Caledonia, by the A.S. Co.'s steamer *James Patteson*, which arrived in Sydney on Friday, April 7, 1881. A number of the immigrants obtained engagements in New South Wales at a fair rate of wages. At a subsequent date, grants of land were made to many of them, and they founded the settlement of New Italy, between the Clarence and Richmond rivers, where they and their descendants now live.

One of the best friends I ever had amongst the South Sea Island traders—and I knew most of them in the early days—was Captain Alexander McKenzie Ferguson. I first met him in Sydney in 1875, as we were preparing to sail on our first voyage to New Britain. He was at that time almost the only man in Sydney who could give us any trustworthy information about the New Britain Group, which we intended to visit, as he had called there on some of his trading voyages. When I told him of our intention, and that I purposed settling first on Duke of York Island, he told me that it was in his opinion the very best place we could have selected in the group, and that he would very gladly do all that was in his power to help us. I found him to be a very intelligent man, and he was certainly very patient with me in the numerous inquiries which I made. He made no secret of his opinion that we should have many difficulties to encounter in our first intercourse with the people on the mainland, but he thought that with ordinary care and prudence we might live on Duke of York for awhile with comparative safety. He had a lad from that island on board the vessel, and he very kindly offered him to us, as he might probably be useful to us on our arrival. The lad was called Teem,

and we took him with us on our voyage. He gave me many words on our way down, and would probably have been useful to us in the group, but unfortunately he was murdered about three weeks after our arrival. Captain Ferguson advised me as to the best kind of trade to take with us, and informed me that he would give instruction to all in his employ to help us in every possible way, should they visit the island in which we hoped to locate.

This was the beginning of a friendship which continued to the time of his death in 1880. He was a native of Glasgow, and was first engaged in commercial pursuits, but soon left to seek his fortune in Queensland. He then went to Sydney, and found clerical occupation with Messrs. O'Dowd & Co., commission agents. In 1872 he went several voyages to the Solomons, and on the last voyage had a very narrow escape from death, as the *Marian Rennie*, the vessel in which he was engaged, was captured by the natives of Rendova, in the Ruviana Group, and Captain Delany and all hands were murdered. This tragedy was enacted only a few miles away from the place where our mission to the Solomons was commenced by me in 1902. Mr. Ferguson escaped the fate of all his brother shipmates by having been landed at Makira Harbour, St. Christoval, to trade with the natives, whilst the vessel went farther west. He was rescued from that place some two months afterwards, and brought to Sydney. He then went to the gold diggings, and was afterwards employed as third officer and clerk on board the S.S. *Havilah*, then running to Queensland. After this he returned to Messrs. O'Dowd & Co., but the spell of the Islands was upon him, and when an emergency arose, and a new master was needed for the schooner *Captain Cook*, which was then employed by the firm, he applied for the position. This was promised to him if he succeeded in obtaining a master's certificate. After successfully passing his examination this was granted, and he took charge of the vessel and speedily justified the confidence of his employers in his trustworthiness and ability. Whilst engaged in the Island trade he rescued the



crew of the ship *Delhi*, which had been lost on the Indispensable Reef, and brought them to Brisbane, for which action he was highly commended by the authorities. He also rescued the shipwrecked crew of the *Latonia* from the natives of Hada Bay, and forwarded them to Brisbane; and he also succoured the crews of the wrecked vessels *Meteor* and *Trevelyan Family*. He had indeed a remarkable experience in being thus privileged to help so many people in their troubles. He always possessed the full confidence of the naval authorities on the Australian Station, and he gave the late Commodores Goodenough and Wilson and others much valuable information and assistance. He was very popular with the natives, though no man was more firm with them when such action was deemed necessary. The leading chiefs in the Eastern and Western Solomons and Duke of York Island regarded him as their friend, and had implicit confidence in him, because he never broke faith with them, or attempted to deceive them. Natives are good judges of character, and "Aleck," as they called him, was always trusted by them. I have already told the story of his great kindness to me when I was returning to my desolate home in March. We saw him again in Duke of York in July of the same year, 1880. I have often thought that he had some fear or presentiment of coming troubles with the natives. He was very anxious, as I have already stated, lest something should happen to me when I used to go on shore at Marau Sound. The last time he was at Lua Niua (Ontong, Java) he would not go on shore, and always predicted that more massacres would soon follow those which had already taken place in the Solomons, from the fact that no punishment had been inflicted. Just before he left us he said to me: "Oh, by-the-bye, I have not given you a receipt for those stores which I have had from you." "Oh, never mind," I replied, "you will be here again in a month, and then we can settle the account." To this he replied: "No, it is best to give a receipt. Who knows? I may be killed, the ship may be lost, or something may happen": and he gave me the receipt.





Photo by Mr. H. P. M. Berry.

GUMI, A CHIEF OF RUVIANA.



STONE WHARF AT RUVIANA, SOLOMON ISLANDS.



As I have already stated, I went with him on his last voyage as far as Metlik, to visit again the French colonists, and just as we were leaving he brought a beautiful pair of orange cowries as a present to my wife, which we still treasure up in the little box in which he presented them. I parted with him at Metlik, when he started for the Solomons, and I began to work my way back to Port Hunter in our whale-boat. On Thursday, August 12, we sighted the *Ripple* off Port Hunter about noon, and were at once in joyous expectation of seeing again our old friend, and of receiving our letters from home. As the vessel steamed into port we saw the flag at half-mast, but concluded that she was probably bringing up some of the colonists who had died, as we had left one or two of them very unwell. I sent a note down on board, but Waruwarum, who took the letter, soon came running back, crying bitterly: "Oh! Mr. Brown, Aleck! Aleck!" He would say no more, but just sat down and cried. I received from the mate some extracts from the ship's log, and a note asking me to go on board at once. I shall never forget my experience that day. When I stepped on board the mate and men were so overpowered by their feelings that they could not speak to me, but just took my hand, led me into the cabin, pointed to the blood-stained sides and roof, to the cuts made by the tomahawks, and then all wept together.

By degrees we heard the story. The *Ripple* had called at a place called Numanuma, near Cape de Gras, on the east side of Bougainville Island, on her way up to Duke of York. Captain Ferguson had never been in that place before. On August 8 they bought several bags of bêche-de-mer and snail shells, and found the natives quite friendly and apparently quiet. On the 9th they commenced trading again early in the morning. At 8.30 a.m. a large fleet of canoes came off with bêche-de-mer and shells, and the mate computed that altogether there were about three hundred natives in and around the ship. At about 8.45 a.m. the attack commenced. It was supposed that Captain Ferguson was in the cabin

looking out on the deck, when he was struck down by a blow across the side of the head. The man who struck him must have been hiding by the side of the door, as the blow was a left-handed one, and the tomahawk in descending cut a deep mark on the upper side of the doorway. The steward was down the after hold, engaged in handing up some stores by the captain's orders. He heard the captain call out, "I'm killed"; and immediately received himself a dreadful wound in the neck from a tomahawk. He fell, but recovered, and with his revolver shot the two men who were standing over the hatchway, one of whom it was pretty certain was the man who struck down the captain. The mate, who was on the main hatch, was struck by a tomahawk, fell, and received several severe cuts when down; but his assailant was engaged by one of the native crew, and he soon recovered consciousness and helped in the fight. The engineer, Bernard Watt ("Barney"), first felt the blood and brains of a poor native lad who was at the wheel splattered in his face, and then fired the first shot. He was protected by the boat, and so was able to fire until his ammunition was out. He then went to the cabin for more, and there found Captain Ferguson quite dead on the floor, and a native woman, who was a passenger, also dead. The natives fought hard, and when driven off the ship's deck still kept up the fight from their canoes, discharging arrows from a comparatively short distance. This fight, however, was too unequal to last long, and as the bullets from the rifles began to tell they gave up the attack, and pulled away for the shore. It was then found that four were killed, viz. Captain Ferguson, a native woman, and two others, one of whom was taken away by the natives. The mate, Mr. Davies, the engineer, Mr. Pensee a passenger, and five of the crew were wounded, some of them very severely. Steam was got up, and at 10.30 a.m. the vessel was steered through the passage and stood away for Duke of York. All did their best to save their lives and the ship. The steward (a Japanese) was praised by all for his bravery. Though wounded in the

most dreadful manner in several places, he fought until the ship was clear and the natives driven away, when he fainted from loss of blood, and afterwards won the respect and love of us all by his care of the poor fellows who were fellow-sufferers with him.

It was a sad sight for me when I went on board the vessel commanded by my old friend, whom I had left a little more than a fortnight before, to see the blood-stains on floor and wall, to hear the story of the fight, to behold the poor men all gashed and wounded by the tomahawks, and to look in vain for the good, kind, and honest face of my old friend. Everything about spoke of the interest he had taken in us, and of his expectation of soon seeing us again. I found our parcels from the colonies all laid out in the cabin, together with a tin of biscuits which he was bringing up for my wife. On opening the desk I found our letters all placed ready to be handed out as soon as I got on board, and some files of *Punch* and the late papers from Sydney all arranged in readiness to be given to me as soon as he reached the port. I examined the spot where his body was found, and discovered something which had not been previously noticed, namely, that he must have fallen alongside a large camphor-wood chest, and retained just enough consciousness to fire the revolver which the steward told us he had placed there. I saw the mark of the bullet in the sideboard, through which it had passed and then entered the compass box, where I found it. The direction showed that the weapon must have been fired whilst he was lying on the floor. The mate, Mr. Davies, was struck with a tomahawk across the shoulders and fell down, but fortunately recovered in time to save himself. The engineer, "Barney," was shot through the cheek with an arrow, but succeeded in extracting it and fought very bravely indeed. I saw many traces of the severe struggle which they had passed through. I picked up several broken and blood-stained arrows, and found many others had lodged in the sails and other parts of the vessel. It will give some idea of the tremendous force with which



these wooden-headed arrows were shot, when I mention that one, which had been fired from a canoe at some considerable distance away from the vessel, had come with such force as to pass through both sides of the galley funnel.

As soon as possible we got the wounded men on shore, and I sent away my boat to New Britain to inform Captain Stephens, who was connected with Captain Ferguson in business, of the sad affair. I also sent a note to Captain Izat of H.M.S. *Conflict*, and he at once came on board with Captain Hershheim, and kindly offered all the help he could give. There was unfortunately no medical officer on board the vessel, so that the duty of attending to the wounded men devolved entirely on me. They were dreadfully mutilated, and from the length of time which had elapsed the work of sewing up and dressing the wide and gaping wounds was made both very dreadful and unpleasant. One man who had received no fewer than eight deep gashes lingered until the 17th, when he died. The white man Pensee had both arms broken, and received some very severe wounds on the neck. The Japanese steward had, in addition to some smaller wounds, a dreadful gash which laid open the whole of his neck from the ear to the collar-bone, and the others had also received fearful cuts. Mr. Stephens volunteered to help me in attending to the wounded, but was only able to do so for a very short time. It was indeed a most painful experience. The last patient that I attended to was the Japanese steward, and after I had finished the very painful operations necessary in his case I was completely exhausted. Captain Izat came in, and was standing by when I had finished, and we were both very much affected by the heroic conduct of the steward. I have already told how dreadfully he was wounded; and yet as soon as I had finished sewing up and dressing the fearful gashes which had been inflicted on him, he sat up on his mat and, addressing himself to me in broken English, said: "Mr. Brown, you get some men to look out for these poor fellows in the night time,

and I will look out and cook and attend upon them during the day time." I saw my friend, Captain Izat's face flush, and his eyes fill, and I am sure he could see the same effects on myself, when we heard this poor man offering to devote himself to the work of attending upon his unfortunate companions. It was a grand example of self-sacrifice.

The excitement amongst the natives was very great indeed, and I am certain that no one mourned more sincerely over Captain Ferguson's death than did Torogud, a chief living a few miles away from the mission station. I never saw a native express such deep feeling. On entering the cabin he burst into tears, threw himself down on the floor, knocked his head on the sides of the cabin, and fairly howled in his sorrow and anger. He was very anxious indeed to know how far the place where his friend was killed was from Port Hunter, and begged that he and his people might be taken there to fight them. Next day he destroyed his own plantation, burnt and destroyed all the clothing and other presents which had been given him by Captain Ferguson, blackened his face, divided his money, and observed other forms of mourning according to native custom for a very near relation. All the natives about felt that they had lost a good friend by the sad calamity.

With the exception of the man who died soon after he was landed, all the rest recovered. The native whose life I despaired of was taken back to his own island; and, much to my surprise, I heard some years afterwards that he had recovered, though never again able to use the leg which was so seriously injured. He was young, and the antiseptic treatment which was given him enabled nature to effect the partial cure.

There was profound sorrow amongst all his old friends and acquaintances in the Solomons Group and elsewhere when the news of Captain Ferguson's death was reported, and with this there was also a strongly expressed desire that some monument should be erected to his memory. This

was afterwards carried out, and a monument, with a suitable inscription, was erected to his memory in Nusa Songa, in the Solomons Group.

As I deemed it best to complete the account of the last incidents, I have not given in their chronological order some other events which I think ought to be recorded, one of which is the appointment of the first local preachers in New Britain. At our meeting on April 13, 1880, we appointed three of our converts to this office, and I never proposed any one for that important position with more satisfaction than I did those three men. The men appointed were Peni Lelei, from Duke of York Island, who had been our steady friend ever since we began the Mission, Ilaita Togimamara from New Britain, and Petero Topilike from New Ireland. Peni was a very intelligent young man. He was my best pundit, and gave me great help in the work of translation. He was a devoted Christian, a good preacher, and was afterwards teacher and for many years in pastoral charge of several villages. Ilaita (Elijah) was a protégé of Peni Raiwalui, our catechist in Kininigunan. He was one of the first chiefs on New Britain to welcome us in 1875, and was always very friendly to us. He was, however, in the early days of the Mission one of the party who entrapped me on shore, as I have narrated elsewhere, intending to take my life in payment for that of one of their own people who had been killed by a trader. I never knew accurately what part he took in that affair, except that he was the man who asked me if I was not afraid to land amongst them. It was probably owing to his influence that I escaped at that time. Petero (Peter) Topilike was a native of Kalil, New Ireland, and was one of the first converts who were baptized. He was a good man, and a successful teacher and preacher to the end of his life.

It would have been easy to increase the number of local preachers at the time, but we thought it best to be very

careful, and only to appoint when we were sure that the men were not only good and true, but had also an intelligent knowledge and experience of the salvation which they were to proclaim to others.

On June 2 I accompanied Captain Bower in H.M.S. *Conflict* to New Britain. We had heard of a somewhat serious quarrel amongst the natives in that district, and that they were preparing to fight each other. I therefore thought it advisable to enlist the kindly services of Captain Bower as peacemaker, as, from his position, and the presence of a ship of war, he would probably do more than we ourselves could accomplish. Next day, June 3, we sent messages away for all the chiefs of the contending parties to come together. This they did, and we succeeded in inducing them to give up the contemplated war, and be at peace. I am sure that Captain Bower will long remember the scenes which he witnessed that day. There were, of course, old accounts to settle between the contending parties as an essential to a permanent reconciliation, and this was done in the regular native fashion. A leading man from one of the contending parties stood up and, holding a coil of native money, shouted a challenge to the opposite party to come and take it. The others then rushed forward with spears poised and tomahawks uplifted, as though they were about to annihilate the daring challenger. But just as they reached striking distance they struck the ground with their tomahawks, and drove their spears into the earth at the foot of the man challenging them. They then took the diwara, and with yells and shouts rushed back to their own party, when they in their turn offered native money, which the others accepted in the same way. This exchange of money was for the purpose of paying for men who had been killed or injured in preceding fights. The ceremonies for the day concluded with a general rush together of the contending parties, when the principal men exchanged spears with each other. Next morning there was a great dance, after which they all parted as good friends.



Both Captain Bower and I were very well pleased with the successful result of our mediation.

After the *Conflict* left I went on to Raluana, and from there to Diwaon on Saturday, June 5, where I bought land for a mission station. This, it will be remembered, was one of the towns on the coast which was implicated in the murder of our native minister and teachers ; but I was there with them quite alone, and did not feel the slightest fear. Next day, Sunday, I was at Diwaon and Karavia, and I shall never forget that day. It was one of the best days I have ever spent in the mission-field, because I heard then, for the first time, a New Britain chief preach to men and women of his own island the blessed Gospel of Christ in their own language. Ilaita, as I have stated, was the man who asked me if I was not afraid when they had entrapped me ashore at Kininigunan, and, whilst not amongst the first lot baptized, was one of our earliest converts. In a letter to the General Secretary of June 14 I gave the following account of this service, and my impressions at the time: "Ilaita and his brother welcomed us to Kininigunan in the early days when there was not a trader in the group, when no Duke of York native had ever slept on the coast, when few if any of the inhabitants of the towns, which now exchange visits regularly, had ever seen each other, and when landing on New Britain was deemed to be rather a hazardous matter. He has been very consistent ever since the teacher went to reside amongst them. He was appointed as local preacher at our last meeting, but had never preached away from home until I took him with me on my visit. He preached from, 'The earth is full of the goodness of God'; and I was really astounded and delighted as I sat and heard him. His language was good, and he spoke earnestly and well, without the slightest hesitancy, and yet without any appearance of assumption. Oh! how different his language sounded to our poor attempts. The natives listened with ears, mouths, and eyes. I never saw such an attentive congregation. My heart was very full as I sat and listened, and I felt as if I would like to





A NOTED HEAD-HUNTER, SOLOMON ISLANDS.



get up and run away somewhere into the bush out of sight and hearing of every one but God. It was a rich reward for all our labours and trials. And this was in Diwaon, where they cooked and ate poor Livai only two years ago, and in sight of the hills where he with Silasa and the others were killed! I wandered myself over the hills on Saturday evening with a crowd of the Diwaon natives with me, and never even thought of being afraid. I wanted to take Ilaita on to Karavia, and so we started immediately after service. They were not expecting us at Karavia, so I had a good opportunity of seeing what the congregation was when the teacher alone was preaching. We landed just as Peni was finishing his sermon, and I was pleased to hear him speak so fluently, and to find such a good congregation assembled. Ilaita preached again in the afternoon on the Ten Commandments, and had another attentive congregation. I am more than ever convinced that our great help must come from the people themselves. Once let us get a fair start with a few more men like Peni, Petero, and Ilaita, and the people will at all events soon hear and know the Gospel. I am continually impressing upon the teachers the necessity of paying particular attention to the instruction and training of any who are likely to become themselves preachers and teachers. You have often thought me to be very sanguine, but I assure you I was never sanguine enough to expect to hear such a sermon as I heard on Sunday week from a New Britain native, nor to hear such prayers as I have often heard from Peni and other Duke of York natives in so short a time as this. I wish I was twenty years younger, or that I could get a thorough, good overhaul in some dock or other, and get reclassified for a few years more. But there I must leave all this, and just wait and do what He marks out for me.

“I am pretty well now. Last week Mrs. B. and I went to Kerawara, where I opened a new chapel. To-morrow or next day we start for New Ireland, where we intend to remain for a week or so whilst visiting all the teachers. Since our two dear little ones were taken, the house is too lonesome for my dear wife

when the little boy and I are away, and so now we do as we did nearly twenty years ago, before the children came, and often go together to visit the stations. The teachers like it, and so do the people, and we also enjoy it. So all are pleased, and we can do more good than by simply making a flying visit."

On June 16 Mrs. Brown and I started for Kalil, New Ireland, and had a good passage across. Next day I opened the new church at Kalil, and we remained there for several days. On Monday, June 21, we went to Kabanut, where I found that Topulu (King Dick), our Duke of York chief, had been engaged by some people farther down the coast to help them with his musket in their fight with the Eretubu people. We were told that he had trapped the Eretubu natives down to the beach by dressing himself and party as teachers, who wished to buy food, and so had been able to shoot three of the unfortunate people. As this conduct would most certainly imperil the lives of our teachers, I determined to go on and investigate the matter. On our way down we met Topulu and party returning, and I had a somewhat stormy interview with the old man. He of course denied the accusation, but I told him that if I found that he had really committed the murders I would pay for the men, and he would have to refund the amount to me.

I wrote the following account of our journey to the General Secretary, Rev. B. Chapman, under date July 16, 1880: "I have made one long journey to New Ireland since I wrote you last, as I wished very much to settle the question as to whether there really was a very narrow crossing place at Kuras, some thirty miles below our present station at Kalil. The natives assured me in 1875 that there was such a place, and so I considered it very important indeed to find out if it were really the case, as, if so, a teacher or missionary stationed at such a place could command two sides of the island. I suppose the natives must have thought that we wished to find such a spot, and so every account we heard made this place narrower and

narrower. At first it was only a short distance across, then men could be heard calling from one beach to the other, and at last I was told in answer to a question of mine that there was only one little difficult place to prevent me from hauling my boat across the isthmus from one beach to the other. This settled the matter ; and so we started and spent a few days at Kalil, opening a new church there and baptizing two adults, one of them a woman, the first one, by-the-bye, baptized in the Mission.

“ We had a good run to Kuras in the steam launch, towing the whale-boat nearly all the way. We slept at the house of a trader here, Captain C——, and next morning I said to him : ‘ Now we will soon tell you about this wonderful isthmus.’ Mrs. Brown and our little boy went with us. I had sent to Kurumut previously to get guides, etc., but we found no one on the beach where we landed. In due time, however, we persuaded one man to go, and on our way we met the chief and a few others. We soon found out that the opposite coast was farther away than we expected. Mrs. Brown walked bravely on for several miles, when she most unfortunately got a bad attack of fever. She held out as long as she could, but at last consented to be carried on a rope slung to a pole, and borne by two natives. Of course we had been told that it was ‘ only a short distance,’ and we should soon see the opposite beach. But we walked mile after mile, and at last we rested on the bank of a small rivulet, when, to my amazement, I found out that we were not quite half way across. However, we pushed on, and got to the opposite coast after having walked at least fifteen miles. If ever a man gets his boat hauled across there over the hills and gullies which we crossed, he will be a very enterprising man indeed !

“ We soon made good friends with the people. They had evidently not had much intercourse with whites ; in fact, they told us that we were the first they had ever seen except in passing vessels, as no one had ever landed there. I objected to the house shown us as a sleeping place, as it was on the



beach and away from the people, and finally succeeded in getting the use of a yam house, which was nearly empty. We soon made ourselves very comfortable there. We were all very hungry, and so were glad enough to find that we could get some food. We were just having our supper when one of our Kalil lads from the opposite side of the island heard the people talking about our being Duke of York people, and, as he says, proposing to kill us as payment for three of their friends from Eretubu who had been killed by Topulu (King Dick) of Duke of York three days before. We had heard of that murder at Kabanut, and, as I have stated, I had an interview with Topulu on the subject on our way down. The story was made more significant by the fact that the lad who overheard the conversation reported that they had recognised my boy Kaplen as being the son (really nephew) of Topulu; and by all their ideas of justice it was quite right for them to kill him, and all who were with him, as payment for the injury done to them. When he told this to our party they were all very frightened, and came and told me that the people were going to attack us. I was not disposed to pay much attention to them, as I knew they were all frightened when in a strange place far from home. Mrs. Brown, however, was much alarmed, and when I went outside I found all our party very much excited, and the natives of the place beginning to look very suspicious—not, I believe, because they meant to injure us, but because they saw that our people were excited, and they suspected that *we* were thinking about injuring *them*. I was afraid lest they should jump up and run away, when we should not have been able to explain, and so would have had trouble. Fortunately we had a very good interpreter in Petero, our local preacher from Kalil. I took hold of his arm and said: "Tell them we are friends, and mean no harm. Tell them we have heard that they intend to attack us by-and-by." Loud cries of "No! No! Peace! Peace." "All right! Now ask them to look at my wife and my boy Geoff, and tell me if a man brings his wife and a boy like that when he comes to fight.

Ask them if they would take women and little children with them if they meant to fight any people." This made a very great impression, and I could see that they were quite satisfied as to our peaceable intentions. We had service with them afterwards, and Petero preached in their own language. Just at dusk, by special request, our lads fired off their fowling pieces. I shot a fowl, and my boy Kaplen hit a nut tree, and so we all parted very good friends. No one, however, slept much. Mrs. Brown was still frightened by the tales she had heard, and our Duke of York and New Ireland people were still doubtful; so they kept watch all night. There was not the slightest necessity for doing so, but I had long given up attempting to convince them when they preferred being frightened and uncomfortable.

"Next morning it was raining hard, but all were so anxious to go that we started in the rain. I got several of the people to accompany us on the pretence of helping to carry our goods, but really with the ulterior object of getting them to the other side of the island to make friends with the people there. For some distance our road was through tall, coarse, wet grass higher than any of us, so we had a constant bath all the way. We went at a great rate for several miles, as the men almost ran who were carrying Mrs. Brown, and we, of course, kept up with them. The people in all the little villages we passed were very kind and pleasant, and I feel sure that they meant us no harm. Still, perhaps, it was as well that we heard their first foolish talk, and so were able to stop any further nonsense. The place where we slept is called Bo, and is nearly opposite the island of Gerrit Denys, and some distance farther north than where I crossed from Kalil in 1878. The whole of the east coast of New Ireland is much more level than the west side, the mountain range is much farther inland, and the ascent is not nearly so abrupt as on the west side. I have noticed this peculiarity in the Solomons Group, and also in most of the Islands. We went a different way back, which the natives repeatedly assured us was much nearer, and only a little more difficult. The fact

was that it was much longer, and much more difficult, but it led through one of our chief's villages, at which he wished us to call. However, we got a fine view of Gerrit Denys and all the coast line from the summit of the range, so we were well pleased. We reached Captain C.'s station again about 1 p.m., having travelled at a good rate most of the way over. So we found that our narrow isthmus was at least fifteen miles across, or as broad as almost any other part of the island. There are, however, no high mountains to cross, and with a little labour a bridle track might easily be made. On our way up the coast again we called at Eretubu, and I paid for the three men whom King Dick had shot. Our teachers go there to buy food, and I wished to show that we have no sympathy at all with Dick in his wicked doings."

On October 26 I again wrote to the General Secretary, and as the letter contains an account of the state of our work at that date, and also of the conditions in which it was carried on, I reproduce the principal portions: "On September 14 H.M.S. *Beagle* arrived here, and has been in the neighbourhood ever since. Sunday, September 19, was a high day with us here. I preached that day to the largest congregation I have ever preached to in this group. Our church at Molot is by far the largest we have, and it was crammed, and some had to sit outside. We were holding our regular general meeting of teachers that week, and so I arranged to baptize all the accepted candidates on that Sunday. I remember one of our preachers saying in Conference that he had very few fine sermons, but he flattered himself that he had 'a fine collection of most beautiful texts,' and I certainly thought that day, as I preached from the parable of the grain of mustard seed, and contrasted the large and attentive congregation before me with the few poor ignorant, naked people we used to collect together under a tree, or in our little house, five years ago, to talk to them in pidgin-English, that I not only had a beautiful and appropriate text, but also one of which I was privileged to see the practical and literal fulfilment. I baptized fourteen adults, principally young men,

and one woman, the wife of our local preacher, Peni. It was really a most gratifying sight, and we felt well repaid for all our labours here. Mr. Danks came in from his appointment during the service, and assisted me in giving the Sacrament at the close. At our teachers' meeting the reports from nearly all the teachers were very encouraging, and we can now report that schools are regularly held in all our stations. Two other young men were proposed as local preachers, but their acceptance was deferred until they had been personally examined by Mr. Danks or myself. A social question, in which one of our teachers was deeply interested, was the subject of much discussion. He is a good fellow, one of the pioneer band of 1875, who has hitherto lived in what is falsely called a state of single blessedness, but who now proposes to take to himself a wife from amongst the ladies of the land. The meeting quite approved of his choice, or, rather, they approved of the young lady's desire—for I believe the proposition came from her in the first place; but they decided that the consummation must be postponed indefinitely, until the lady has been brought away from her village and has resided for some time with the catechist here in Duke of York, for the purpose of being properly instructed both in spiritual and temporal affairs. She is here now, and I believe will prove to be a suitable wife, and a help to him in his work. I was very glad indeed that Captain de Hoghton was able to attend one of our services here. He saw only our small congregation in this village, but we had a very good attendance that afternoon.

“After our meetings were over Captain de Hoghton very kindly asked me to go with him on a short cruise down the New Ireland coast. We expected to be back in ten or fourteen days, but a lot of calm days protracted our voyage, so that we were more than three weeks away. I am, however, very glad that I went, as I have now a much more correct knowledge of the New Ireland coast in our own immediate neighbourhood than I had before. We sailed slowly along the coast, quite close inshore, as it was very fine weather, so I had an excellent opportunity



for getting a good knowledge of the district. We found that the coast is far more densely populated from Kuras (our furthest known place hitherto) going north than it is in any other part that we have ever visited. Beginning at a point only forty or fifty miles from here, we found numbers of large villages on the coast, whilst the number of plantation clearings on the hill-sides prove that there is a very large population all along the coast. Some of the villages were at least a mile long, and we often had thirty or forty canoes alongside the vessel at once. What we saw has convinced me that our selection of this place as the centre of our new Mission was a right one, as we have, within a radius of only fifty miles from Port Hunter, a population which I am sure will heavily tax our utmost efforts for many years to come. We visited Sandwich Island, the Portland Group, and New Hanover, so I am now pretty well informed as to the different places about here.

“ And now I must tell you of other things not so pleasant as these to write about. I seem to be always reporting to you some massacre or murder, and I am sorry to say that this letter will be no exception to the rule, as four, if not five, people have been killed this month. We have not yet got the full particulars, but the facts are as follows :

“ The cutter *Lelia*, engaged in trading for Mr. Farrell, now in Sydney, went to Kabair, in Port Weber, New Britain, to collect copra early in this month. Some trade had been previously left with one of the chiefs there, with which he was to purchase copra. They went there on the 9th instant, and either got no copra at all, or only a very small quantity, which was not equivalent to the goods supplied. The chief, however, said he had no more to give. Mr. Murray, who was in charge of the cutter, then went on board, telling the chief he would visit him again the next day. Whether this was meant as a menace or not I cannot say, but it is pretty certain the people so understood it. Next morning, Sunday, the 18th instant, Mr. Murray, master of the cutter, Mr. Anderson, late mate of the *Sea Rip*, Mr. Beninger, a trader of Mr. Farrell's (one of the French





A MAN OF NEW GEORGIA, SOLOMON ISLANDS.



colonists), and a Solomon Island man, landed, armed, for the purpose of getting some payment either in copra or diwara (native money) for the goods supplied. What took place afterwards is at present a matter of conjecture only, as they were all killed soon after landing. One native, the chief himself, is said to be wounded by a shot from a revolver. The bodies of the three white men were recovered, but that of the Solomon Islander was taken away and eaten. A few days after this another of Mr. Farrell's traders, called Colfurty (also one of the French colonists), was found shot dead in his house near Ratavul, not far from Kabakada. The natives say he shot himself when delirious, but the general belief is that he was shot by the natives, who sacked the house the same night. Captain de Hoghton, in common, I believe, with all the other commanders of Her Majesty's ships, is not allowed to interfere in any way in the case of outrages committed against British subjects, but must confine himself to simply investigating the matter, and then report to the Commodore, who, I presume, will then report to Fiji. He has now gone to Kabair for that purpose. Kabair is the place where Jamieson was murdered in 1876—the first murder down here. There have been plenty since that.

“Then there was an affair at Kininigunan a few weeks ago, which was bad enough, but might have been much worse. A Frenchman (another of the colonists) was employed there, trading for a firm at Noumea, whose vessel, the *Venus*, was lying there at the time the affair happened. The Frenchman's story is that a native was in his house. He ordered him out several times, but the man refused to go, and got insolent, when the Frenchman struck him. The man ran away crying, and the chief came running up, and, as the white man says, aimed a blow at him with his tomahawk. On this he drew his revolver, and shot the chief dead with a ball through his head. There was at once a rush, but the white man got away into the water, and was picked up by a boat from the vessel. A woman was badly cut, and the house was sacked. And now let me tell you

what took place, that you may judge whether our teachers have influence or not. Peni Raiwalui, our catechist, and another teacher, unaided by any white missionary or trader, went amongst the natives, who were still smarting under the loss of the chief, and succeeded in getting them to restore nearly the whole of the goods which they had taken away when the white man fled after shooting the chief. Out of about fifty pounds' worth of property taken, about forty pounds' worth was recovered, the remainder being probably in possession of the bush natives, who were down at the time. Mr. Danks arrived there soon after, and, with the teacher, got a few more articles, and then induced the natives to make peace again. Captain Champion, the supercargo of the vessel, paid for the man who was shot, and the natives paid him for the injury done to the woman, and all was right again. Captain Champion behaved very well indeed throughout the affair, and seemed anxious to act kindly and fairly to the natives. He expressed himself to be both astonished and delighted at the conduct and influence of the teacher. The trader was at once discharged from his employ for having needlessly provoked the quarrel."

The following letter, with its accompanying extract, which was published in the *Weekly Advocate* of January 1, 1881, was very gratifying to all our friends, as giving an impartial and unsolicited testimony to the work which was being carried on :

"H.M.S. *Wolverene* at  
"Sydney, Dec. 22, 1880.

"SIR,

"I have much pleasure in forwarding to you the enclosed extract from a letter I have received from Lieutenant de Hoghton, commanding H.M.S. *Beagle*, testifying to the good work done by the missionaries and teachers stationed at Duke of York Island and New Britain Group; and I beg particularly that my thanks may be conveyed to Messrs. Brown and Danks for the great assistance rendered by them at all times to H.M.'s

ships, materially aiding their commanders in carrying out often most delicate and onerous duties.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ J. C. WILSON,

“ *Commodore.*

“ REV. B. CHAPMAN, *General Secretary*  
“ *Wesleyan Missionary Society,*  
“ *Sydney.*”

*Extract from a letter received by Commodore Wilson from Lieutenant de Hoghton, of H.M.S. Beagle, December 4, 1880 :*

“ On October 19, 1880, being off Kuras, I landed and communicated with Captain Glasson, the white trader, who pressed Mr. Brown strongly to send a teacher there ; he, I think, in common with most traders, deeming a teacher's presence and influence with the natives as a great safeguard. And here, sir, it may not be out of place to say a few words in regard to the Mission established here. I have spent some time now in this locality, and it is my decided opinion that the Mission is doing unmixed good wherever its influence is felt. There are now about twenty-nine stations established in New Britain, New Ireland, and the Duke of York Group. At all these stations the native teachers (Fijians, Tongans, and Samoans) can converse freely with the natives in their own (the native) language, and at all but two stations the teachers are able to, and do, preach and conduct Divine service in the same language. I have, I believe, seen the whole of the teachers, and, as far as I can judge, they are a most respectable and worthy body of men. I have heard them conduct service, and preach to a church full of natives, who, outwardly, certainly listened attentively to what was said ; and among their numbers is an old New Britain chief, who is, I believe, a sincere convert to Christianity. These men, living as they do, and associating with the natives, are a constant example to them of a better life than their own. The natives see the clean, well-built, roomy



houses of the teachers ; they see he has but one wife, who is treated as his equal, the man doing the hard work, and the woman attending to the domestic duties ; they see him leading an industrious, quiet, orderly life, and in all respects better than their own, and they see and know they worship some Being unknown to them. The missionaries rely greatly (and I think rightly) on the example thus shown ; and that it has borne fruit is self-evident from one fact alone—namely, that several natives have adopted the teachers' style of building houses ; and I don't doubt but that this beginning will spread. The teachers have great influence over the natives, and I think the following fact will undeniably prove it. On the recent occasion of the killing of a chief at Kininigunan by a Frenchman, the Frenchman's house was looted by the natives, and trade valued at £50 was taken and stolen. The teachers immediately, without waiting to communicate with the missionaries, went round to all the villages (some five miles inland), and actually persuaded the people to restore the greater part of the trade, they receiving £36 worth, and a few pounds' worth more being brought in afterwards. I have visited many teachers' houses, and almost invariably find natives sitting in them conversing with the teachers. Finally, I believe that if the requests of the natives themselves to have teachers stationed in their villages were complied with, three times the present number of teachers would be insufficient."

From the date of my return from the long trip in H.M.S. *Beagle*, October 20, to the end of the year, we were kept very busy indeed, as I had to pack up our goods, had many matters to settle with the teachers, and, in addition, had to take several long journeys, some of which were made difficult and dangerous by the very heavy weather which prevailed in the north-west monsoon.

I visited all the villages in Duke of York Group, made several visits to New Britain and also to almost every station on New Ireland. On one of these last visits to New Ireland

I married, on November 24, the Fijian teacher Elimotama to Mere (Mary), a girl from Kabanut. Elimotama was the first of our teachers who took to himself a wife from amongst the people with whom he lived, but his example was often followed by others in later years.

On Thursday, December 2, the *John Hunt* arrived, and anchored at Port Hunter in the evening. A few days after this we passed through one of the most terrible times of anxiety and distress which I have ever experienced in my mission life. It is both a delicate and difficult matter to relate, but it seems right and proper for me to give some account of it, in order that my readers may have some idea of the painful circumstances in which some of the missionaries were placed in those early days when far away from medical aid. It is impossible, however, for any one to thoroughly realise the crushing weight of anxiety and responsibility which we felt at the time.

On Sunday, December 5, Mrs. Danks was taken ill, and we fully expected soon to welcome the advent of the second baby born in the Mission, our own little Wallis being the first; but it was not until Tuesday evening, December 7, that our hopes were realised, just when we were in the depths of despair and sorrow, and not until Thursday, the 9th, that we had any hope of safety of either mother or child. During a long life I have never passed through a period of such intense anxiety as we experienced during the five days in which our dear sister was ill, and never did the weight of responsibility press so heavily upon me; but I cannot possibly give more than a faint idea of our position and the terrible anxiety and pain which we suffered. Our sister was taken ill on Sunday, but on Tuesday the babe was still unborn. There was no medical man nearer than the settlement of the Marquis de Rays' colonists at Metlik, which was about a hundred and twenty miles away, and to reach that place a long and dangerous sea journey in an open boat was necessary. At 3 p.m., however, I sent away the whale-boat with a picked crew, with

instructions to proceed at once to Metlik with a letter from me to Commander Le Prevost, asking him to send the medical officer of the settlement as soon as possible, and telling him that we were taking our patient in the *John Hunt*, and would probably meet the doctor in the channel, but that if we did not do so he was to come with all possible despatch to Port Hunter. I then had a litter prepared, and gave instructions for the schooner to be got ready for sea. After this was done I decided to wait a little longer, and just after dark, to our great joy, the baby was born. We were full of thankfulness and would have recalled the boat, but as after events proved it was most providential that we were not able to do so. Fresh complications ensued, and our anxiety for the safety of our dear sister was revived in greater intensity than before. We did all that was possible to us, and we were assured afterwards that our treatment, by God's blessing, undoubtedly saved our dear sister's life until the necessary help was available.

On Thursday I wrote in my diary: "We were all very anxious and sad this morning. I felt quite faint and ill with anxiety and sorrow, as I knew well that the end must soon come unless help were given; but as this necessitated the administration of chloroform, I was very unwilling to do it on my own responsibility. I had to tell my dear brother Danks, however, that any further delay would undoubtedly prove fatal to our beloved patient, and that if there were no signs of the doctor before evening, I should feel compelled to accept the responsibility; and in this he fully agreed." Mrs. Danks was wonderfully calm and quiet, and never uttered one word of complaint. She was fully resigned to God's will and never murmured at the suffering which she had to bear. God was very near her, and I feel certain that she was sustained by the assurance given to her by Him that all would be well with her. We anxiously swept the horizon with our glasses hour after hour for the appearance of the boat, and the natives also were eagerly looking for her from

every good position, each one anxious to be the first to sight her. Oh! how slowly those weary hours passed. But at length we heard the welcome "Sail ho! Sail ho!" and at once every man, woman, and child in the villages took up the cry. As soon as we saw the doctor was in the boat I went down to the beach to meet him, but I was utterly unable to speak to him. I made several attempts to do so, but it was not until we were quite close to the house that I could utter a single word. It was an experience which I had never before had, nor have I ever had it since. I was, of course, under deep emotion, but the difficulty of speech was a physical one. My mouth was dry and parched, and it was not until my feelings were relieved by an outburst of tears that I was able to do more than simply grasp the hand of Dr. Goyon, and lead him up the path to the mission house. As I expected, he found it necessary to administer an anæsthetic, and then he successfully performed the necessary operation. I could only write in my diary that night the words: "Oh, how thankful we were. What a revulsion of feeling! From death to life!" We were very happy, and though the danger was not quite past we were full of hope that by God's blessing our dear sister's life would be spared. Our hopes were fully realised, and the baby boy whose life was so mercifully preserved was dedicated by his parents to the service of God in the mission field. This solemn dedication was never recalled; and the proof that it was accepted by God is found in the fact that the son is now a missionary in New Britain, in the very Circuit in which he was born; and he and his good wife are carrying on the great work which was so dear to his beloved parents, and for which they suffered so much.

There were some events in connection with this incident which I have always regarded as providential. In the first place, we had been able to render great assistance to the French colonists, and so had a claim on them which they very gladly acknowledged. Dr. Goyon told us that he considered it to be a great privilege to be able to help us. Then



we would certainly have recalled the boat when the baby was born if it had been possible to do so ; and if this had been done Mrs. Danks would very probably have died. Then chloroform and ether are not generally found amongst a missionary's stores. Dr. Goyon had not brought either of them with him, and he was both surprised and thankful when I was able to supply him with those very necessary drugs. God was very good to us all this time, and we felt very grateful. In connection with the incident I feel it to be a great privilege to record the noble conduct of the teachers and people whom we sent away for assistance. They left us in the whale-boat at 3 p.m. on Tuesday, December 7, and returned with Dr. Goyon on Thursday, December 9, about the same hour. In those forty-eight hours those noble men travelled about two hundred and twenty miles, as, owing to wind and currents, they had to follow the coast-line nearly all the way to Metlik, and back to Port Hunter. During all that time they never rested or ceased from rowing except when they got an occasional respite by taking advantage of the wind or land breeze on some parts of the coast, when some of them were able to get a few minutes' sleep. On the return from Metlik, however, they had to contend with a contrary wind and strong currents, and had to pull nearly all the way back. It was a grand proof of their endurance and courage, and of their love for the dear lady whose life they knew was in great peril.

As Mrs. Danks gradually recovered strength, we were busy packing and getting ready to start for Sydney in the *John Hunt*. During this time an incident occurred which I should not have felt free to mention but for the fact that it was published without our knowledge. I had noticed that my dear wife was very troubled about leaving Mrs. Danks and the baby without any other white women with her. I often found her in tears, and strangely apathetic about our packing. At last she came and proposed that I should return in the *John Hunt* with our boy, and that she should stay behind until Mr. Rooney





MRS. BROWN.



came, and return alone by some other vessel. What it cost her to make this offer none can tell, but of her sincerity there was not the shadow of a doubt. I was simply astounded when I heard the proposition, and felt humbled and ashamed at my own conduct as compared with such an act of sacrifice as my dear wife asked me to sanction. I could only leave the decision to her. The sequel is found in the following extract which I first saw or knew of when it was published in *The Weekly Advocate* of February 26, 1881 :

“Missionary heroines are to be met with in the flesh as well as read about in books. The wife of our . . . missionary, Geo. Brown, is one of these. Mrs. Danks, the wife of Mr. Brown’s colleague in New Britain, and daughter of the Rev. John Watsford, who had been brought down to death’s door, thus writes of her : ‘ I cannot attempt to give you the least idea of the love and kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Brown. If I had been their own child they could not have done more ; night and day they were with me, doing all in their power, and in such distress when they thought I must die. Mrs. Brown has been so good to my dear baby, and has done everything for it. How I shall miss her no one knows. One day soon after my baby was born I was thinking of their going away, and felt very low. Mrs. Brown noticed it, and coming to me asked, “ What makes you low-spirited ? ” I said, “ Several things ; one is your going away. ” She said she thought that was it, and she then offered, if Mr. Brown would let her, to remain with me till Mr. Rooney came. Of course I would not hear of this. Several times afterwards she told me how willingly she would remain if I would let her. Here she has been three or four years away from her dear children, and yet she was willing to remain some time longer, to comfort and help me. Not one in a thousand would have thought of such a thing, much less propose it. Such a woman is an honour to her sex, and a living rebuke of the selfishness which rules the life of most people.’ ”

## GOOD-BYE!

And now the time came for our bidding good-bye to the people amongst whom we had lived and laboured, to whom it had been our privilege to proclaim for the first time the blessed Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, to tell them of their privileges as the children of God, and by God's blessing to lead some of them to that peace and joy which is given to men and women the wide world over who, being justified by faith in Him who came to seek and to save that which is lost, have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Whilst busily engaged in packing and attending to the many wants of the teachers and the people, I often felt very sad at the prospect of leaving them all. The sufferings and privations, the disappointments and sorrows, were all forgotten, and I could think of nothing but the many acts of kindness we had received from so many of the people, and their evident regret that we were about to leave them. I was especially pleased with the many little presents which they brought us, not because of any intrinsic value which they had, but because the very fact of their giving anything at all, without the slightest idea or desire of receiving a return present, showed such an utter change in their nature and was such a convincing proof of the sincerity of their love. I could, however, have said very little indeed of the proceedings of the last few days, and I did not, as a matter of fact, make any notes whatever of them. I found out afterwards, however, when the account appeared in the Connexional paper, that my good colleague, Rev. B. Danks, had done this, and had said many things which I could not possibly have said. As Mr. Danks gives a very correct account of the state of the Mission at the time, I give the following extracts from his letter, dated December 31, 1880, addressed to the General Secretary of the Missionary Society and published in *The Weekly Advocate* of February 26, 1881 :

“We have had great work among the natives over Mr. Brown's departure. I wish you could have been present with us during

the past few days, and seen the natives as they trooped up to Mr. Brown's house, bringing pigs, fowls, spears, clubs, and other things which they count valuable, and laying them at his feet, without seeking any return; and many of them with tears in their eyes giving expression to their regret at the prospect of parting with their 'best friend.' This is more than we expected from men who have not yet emerged from heathenism. Men from near and far have called upon Mr. Brown and shown their respect to him in this manner. Chiefs and commoners have vied with each other in doing honour to our brother who has laboured so earnestly and well for their benefit.

"One cannot help thinking of the time when Mr. Brown and his brave staff of teachers landed on these shores. It is not so long ago—only five years—and yet such a change has been wrought among the people that a trader said the other day to Mr. Brown: 'The story of the condition of these people five years ago, to a new-comer, would sound almost like a fable.' This change is more visible on Duke of York than anywhere else, yet there is a wonderful change wrought in our most remote stations. The traders are so sensible of the good influence of our teachers over the native mind, that some of them have joined with the natives in requesting that teachers might be appointed to the several villages yet unoccupied by us.

"I landed here in December 1878, yet I cannot give you from actual experience a correct account of the condition in which Mr. Brown found them. Stories, obtained from the natives themselves and others (teachers) who were here at the time, illustrative of their normal condition, I could give in abundance; stories which have filled me with horror as I have listened to them. All these show the difficulty of the task undertaken by Mr. Brown and those who came with him.

"When one walks about the island and suddenly comes upon a place where evidently there was once some kind of



settlement, and is informed by his guide that formerly there resided on that spot a thriving people, but all at once they were exterminated by their foes, who ate their remains with the greatest possible relish, and then think of the present time—how that men from villages formerly hostile now mix freely unharmed, without any apprehension of danger, only then can one understand the change which has taken place in their social condition. If we think of the transformation which has taken place in the lives of some of these people, then it is that we more thoroughly understand what has been done—thirty-two baptized converts, all living consistent Christian lives, some of them preaching to their fellow-countrymen the good news of salvation, form a fitting and a glorious conclusion to the faithful missionary labours of our brother who is about to leave us. Some more will be baptized to-morrow, and others are candidates for Church membership and will be baptized (D.V.) next year. Thus the work is spreading out on every hand, and I venture to prophesy that, if we are faithful to our trust, and the Lord smiles upon our efforts in the future as He has in the past, in two years from this the Duke of York will belong to our Saviour in the truest sense of the term.

“None may again know and experience in these islands the trial both of health and patience, the difficulty of travel and first settlement, and all the attendant dangers of this undertaking as known and experienced by Mr. Brown and his followers in the early days of this Mission. Now we journey along a known coast, and are received by the people with kindness—then it was a *terra incognita*, inhabited by bloodthirsty men; now we have teachers’ houses in which we are comfortably lodged at night—then it was either anchoring off an unprotected coast, with the chance of being attacked before morning, or making a camp on the beach, and using the shingle for a bed, with the open sky for a covering, or a hammock swung to a tree; now we have a knowledge of the laws, customs, and language of the



SACRED IMAGE, RUVIANA, SOLOMON ISLANDS.



SACRED IMAGE, SIMBO ISLAND, SOLOMON ISLANDS.



people, which is available for all succeeding missionaries—then all had to be done *ab initio*; now we have a lesson-book, a short catechism, the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and fourteen hymns, all arranged in order in one neat little book, printed in the Duke of York dialect of the language. All this has not been done without a considerable amount of physical and mental application.

“Over 300 miles of New Britain coast has been seen by him in our mission boats, and positions noted for our future occupation. New Ireland has twice been crossed, and 150 miles of its coast-line traversed by him, before any other white man ventured on such perilous undertakings. It is easy now for others to follow where he has been, and pooh-pooh the idea of danger, as some of them do; but I notice that such men are careful not to go far beyond their own immediate homesteads, and when they do they are careful to go fully armed. Duke of York itself presented not a few dangers in those early days. A Molot man would just as soon have thought of shooting himself as going to Meoko. There is a story here among the natives, that on the occasion of Mr. Brown's first visit to Meoko he took several chiefs with him from different parts of the group. The steam launch ran upon a rock, and remained there for some little time. One of these chiefs sat down on the deck of the steamer and wept, and could not be induced to do anything towards getting her off the rock. He simply rocked himself to and fro, exclaiming: ‘We are lost! we are lost! the Meoko people will kill and eat us all.’ I have talked with this man, and without any hesitation he related to me the whole circumstances over again, not omitting his share of the performance.

“Let this one instance serve for an example in illustrating the state of affairs in Maren, Outam, Waira, Makada, Blanche Bay, Kabakada, Kininigunan, and all the petty little villages, with their petty little chiefs, and petty concerns represented by these *district* names—for each of these names does duty for dozens of such—and then think that the barriers which



then existed between town and town, village and village, chief and chief, district and district, are in the majority of cases swept away for ever, and in others they are fast giving place to more enlightened views. Yesterday I saw men from almost every village in Duke of York; men from Kabakada, Matupit, and Kininigunan, New Britain; men from Topaia, and Lauru, New Ireland; in all about 500 people, sitting together in Mr. Brown's yard, assembled there for the express purpose of bidding Mr. Brown good-bye. Not a dozen weapons were to be seen, except what were brought by them to Mr. Brown as presents. These are sober facts which speak for themselves, with a trumpet-like voice proclaiming the good work which has been accomplished, and the new and better state upon which the people of these islands are entering. All this in five years! Thank God! To Him be all the glory, who has thus acknowledged and honoured the labours of His servants."

A few days later, January 15, 1881, Mr. Danks wrote an account of the meeting to which he alludes in the closing paragraph just quoted. This letter, which appeared in *The Weekly Advocate* of March 12, contains a long and interesting account of the meeting, and also of some of the principal characters who took part in it; but I only give the following extracts, as showing the feelings of the people towards us, and our relationship to them in the closing days of our life amongst them. Mr. Danks says:

"As soon as it became known to the Duke of Yorkites that Mr. Brown was in truth about to leave them, the chiefs held a meeting, and it was then and there decided that something ought to be done to convince Mr. Brown that they 'had some love to him,' and that they much regretted his departure from them. Thus far they were agreed, but the next question was, 'What shall we do to show our love?' Here was a difficulty; some proposed one thing, some another, until at last they almost got into a hopeless state of confusion. They wanted to do something striking and grand,



and how to do it was the burning question of the day. At last, by sheer downright hard thinking, assisted by much chewing of betel-nut, and such condiments as 'daka and kabag,' and also a few hints, it was decided that a meeting should be held, at which all the people who felt so inclined should assemble to say good-bye to the missionary—'Ba I wan kon dat'—who was about to leave them. Mr. Brown fixed the day on which he would meet them, and from that day preparations went forward right merrily. Snares were set and pigs caught, and then conveyed as presents to Mr. Brown; fowls were taken in the net and served in the same manner. Trips were made to different parts of the groups to purchase food and presents; also to spread the news that on such and such a day the people would assemble to bid Mr. Brown good-bye. All Duke of York knew it; it was in every one's mouth, and admiring crowds stood round each present of a pig as it was brought and laid before Mr. Brown, each (both pig and people) doing his best to add to the continued noise and confusion which has prevailed for the last few days.

" . . . At last the long-looked-for day arrived. The morning was rather cloudy, but still the rain kept off, and altogether we had a fine day. Early, very early, on Friday morning, December 31, 1880, we heard much squealing and noise all around our house, which assured us that the congenial task, to the people, of slaughtering pigs had begun. Then much hurrying to and fro, calls for hot water, then much chopping of wood, speedily followed by many clouds of smoke convinced us that short work was being made of that part of the business. If 'many hands make light work,' then their task was light enough; moreover, their hearts were in it, and pigs at the end of it. At about 12 o'clock the people began to assemble, and soon the meeting began. It was opened by a Fijian 'meke,' composed for the occasion, being performed by the teachers. . . .

" Among the assembly were not a few real live Duke of

York celebrities, men who have played a very important part both in the history of the island and our work here, whose favour it was necessary to secure in the early days of this mission; men who now bewail the loss of 'the good old times' when they could not go past their own doorstep in safety without being fully armed, when young men gloried in using the spear, the sling, and the tomahawk, when cannibal feasts were rife, and no man needed to be ashamed of having killed his neighbour—men, the last of their kind on Duke of York, who are fast passing away. . . .

"At the conclusion of the Fijian 'meke' Mr. Brown addressed the assembled multitude in, as near as I can remember, the following words: 'You men of Kinawanua, Molot, and all places on Duke of York, also you from New Britain and New Ireland, listen to my words this day. My heart is full of love towards you all, and I am glad to see you sitting together to-day. I remember that formerly you did not assemble yourselves together thus. I remember that formerly you had very little love to each other. I see something new and good to-day in your conduct, and I am glad. I thank you for the love you have shown to me in thus coming to say good-bye. My word to you is, don't forget me when I am gone from you. I shall never forget you, and will always pray to Him who made us all, and ask Him to give you all good things. Don't forget the "lotu," and all it has done for you. We, God's servants, are here from love to you. We do not come to you and ask you to sell us your lands, your copra, and your goods; but we ask you to be good to each other, and serve in truth your God, and love your Saviour, Jesus Christ. All you people, think of the past, how you used to fight each other, and now you sit together in peace without fear. Think, do not forget, how we have tried to teach you all to be better men and women. I hope God will always be with you, and make you glad in your hearts by teaching you to walk in the good, straight road. I desire to see you all in heaven; be good, do good and we shall meet there.'

“When Mr. Brown sat down Waruwarum sprang up and shouted out from the other end of the ground: ‘Misa Brown, you are going from us—we are sorry for ourselves. Think of us with pity to-day. Misa Brown, you have loved us all here at Kinawanua and Molot. Our hearts are heavy to-day. We are afraid because our enemies will now think we are weak, and will make war upon us as in the former days. Misa Brown, you are going away, and our hearts are heavy. Misa Brown, we will not forget you and your love to us. It is I who say it—we are sorry you are leaving us.’

“Nothing now remained to be done but to serve out the food, which was quickly done by the teachers, and all went away quite satisfied, each carrying away some thing from the feast which his own generosity had helped to furnish.

“This meeting must ever remain in our memories as a unique one. We may hold others when other missionaries retire from the field, but this is the first, and is invested with an interest peculiar to itself. That from 400 to 500 people assembled from all parts of the group simply to say good-bye to Mr. Brown is a pleasing fact, by far surpassing the most sanguine anticipations of our most sanguine brother who has just gone from us.”

We left New Britain in the mission schooner *John Hunt*, on January 4, 1881. There was naturally great excitement as we went on board, and we were all of us, I think, very glad when we were fairly out to sea. I could not help contrasting the difference in the people, as manifested by their sorrow at our departure, with the indifference with which they treated us on our first arrival amongst them. For many months after the commencement of our Mission I scarcely dared to hope that we would see the triumphs of the Gospel, which were so evident in Fiji and our older districts, repeated in New Britain. But God had been very good to us, better than all our boding fears, and we had the great satisfaction of feeling, as the shores of

New Britain receded from us, that we had not laboured in vain nor spent our strength for nought.

Our party consisted of my wife and I and one child, the remains of the other two of our much-loved children being left behind in a little cemetery on the shore of Port Hunter. Then we had Peni Lelei, his wife and child; and Timot, a native of New Britain, who was going with us for the purpose of helping in translation work. We had also Itione and wife, a Samoan couple who came with us from that district. The *John Hunt* was not at all a comfortable vessel for such a large party, as she was only a small schooner used for inter-island work in Fiji. Captain Martin, however, did all he could to make us comfortable, and we had a fairly good passage to Sydney, at which port we arrived on February 2, just before the closing sessions of the New South Wales and Queensland Conference of that year. I was able to be present at them, and received a very kind and hearty reception from my brethren.

Our home-coming was saddened by the information of the serious illness of our brother-in-law, the late Rev. W. Fletcher, B.A., who had always taken a very deep interest in our work, and who with his wife and some of their children accompanied us on our pioneer voyage in 1875.

As soon as we were settled I began the work of translating one of the Gospels into the Duke of York language. I was very anxious indeed that this should be done, not only for the spiritual benefit of the people to whom it would be sent, but also as recording the results of our first studies of the language. I found Peni very useful in this work. He had, fortunately, some knowledge of English, and was also remarkably quick and intelligent. It was a great joy to me when this translation of the Gospel of St. Mark, the first one which had ever been made into any of the languages or dialects of New Britain, was in the hands of the natives, and it was also a great joy to me to receive from teachers and others testimonies as to its value. Some years afterwards when I revisited New Britain





A LAST LOOK AT THE GRAVES OF OUR CHILDREN.





I was delighted to hear men and women and boys and girls reading the wondrous story of God's love contained in that Gospel as fluently as we ourselves can read our own Bibles. I gratefully remembered that only a few years before the alphabet of that language had never been written, nor had the Gospel ever been preached amongst those people, and I felt very thankful to God that He in His infinite love had privileged me to take some part in that great work.

My time in Australia was fully taken up, not only in translation work, but also in very extensive deputation work, in several colonies. Our people were naturally anxious to know the particulars of our Mission, and as I had a fine colleague in the person of Peni Lelei, we were always kept hard at work.

In May 1881 I attended the General Conference, which was held in Adelaide that year, and which will always be associated with the sad death of the late Rev. J. Waterhouse and son, Revs. J. B. Richardson and J. Armitage, and Messrs. E. Mitchell and E. Connall, representatives from New Zealand, who were drowned in the wreck of the *Tararua* on their way to the Conference. At this Conference the question of the propriety or otherwise of the action we had been compelled to take in New Britain was again under consideration. I was not, of course, put on my trial in any way, but it was felt by some that I had a right to ask the General Conference, which represents the whole of our Church, for an expression of its views, and that the Conference had either to censure or express their approval. I stated in reply that I then thought it right that I should know whether I had the confidence of the Conference or not. I had up to that time been content quietly to suffer, and felt that I had not said enough in defence of the course which we had pursued. I had a very kind reception by the Conference when I rose to give them a plain, unvarnished statement of the case. I fully commended those who differed from me for the frank expression of their views. I stated that I was quite aware that I had laid myself open to criticism, and that

it was quite right that I should be criticised. I maintained that I had not committed an error of judgment, nor had I pursued a policy of retaliation. I said that a great many people had told me what I ought not to have done, but that no one had ever yet told me what I should have done in the circumstances in which we were placed, and I asked any of my critics to be kind enough to tell me then. I told the Conference that the only alternative of the action we had taken was that I should have taken care of myself and my family, and the few people around us on the mission station at Port Hunter, and have left the teachers, their wives and families, and the few white men and one white woman on New Britain, to be murdered in detail by a set of savages who had never even heard of the Gospel of Christ ; and I asked whether they would have commended me if I had done so. I stated that had I pursued the only other policy which was practicable I would have been ashamed ever to stand before the Conference, or before any other body of my fellow-countrymen, and that my children would have had reason to blush when their father's name was mentioned. I then gave the details of our expedition, which I need not repeat here.

The Conference ultimately passed the following resolution :  
“ That this Conference has heard with deepest regret the Mission Secretary's account of the New Britain massacre and the expedition which followed it, and hereby expresses its tenderest sympathy with the Rev. G. Brown in his great peril in that massacre, and his embarrassment in having to provide so suddenly the needed adequate means for the safety of the mission party. From the evidence now before us, and which we have carefully examined, it fully appears to us that in the judgment of the natives themselves Mr. Brown acted justly, and while reaffirming, in view of the wide discussion which is being carried on in reference to this case, the principle which underlies all our missionary operations, that military enterprises cannot be sanctioned in their conduct, it records its judgment that in the present case Mr. Brown acted in defence of the

mission teachers and their families, and has not violated the regulations of our missionary work, and retains the full confidence of this Conference." This was, of course, quite satisfactory, and as it assured me of the continued confidence of my brethren, it enabled me to continue my work in the advocacy of the claims of our missions upon the sympathies and support of our Methodist Churches.

A few months after this Conference the Missionary Society had to deplore the loss of the Rev. B. Chapman, the General Secretary of the Society, on September 10. I was deeply grieved when I saw the notice in the *Sydney Morning Herald* of Monday, September 12, that one whom I had learned to respect and love during the years in which he had so ably filled the office of General Secretary, had been called away so suddenly. I was naturally brought into very close association with Mr. Chapman during the inception of the New Britain Mission, and during the whole of the time we lived in that group. I always found him not only willing, but anxious, to assist us to the full extent of his power, and during the time of my serious illness in Sydney he manifested the deepest sympathy, and did all that was in his power to help me. I was closely associated with him and the Rev. W. Clarke in the deputation to Tonga, and I well remember the great kindness which he manifested towards me in Fiji a few weeks afterwards. I thoroughly endorse some remarks in the notice of his death, that, "he was an efficient manager of the business immediately connected with his office, and his general disposition secured him many friends." Amongst the number of these it was my great privilege to be included. The President of the Conference decided, at the request of the Board of Missions, to act as Missionary Secretary until the Conference, and I was then appointed to assist him in conducting the affairs of the office. I little thought that a few years later I should be called upon to occupy the position which I have now held for twenty-one years.

I continued in deputation work until the Conference of 1883,

when I received an invitation from the Bourke Street Circuit to accept an appointment as second minister, under the superintendency of the Rev. W. Clarke. This came as a complete surprise to me, and I naturally felt great diffidence in accepting the invitation to such a large and important circuit as Bourke Street was in those days. I have never forgotten the kindness with which I was received both by ministers and people. In 1884 I was appointed by the Conference, on an invitation from the Quarterly Meeting, to the superintendency, and I continued there until the completion of the full term in 1886. I had already decided, before the completion of my term of service in this the first, and as it proved to be the only home circuit to which I was ever appointed, to visit England, and this I did the same year, leaving Sydney in the *Mariposa*, Captain Hayward, on April 22, 1884. We had a large company on board, including General Fremantle, the late Sir James Service and family, and the late Sir Anthony Musgrave, Governor of Queensland, and family. My travelling companion was the Rev. Dr. W. H. Fitchett, ex-President of the General Conference, who was then visiting the homeland for the first time. I need not say that the pleasure of my journey to my native land after thirty-one years' absence was much enhanced by the genial company of my dear friend. I, in common with, I think, all on board, have none but the most pleasant memories of our voyage to San Francisco. We called at many places of interest on our journey across the American continent, and in due time reached England. I had a very kind reception at the Mission House, especially from the late Revs. Dr. Kilner and Dr. Jenkins, who did all in their power to make my stay as pleasant as possible.

My first public introduction to British Methodism was at the Conference Missionary Meeting, which was held that year (1886) in Great Queen Street Church, London. I was, of course, not known to any of the large audience, and I fancy very few of them knew that there was such a place in the world as New Britain. There were six speakers, and Dr. Kilner had warned



us very emphatically that no speaker was to exceed twenty minutes ; so I was not a little surprised to find that the two gentlemen who preceded me each occupied at least half an hour. When I was called upon, I utilised my time, without any preliminary remarks, by giving an account of our first landing in New Britain, and some of the incidents connected with our first year's work. It was soon very apparent that many in the audience were deeply interested. I was in the midst of telling them one of the most exciting incidents connected with our mission, when Waruwarum wished to take one of his wives from under our care for the purpose of cooking her, to which proceeding we strongly objected, when I noticed that my allotted time had expired. I stopped suddenly, and stated that I must defer the completion of my story till some other time. There was at once great excitement in the audience, and cries from all parts for me to "go on" ; and the President, who occupied the chair, asked me to do so. I rose, however, and said that I had done the best I could do in the time allotted to me, and declined to take from the succeeding speakers the time which was justly theirs. I sat down, but had to rise again at the request of the President. I did not resume my story, but simply told the audience that I was from Australia ; that we in Australia were accustomed to obey orders ; and that I intended to obey those which I had received in England. I felt afterwards that I perhaps made too sweeping an assertion in one of these latter statements, and for this I must pray to be forgiven. The meeting was, however, a very good introduction, and during the next few days I had many requests from the brethren who were gathered to the Conference from all parts of England to visit them in their Circuits.

I visited my native town and had a very kind reception from many who knew and loved my father, and who also remembered me in the earlier years of my life. I preached in the Wesleyan Chapel on the Sunday morning to a large congregation, in which several denominations were included, and in the evening I preached to a similar congregation in the

Brown Memorial Church, erected to the memory of my late father.

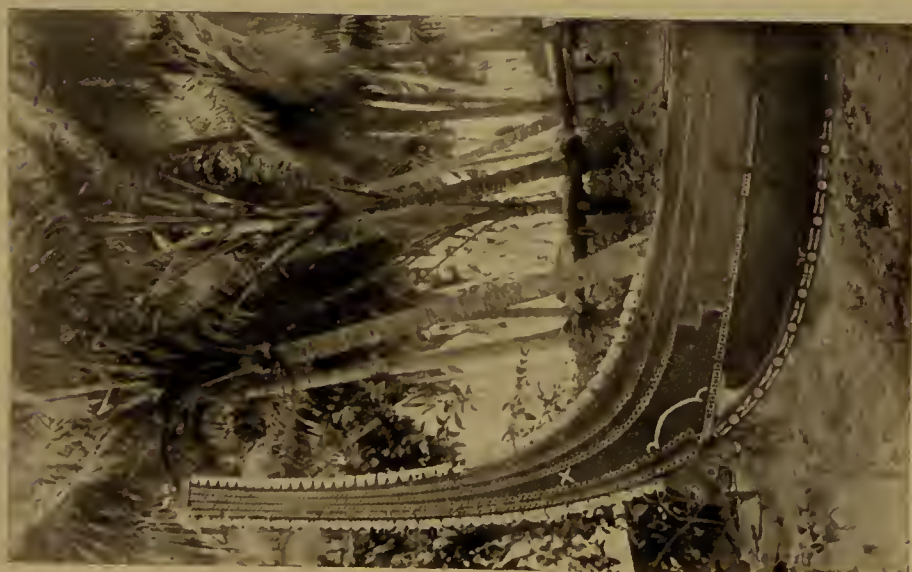
During the few months which I spent in England I visited some of our principal Circuits, and also gave several addresses in London. Many kind things were said to me in the different places which I visited, but at this time I only remember some remarks made by the late Rev. T. Champness, which I have always considered to be the highest compliment I ever received. He was a good man, and the story which I was privileged to tell to him and his large family was always remembered by them, and some time afterwards we received from the Joyful News Mission one of their best workers, who for some years was supported by them in New Ireland.

I left England in December, and returned by way of America, in accordance with some promises which I had made when passing through that country. I visited some of the principal cities, and then went to Montreal, where I was very kindly received by the late S. Finley, Esq., and his family. During my stay in that city it was my great privilege to meet the great Dr. Douglas, of the Wesleyan Theological College, and also to address the students there. I need not give the particulars of the return journey, though it was full of interest to me, visiting, as I did, some of the places in Canada where I had lived when quite a young man some thirty-five years before. The town in which I lived was, at that time, quite a backwoods township; but now I found it to be a large city, and I could scarcely recognise a single feature of the place.

I travelled by the Canadian Pacific Railway in mid-winter. This might be considered a trying experience to one who had spent so many years of his life in the tropics; but I thoroughly enjoyed the whole of the journey, though we had to face a blizzard of exceptional severity, which delayed us at one place on the prairies for at least three days, and which also occasioned great loss of life in the districts through which we travelled. The thermometer registered 45 degrees below zero during the time we were icebound at Swift Current Station, and the wind



STERN OF SAME CANOE, RUVIANA,  
SOLOMON ISLANDS.



BOW OF TOMAKO (WAR CANOE).  
This is inlaid with pearl shell and ornamented also  
with shells.





was travelling at the rate of 41 miles per hour. The extreme cold in Canada can be easily borne, and even enjoyed, so long as the weather is calm and clear, but extreme cold with strong winds is not at all pleasant. At Swift Current Station some of the passengers in the train came and asked me if I would give them a lecture to relieve the monotony of the situation. This I readily agreed to do. We went into a large building which had been erected for the use of the gangs of men who were trying to clear the track of snow and ice. There were two large stoves in the room, which were red hot, but the cold was so intense that the people present could not remain on the seats for any length of time, and most of them soon stood in two clusters close to the stoves. I lectured for about an hour and a half on New Britain, a country where there was no winter, and where the clothing of the people often consisted only of a string of beads. I received very hearty thanks, and next morning the few traders who were living near the station brought me presents of mocassins, belts, etc., made by the Blackfoot Indians, in whose territory we then were. We reached Vancouver several days late, and I was afraid that I should not reach San Francisco in time to catch the out-going boat to Australia. I had to proceed by steamer from Vancouver to San Francisco. On my arrival at the latter port I was delighted to find that the vessel had been detained several days waiting for the mails, which had been delayed by heavy snow storms.

On reaching Auckland in the *Mariposa* I found, to my great surprise, that I had been appointed by the New South Wales and Queensland Conference to the position of General Secretary of Missions. Whilst I felt very grateful for this honour, especially as the election had taken place during my absence in England, and without any solicitation on my part, I felt very deeply the great responsibility which the position imposed upon me. I determined, however, that, by God's help, the experience and knowledge which I had acquired during the years of my mission life should be consecrated to His service in the new office to which I was appointed by my brethren.



We reached Sydney on March 14, 1887, and I had again the pleasure of meeting my dear wife and children, and uniting together in thanks to God for His goodness to them and to myself.

I took over the business of the Mission Office on April 7, 1887, from the late Rev. Dr. Kelynack, who retired from the position on account of health. It was, I felt, no light task to succeed a man so eminently gifted and of such high standing in our Church as Dr. Kelynack was. In addition to the regular work of the Mission Office at that time, the position involved very extensive deputation work in all the States, and this, of course, necessitated long absences from home. This was only rendered possible by the valuable help of the late Rev. J. B. Waterhouse, who not only relieved me from most of the work in connection with the accounts, but was also always ready to take charge of the office during my long absences on deputation work. I cannot speak too highly of the services which were rendered to the Missionary Society and myself by Mr. Waterhouse during all the earlier years of my work as General Secretary. He was a kind and loving friend, and I could always depend upon the help of his wise counsel and advice in any difficulty which I had to encounter. He never spared himself in his endeavours to carry on the business of the Mission Office, and I always felt that the help which he so freely rendered was considered by him as a privilege conferred upon him. The years of our friendship were amongst the very brightest of my experiences.

TONGAN AFFAIRS



## IX

### TONGAN AFFAIRS

SOON after my appointment as General Secretary the troubles in Tonga became very acute. I have a large amount of material connected with that matter in my possession, and I think at some future time the whole story should be told, as an act of simple justice to the noble men, women, and children who remained faithful to the Methodist Church in spite of the cruel persecutions to which they were subjected. I here simply give a few facts, and a short account of my appointment as special commissioner to Tonga, and my experiences whilst occupying that position.

It is very difficult to ascertain the origin of the troubles in Tonga which eventuated in the secession of 1885. There is little doubt, however, that prior to the Rev. J. E. Moulton's visit to England in 1878, Mr. Baker had become very jealous of Mr. Moulton's influence with the people, and of his close friendship with King George, and that he did his best during Mr. Moulton's absence to ingratiate himself with the King, and as far as possible to make it apparent that his own services were indispensable to his Majesty.

In 1874 the Tonga Home Mission and Contingent Fund was formed, in accordance with the wishes of the Tongan Government and the District Meeting. This was approved of by the Conference of 1875, and also by the General Conference; and the decision must evidently have satisfied the King, as in the following year he signed a lease granting to four trustees for a term of ninety-nine years the properties then occupied by the Wesleyan Church.

In 1879 complaints reached the Mission Board of certain objectionable actions done, it was asserted, by Mr. Baker's authority, for the purpose of increasing the amount of missionary contributions in Tonga. A deputation was sent to Tonga to investigate the matter, and, as a result of the report given, Mr. Baker was recalled by the Conference of 1880, and received permission to rest for one year and to reside in New Zealand. This action greatly displeased King George, and he forwarded a letter to the Conference requesting that the Tongan Church should no longer be subject to the Board of Missions, but that it should be an independent District, responsible direct to the Conference, as the Districts in the colonies were, and promising that Tonga would then support the European missionaries and other agents, without being dependent upon the Missionary Society for any pecuniary help.

At the Conference of 1881 Mr. Baker appeared to answer the charges the Board of Missions formulated against him. The result was that he was asked to resign, and after consideration he sent in his resignation, which was accepted by the Conference; and the record appears in the Minutes of Conference that, "S. W. Baker, having accepted office under the Tongan Government, voluntarily retires from our work." At this same Conference the Rev. J. B. Watkin, who was then Chairman of the Tongan District, was appointed to a colonial circuit, and the Rev. J. E. Moulton was appointed as Chairman of that District. This, as will be seen afterwards, very much angered the King, Mr. Baker, and some of the chiefs.

At the General Conference which was held in Adelaide some three months after, the recommendations which the New South Wales Conference had made, in order to carry out the request of King George and the wishes of the Tongan District Meeting, were submitted; and it was resolved: "That the recommendations be agreed to, and that from and after December 31, 1881, the Friendly Islands District be no longer under the Board of Missions, but that it be a District in connection with the New South Wales and Queensland Conference." It was also directed



that a suitable letter should be forwarded to the King, informing him of the pleasure the General Conference had in acceding to his request. The conclusion arrived at, it was thought, would be highly gratifying to his Majesty: and with this conviction the Conference closed its sittings on May 28. At the close of this Conference the President received a telegram from Mr. Baker in Auckland, stating that the King and chiefs were enraged at Mr. Watkin's recall, that they had decided to establish a National Church, and to get Mr. Watkin as the first minister; that the King's ultimatum was that Tonga should be an independent District attached to New Zealand; and that Mr. Watkin should be reinstated. In the event of these demands not being complied with, there would be secession.

As it was known in Tonga that the General Conference was finished before the telegram reached Adelaide, the threatened secession was apparently deferred; and in the meantime Mr. Moulton requested permission from the President of the Conference to agree to a request from the King that the Rev. J. B. Watkin should remain in Tonga, and be appointed to a circuit, as it was thought that this concession would allay trouble. This was agreed to, and Mr. Watkin proceeded to his appointment. The policy of the Government, however, assumed an aspect decidedly antagonistic to our Church work.

At the General Conference of 1884 another communication was received from the King, and the resolutions of the New South Wales and Queensland Conference were considered. A minority of the members, amongst whom I was one, urged the Conference most earnestly to agree to the King's request, and to appoint Mr. Moulton to a colonial circuit for awhile. We did this, not because we considered Mr. Moulton to be guilty of the charges which Mr. Baker had made against him, or because we justified the action of the King in insisting upon his recall, but because it was very evident to us that under the strained relationships which existed between Mr. Baker and Mr. Moulton that Mr. Moulton could not effectively carry on his work. We also believed, from our personal knowledge of

Mr. Baker's character, and the position which the King had assumed, that secession would inevitably follow the refusal of the request preferred, and that in such a case the great majority of the people would certainly follow their King. This last opinion was not, however, shared by some of the missionaries present, but subsequent events fully justified our belief. The General Conference, however, decided against the recall of Mr. Moulton, but appointed a strong deputation, consisting of the late Revs. John Watsford, Dr. Langham and W. T. Rabone, to visit Tonga. In the meantime, however, Mr. Baker, taking advantage of a dispute between the native minister at Haabai and some of the stewards with regard to the Church services at that place, decided to start the Free Church. This was done on January 4, 1885. The recommendations of the deputation were practically that the Tongan District should be separate from New South Wales, and be connected with the Victoria and Tasmania Conference; that Mr. Moulton should be appointed to a circuit in New South Wales; that Mr. Watkin be allowed to withdraw his resignation, and to remove from Tonga to a colonial circuit. It was this last recommendation that Mr. Baker objected to, stating that the King would never consent to Mr. Watkin's removal.

The question of the removal of both Mr. Watkin and Mr. Moulton from Tonga, and their appointment to colonial circuits, was really the great difficulty in arriving at any satisfactory settlement. Mr. Baker and the King were resolved that Mr. Watkin should remain, but the members of the deputation felt that it was neither fitting nor right to appoint as chairman of the District a minister who had so recently resigned his position as a minister of the Conference, and who, in the opinion of the deputation, could have prevented the separation altogether if he had earnestly desired to do so.

The report of the deputation was considered at the New South Wales Conference of 1886, together with a letter from the Tonga District Meeting, dated November 1885. That Conference, whilst recognising the ability and kindly spirit

with which the members of the deputation had sought to accomplish the difficult task assigned to them, declared that as the quarterly meetings in Tonga and the annual District Meeting strongly objected to the transference of Tonga to another Conference, no change should for the present be made in the connection of Tonga with the New South Wales and Queensland Conference ; and that we should not withdraw our agents from that District. It also, after anxious and prayerful thought, recorded that, in view of the very decided objections from the people and the District Meeting, and also for financial and other reasons, it was compelled to dissent from the recommendations in the report of the deputation, that the Rev. J. E. Moulton should be removed from Tonga.

In 1887 an attempt was made by four escaped prisoners to assassinate the Premier, Mr. S. W. Baker. This attack took place on the evening of Thursday, January 13, 1887. The assailants did not succeed in their attempt, but, most unfortunately, Mr. Baker's son and daughter, who were with him at the time in the buggy, were both wounded, the latter in her attempt to shield her father from being shot. As a result of this attack, not only did the Government issue orders for the men in Tongatabu to assemble at Mua, but the King, by the advice of Mr. Baker, and contrary to his own judgment, sent for men from Haabai and Vavau to come armed to Tonga. The arrival of these men was signalised by the indiscriminate plunder of Wesleyans ; and in many cases the most brutal ill-treatment accompanied the robbery. A number of the people were arrested and tried for the attempted assassination of Mr. Baker, and on February 1 six of these men were shot on the Island of Malinoa. The whole story of this attempt at assassination, the trial of the prisoners, the futile attempt made to implicate the students of our College in the conspiracy, the execution on Malinoa, and the sad sight witnessed there, cannot be told here, but ought to be placed on record.

The next event was the arrival of His Excellency, Sir Charles Mitchell, the High Commissioner for the Western

Pacific, who visited Tonga in obedience to telegraphic instructions from Sir H. Holland, to report on recent disturbances in, and the affairs of, Tonga. His Excellency arrived at Nukualofa on March 27, 1887, and after a most exhaustive inquiry left for Fiji about April 26. His report was presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, in July 1887. The conclusions which His Excellency arrived at were, that the constitution of Tonga had been, in the course of the recent events, utterly set aside, and the King's will substituted therefor; that the theory and system of worship so clearly laid down in the Constitution had been practically a dead letter from the moment the King determined to support the Free Church; that the statement of the King having declared that war existed at Mua was, in his, Sir Charles Mitchell's opinion, an after-thought; that neither the Cabinet, Privy Council, nor the Legislature was consulted then or thereafter; that the King, acting on Mr. Baker's advice, was alone responsible for all that followed; that although there were no direct proofs that either of them encouraged the chiefs in their acts of lawlessness, there was also no direct proof that they exerted themselves to repress them. His Excellency also stated: "I should, undoubtedly, have exercised the power vested in me, under the Western Pacific Order in Council, of prohibiting Mr. Baker from remaining in Tonga for a period, had it not been that I felt that his presence with the King would, after the warning which my visit to Tonga had given, be the best means of preserving peace. I therefore determined on writing to the King, and advising him at once to take steps to reverse his former action, and to restore to the Wesleyans their religious privileges; also to take steps to restrain the action of the chiefs; and I decided to show the King that the retention of Mr. Baker in Tonga would greatly depend on what the terms of the answer to my letter should be." The letter which is mentioned above was sent by His Excellency to the King on April 25, and on the 26th a reply was received from him which practically accepted all the suggestions made.



The purport of this letter was also communicated by His Excellency to the President of the New South Wales and Queensland Conference, and in his unofficial letter he directed attention to the request made by His Majesty, King George, in reply to a letter from His Excellency, saying that "if your Excellency would kindly initiate negotiations with the Wesleyan Church in the colonies on the plan proposed by the New Zealand Conference, I should be glad; and that is my mind." His Excellency also expressed the hope "that the Committee will take such steps as may appear to tend in the direction of reuniting the Tongan Wesleyans to the mother Society." In another part he says that his "object is to see whether the Tongans can be reunited to the parent Society, and that speedily." He also expressed the opinion that "the present opportunity, if promptly seized, will in all probability afford the best chances of reunion that may occur for years." On receipt of this communication the Committee of Privileges of the New South Wales and Queensland Conference was convened, and decided that a deputation consisting of the President, the Rev. W. G. R. Stephenson, an old Tongan missionary, Mr. P. P. Fletcher, and myself, should visit Tonga.

In accordance with these instructions, we left Sydney on July 13, 1887. The President returned by the same steamer. Mr. Fletcher and I remained, and had many meetings, both formal and otherwise, with the representatives of the Free Church and our own people. Our report was considered at the Conference of 1888, and a series of resolutions were moved by Rev. J. B. Waterhouse, to the effect that the time had not yet arrived for constituting the Wesleyan Church in Tonga a separate and independent Conference, and that the unanimous desire of the quarterly meetings in Tonga for the retention of Mr. Moulton should be respected. To this I moved an amendment, to the effect that the Conference cannot consent to withdraw from Tonga, or abandon our people; that it expresses its deep sympathy with Mr. Moulton, but that, "in view of facts which have been presented to Conference, that



the King is so strongly opposed to Mr. Moulton's continued residence in Tonga, and that there is but little hope of his opposition being withdrawn, or of this grievous wound to our Church being healed, so long as Mr. Moulton remains in Tonga, the Conference, without in any way justifying this opposition, or approving of the actions which have been taken, resolves that the recommendations of the deputation to Tonga of the last General Conference be complied with, and that the request of the Rev. J. E. Moulton for permission to return to the colonies be granted, and that a minister be appointed who shall devote himself to the work of reuniting the two Churches, and promoting peace and harmony in the group." The amendment also declared that, *subject to certain clearly defined conditions*, the General Conference be requested to constitute Tonga an Annual Conference, in connection with the Australasian General Conference.

After long and interesting debates the first two amendments which I proposed were carried unanimously, but those proposing the honourable recall of the Rev. J. E. Moulton, with a view to the appointment of another minister, were lost by 74 to 31 votes.

At the General Conference held in Melbourne in May 1888 the difficulty in Tonga was fully considered. The discussion thereon excited great interest throughout the country. I have never known the sessions of any General Conference to be so largely attended by the general public as they were during the discussion of this difficult question. On Monday and Tuesday, May 14 and 15, the body of the church behind the bar of the Conference was quite full of interested listeners, and the galleries also contained a large number. The President read a letter which he had received from the Premier of Tonga, presenting to the General Conference a request from His Majesty, King George, that the Tonga Free Church be acknowledged as an independent annual Conference, in connection with the General Conference of the Wesleyan Church, on the same lines as New Zealand and the other Con-



COAST SCENE, TONGATABU.



ferences. The letter also requested the removal of the Rev. J. E. Moulton and Rev. E. E. Crosby, B.A.

I do not think it necessary to give any long account of the speeches made, and the reasons advanced by the advocates of the respective resolutions and amendments. The position was a very critical one, as the General Conference appeared to be practically divided into two camps. A large and important section, more especially in the New Zealand, and Victoria and Tasmania Conferences, was strongly opposed to the action of the New South Wales Conference on some questions of its policy with regard to Tonga, and more especially to the retention of the Rev. J. E. Moulton; and at one time there appeared to be considerable danger of this matter causing a breach between the respective Conferences.

The Rev. G. Lane moved the resolutions of the New South Wales Conference. Mr. J. Callaghan moved a series of amendments, which were afterwards withdrawn in favour of other amendments which were moved by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett. The debate which followed was a very exciting one. The conflict of opinion was mainly centred on the question of the continuance of the Rev. J. E. Moulton in Tonga, or his appointment to a circuit in the home work.

Whilst the debate was in progress it became evident to all those who were interested in the preservation of peace in our Church that some arrangement should be made which would prevent the question of Mr. Moulton's removal, or otherwise, being determined by a vote of the Conference, as such a vote would inevitably be regarded by the New South Wales and Queensland Conference as one expressing want of confidence in their administration of Tongan affairs, whilst it was at the same time apparent that a large number of the members of the General Conference were fully persuaded that in the interests of peace some change should be made. A meeting was held on the subject, and when the debate was resumed, the Rev. J. E. Moulton gave an address, the report of which I extract from *The Weekly Advocate* of May 26, as it was principally for

the reasons adduced by Mr. Moulton that my appointment was made :

“The Rev. J. E. Moulton then said it was a very great temptation to him to take up the time of the Conference that afternoon in replying to the personal remarks, and in repudiating the many charges without foundation that had been laid against him. However, he thought in the present state of affairs it would be better to let them go by, and live them down where they really existed. He might say, in examining the amendment of Mr. Fitchett, it struck him as a step in the right direction. He did not agree with the whole of it. He did not agree with that portion referring to his resignation. He disagreed with that *in toto*. He should not have been unfavourable to that step had it not been for the letter of Mr. Shirley Baker. It would be proving the assertions in that letter if he consented to do so. If they read Sir Charles Mitchell’s report they would see that the good order and peace of Tonga might be attributable to him (Mr. Moulton). He liked very much the idea of that commission which the amendment proposed to appoint to be sent to Tonga. The amendment also recognised that the wishes of the people should be consulted, and that they should not be pledged *nolens volens* to the Free Church. He would like them to understand clearly that his resistance to the proposal that he should withdraw was not mere ‘stonewalling,’ as some of them might imagine. Three times he had offered, if necessary, to withdraw, but the suggestion had not been acted upon; and twice he had offered to do so if the Rev. George Brown was sent to Tonga. He was not thinking of himself, but of those people who had stood by them, and had shed their blood on behalf of a principle, and their fidelity to the Wesleyan Church; and he should never be a party to any vote that would abandon these people. It was all very well for them to pass resolutions that they should not abandon the people, and then practically to do so. He was convinced that there was no one in this Conference who could go to Tonga and do the work except Mr. Brown. In saying this, some of them had said he was very foolish, as



Mr. Brown was regarded in Tonga as a Bakerite. But he (Mr. Moulton) knew Mr. Brown to be a thorough missionary, who would shepherd his people, and would not allow their rights to be taken away. Mr. Brown was a most capable man, and though it would require another Baker to deal with that gentleman—and he hoped the Lord would save Mr. Brown from being that—yet Mr. Baker would have in Mr. Brown one of the toughest morsels to deal with that ever he had. So that he heartily concurred in the appointment of a Commissioner if that officer was to be Mr. Brown. The difficulty in reference to Church properties, he thought, could be overcome in a legal way, and he would undertake to hold meetings, that all opposition on the technical grounds would be swept away. Another reason why he should not withdraw was that for many years he had been engaged in creating a literature for Tonga. This was apart from the translation of the Scriptures, and referred to literature of an instructive and educational character. If they appointed Mr. Brown as the Commissioner, he (Mr. Moulton) could retire for a time to do literary work, but in such a manner that the people would feel that he still belonged to them ; and the next Conference could then decide what steps should be taken.”

The Rev. W. H. Fitchett then said he would withdraw his amendment, and substitute one which he thought would meet with the approval of all, and on the lines of the statement made by Mr. Moulton. The amendment, as altered by Mr. Fitchett, was as follows :

“ 1. That the Conference records its deep sense of the patience, zeal, and generous devotion with which the New South Wales Conference has administered Tongan affairs during the trying events of the past three years. The members of the New South Wales Conference have sustained, in behalf of the cause of Christ in Tonga, a burden of anxiety and toil which entitles them to the sympathy and respect of the whole Methodist Church.

“ 2. The Conference further recognises the loyalty and

courageous fidelity with which the Rev. J. E. Moulton has laboured for the interest of the Methodist Church in Tonga, and deeply sympathises with him on account of the trials and unjust accusations to which he has been exposed. It records its sense of his high character and great ability, and approves of the request which he prefers to the New South Wales Conference, through the President, to be allowed to devote himself to literary work, in the shape of translations, etc., in connection with the work in Tonga, in Sydney.

“3. That the Rev. George Brown be sent to Tonga as the Commissioner of this General Conference, with instructions to inquire and report upon the best means of securing honourable and lasting reunion with the Free Church in Tonga, and generally to draw up a scheme for the permanent settlement of our affairs there.

“4. That such report and recommendations shall be submitted to a committee, who shall be given charge of Tongan affairs, and through it, and with such modifications as it may deem necessary, be transmitted to the Annual Conferences next ensuing, and if approved of by them, or by a majority of them, shall be taken as sanctioned by this General Conference; and the President of this Conference shall be, and hereby is, instructed to give effect to such plan.”

It was suggested that there be no further speeches, and the Rev. G. Lane withdrew his motion, expressing his great pleasure that something of unanimity had been arrived at. I was called upon to speak, and as a matter of history, and in justice to myself, I again quote from *The Weekly Advocate* of the above date, the following account :

“The Rev. George Brown was then called upon to speak, and said he was placed in a very difficult position that afternoon, and he was not prepared to say what ought to be his course in the matter. He saw a great many difficulties in the way of the enforcement of this step. Whatever he was known as in Tonga, he was not a Bakerite, and he thought Mr. Baker would be the last to claim him as such.

He could not yet say which way his duty was in this matter, and it would depend on what the Conference said. He held a very important post at present, and one in which he took great pride. He was not, however, going to begin at this time of life to place himself in opposition to the vote of the Conference, and what he wanted to know was that they approved of the step. He did not want high expectations to be raised. He was very well aware that if he did go to Tonga he might be brought into collision with Mr. Baker. He quite expected trouble, and could easily discern that it would require a great deal of care and a great deal of forbearance to avoid a collision. Besides, he was not certain that the plan proposed to be adopted would be satisfactory to both parties, or to their own people in Tonga. He was, therefore, a little troubled lest the Conference should think, in appointing the Commission, that they had arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, and that all would be joy and peace and harmony. He very much doubted whether that would be the case. He would have to consult his wife about going; but he knew perfectly well what her answer would be. He spoke under great emotion, as he had been well treated by the Conference at all times, and he felt a great weight of responsibility upon him. He could not say the blame of any failure would be with them if they sent him; and it would not be with him, as he would exert what ability and power he had."

Dr. Waugh then offered up a prayer of thanksgiving, after which all present in the church joined in singing the Doxology.

In accordance with the decision of the General Conference, Mrs. Brown and I left Sydney on June 22, and arrived in Auckland on Wednesday, the 27th. I called on Mr. Baker several times during my stay, and found him, so far as I could judge, very friendly disposed to myself personally; in fact, he several times expressed his satisfaction that I had been appointed. We left Auckland on July 23. A goodly

number of kind friends came down to the wharf to assure us of their sympathy with us in our mission. Amongst those was the father of my good wife, the Rev. J. Wallis, who after fifty-four years' service in New Zealand, was still able to do some good work for God. Miss Bavin, daughter of the Rev. Rainsford Bavin of Onehunga, accompanied us on our voyage. She went to Tonga to take charge of the school for the children of the foreign residents there. Mr. Moulton was very anxious that I should select some one for the work, and we were very fortunate indeed in being able to secure one who was in every respect so well qualified for the position.

We had a good passage to Fiji in the *Wainui*, and reached Suva at 8 p.m. on Saturday, July 28. We found our dear old friend (the late Rev. Dr. Langham), the Chairman of the Fiji District, on the wharf to welcome us. It was quite a treat to see his pleasant face by the light of a large lantern, which he swayed to and fro in the endeavour to distinguish us amongst the crowd of passengers on the deck. We were most hospitably welcomed and entertained by the Hon. Mr. Duncan and the Rev. W. Gardiner, the Presbyterian minister in Suva.

On the following Monday I had long conversations with His Excellency, Sir J. B. Thurston, the Governor, an old friend of mine, and one with whom I had often corresponded on matters connected with the Islands. He was, naturally, very interested indeed in the Tongan question, and expressed himself very freely with regard to the best course of action to be pursued by us. We left Levuka in the *Southern Cross* for Tonga on August 3. Next day we called at Taveuni, the following day at Lomaloma, and on August 7 reached Tonga. We had a most kind and hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Moulton and family, and as soon as we were fairly in the house a crowd of our people came in, all anxious to shake hands with us, and assure us that they were glad indeed to see us in Tonga. I was very kindly received by the Premier, and also by the Rev. J. B. Watkin. I had an interview with



the King on August 9. The Premier, of course, was present, and at my request he kindly interpreted for me, as I had not sufficient confidence then to air my Tongan before His Majesty when Tongan scholars were present, to whose voice he was so well accustomed. I took with me for presentation to His Majesty a portrait of himself, which was beautifully enlarged by Mr. Newman of Sydney, from a photograph which I took when in Tonga the previous year. He seemed pleased with it, but, as usual in Tonga when a present is given, not much attention was given to it in the presence of the donor. I assured the King of the good wishes of the Conference, and told him that I was fully prepared to do all that I possibly could for the promotion of peace and harmony in Tonga, and he was pleased to accept my assurance. The visit was simply a formal one on my part, to present my respects to His Majesty, as I did not feel free to go anywhere until that was first done.

During the next few days several large presents of food were brought to Mr. Moulton and family as an expression of the love of the people for them. Some appropriate speeches were made in giving the presents, to which Mr. Moulton replied with deep feeling. On the evening of Friday, the 10th, a large farewell meeting was held in Tubou College. It was a spacious building, and, in fact, until the new church near it was built, it could make a good claim to be the largest purely native building in those groups. It was, however, packed to the doors, and yet there was not room for the people, so that a large number were congregated round the windows and doors. After the singing of a number of songs, most of which were descriptive of Mr. and Mrs. Moulton's work for Tonga, a few short speeches were made, and then the people all came forward by villages and gave a parting present to Mr. Moulton as an expression of their esteem and love for himself and family. This certainly showed that, whatever differences of opinion there might be as to the policy pursued by Mr. Moulton, he and his family had endeared themselves to the people by long years of earnest,



self-sacrificing work, by the constancy of their love, and the devotion of their life to the best interests of the Tongan people. On the next day, Saturday, August 11, a large number of the people assembled at the mission house, and accompanied the party to the wharf. The women were precluded by Government regulations from going on the wharf when a steamer was alongside, so they had to say farewell at the gates. Every one, both young and old, wished to shake hands with each of the party. After this somewhat trying ordeal was over, the men together with a number of the foreign residents, proceeded to the end of the wharf, where the *Southern Cross* lay, with steam up, all ready for the voyage. It must have been a severe trial for Mr. Moulton to say good-bye to his people and to the College lads, but it was said without any outward expression of the emotion which was so deeply felt. Mrs. Moulton on board, and most of us on the wharf, were visibly affected, but Mr. Moulton and Mrs. Symonds, who stood by her father's side, seemed determined to suppress all feeling which might be construed by others as indicating consciousness of humiliation or defeat. One of Mr. Moulton's own hymns was sung, which was led by himself and Mrs. Symonds as the *Southern Cross* moved away. And so, with many expressions of esteem, and with much love following them, he and his family left the land where for so many years they had done such good and noble work for those people.

At this stage I find it utterly impossible, for want of space to give a complete account of my work, and shall have to be content with giving a very brief and imperfect résumé of the report which I furnished to the Committee on Tongan affairs, and to the Conference. My first two reports were printed in a pamphlet of fifty-one pages, for private circulation, and I subsequently furnished a third report on the conclusion of my appointment. I have carefully preserved the correspondence and the records of my work, and, should it ever be thought desirable, the whole of the shameful story of the persecutions of our people in Tonga, and their heroic endurance under most



LARGE TRILITHON AT MUA.

Weight of side stones about thirty-five tons each, height 17 feet, top stone morticed into side stones. Native name "Koe haamonga a Maui," the burden of Maui, one of their deities. No native knows how they were got from the sea to the middle of the island; why they were placed there, or who were the men who erected them. Probably a monument to one of the Tui Tonga, sacred kings of Tonga, or a gateway to the burial place of some of the sacred kings.



SIDE VIEW OF THE ABOVE, SHOWING MORTICE.



cruel and unjust treatment—most of which was instigated or connived at by men who, by their nationality, training, and early associations, should have been the friends and protectors of the Tongan people—can readily be told again to the world. But it is a sad story, and one we should all like to forget.

Those who have read the preceding pages will readily perceive that my position was a very difficult one. I knew that the relations between the New South Wales and Queensland Conference, and many influential ministers and laymen in the other Conferences, had been very strained on the question of the policy of the New South Wales Conference in regard to the retention of the Rev. Mr. Moulton in that District, and I deemed it to be one of the principal objects of my mission to secure the approval of all parties, and unanimity of thought and action in Tongan affairs. The principles on which I determined to act, and by which, as a matter of fact, all my subsequent actions were governed, were :

1. I determined to cultivate the most friendly relations possible with the Rev. J. B. Watkin, the Hon. S. W. Baker, the Premier, and with all the members of the Free Church party.

2. That I would not concern myself with the past history of the Tongan troubles, more especially of those which happened prior to the investigation conducted by Sir C. Mitchell. My policy, I decided, was to accept the present situation, and to do what lay in my power to remedy the evils which existed. I was not only willing, but anxious, that the past should all be forgotten and forgiven.

3. That I would do all that I possibly could to assure His Majesty, and all the members of the Free Church, of the earnest desire of the Conference that our Church in Tonga should be reunited, and of our readiness to adopt and sanction any right and proper plan which would conduce to that end.

4. That I would endeavour in every possible way to prepare our own people for union with the Free Church party.



5. That though my own opinion was that Tonga was not then far enough advanced to be constituted one of the Annual Conferences in connection with the General Conference, I was yet prepared to recommend, as the less of two evils, that this request should be granted, and that if the other difficulties could be settled and union effected, we should recognise the present President of the Free Church and the native ministers as fully accredited ministers of our Church.

6. That in all these matters it was essential that the feelings and wishes of our own faithful people should be carefully considered. I felt that the first thing to be done was to promote a better state of feeling between the two Churches, and in every way possible to lessen the existing breach, and to promote friendly and brotherly intercourse between the people.

In striving to carry out these ideas I first called on the Hon. S. W. Baker and the Rev. J. B. Watkin in the evening of the first day of my arrival in Tonga, and expressed to them my hearty wishes and intentions to work with them in every way possible for the welfare of the Tongan people. I then called upon the King, and assured His Majesty of the esteem and respect of the Conference, and of our earnest desires for the welfare of himself and people.

I found not only the people divided into Wesleyan and Free Church, but the few whites were distinguished as being either Moultonites or Bakerites. Service was held on alternate Sundays; but when Mr. Watkin held service in one of the Government buildings, Government officials and those of the whites who were favourable to the Free Church attended; and when Mr. Moulton was the preacher in Tubou College most of the white residents attended, but no Government officials. The British Consul was obliged to have two separate days for tennis, as the Bakerites would have no dealings with the other party. As a protest against these practices I regularly attended with my family both services, and tried to induce Mr. Watkin to have a united service only, and offered to consent to it being



held in the Parliament House if he would be willing to do so. I also attended the tennis party at the Consulate on the Free Church days. It must be remembered that party spirit was very high indeed in Tonga, and that the very fact of my having any intercourse with the Free Church people was likely to create an uneasy impression in the minds of many, both Europeans and natives, that I was more inclined to side with that party than with our own people. It was not at all pleasant for me even to appear to be on friendly terms with those who, in the opinion of our own people, had done them such cruel wrong. I felt, however, that it was necessary to show that I was prepared to meet with both parties, and that I did not intend to countenance, much less to help on, a state of dissension and ill-will. I prepared a carefully worded letter to our people. This I had printed and ready for distribution, but first showed a copy privately to the Premier, and on his opinion, given privately and unofficially, I did not then issue it.

I found that the wildest rumours had been circulated with regard to the object of my mission. The Wesleyans had been taunted by members of the Free Church with the assertion that I was going down to sell some of the churches to the Free Church, to burn the remainder, and to pass over all lands, etc., to the Free Church Conference. But I also found that our people had been prepared by Mr. Moulton to give us a hearty and kind reception, and that he had evidently done all that he could to remove any such impressions from their minds. He had spoken in the kindest manner about me, and had assured them that they would be quite safe under my care. In this respect, therefore, my work began under very favourable circumstances, and I had the full confidence of our people from the first week of my arrival in Tonga. No active persecution was at this time carried on against them, but they were still subject to many disabilities, and to treatment which amounted in many cases to very decided persecution, and it was soon evident to me that any attempt to force on any plans of reunion

at that time would have been ill-advised and premature, and probably have defeated the object. Though complaints were frequently made to me, I thought it well not to press for any investigation at that time, but urged our people to wait patiently for a while until I was in a position to decide upon the best plan of action. In a short time the people began to get a little more confidence, and several joined us in the different villages, as they heard no more stories of any outbreak of active persecution such as had been common previous to my arrival in the group. We soon found, however, that other and well-trying means were still being used to keep up the old fear, and to assure the people that to be a member of our Church involved, at all events, the displeasure of those in power.

I have given in my reports the account of these persecutions, which were carried on under the name of law, when the most outrageous decisions of a Tongan judge were given on the principle that nothing could be too severe, and nothing illegal, where a Wesleyan was concerned. I have no wish to reproduce them now, when a better state of affairs exists, but at the time they certainly served the purpose for which they were intended, of inspiring fear in the hearts of our people, and showing them the disabilities which they incurred by their attachment to our Church.

Before leaving Tonga at the end of my first term there as Special Commissioner I spoke repeatedly to Mr. Baker about the men and women who were still in exile in Tofua and in Fiji, and repeatedly urged him to attend to those cases, as an absolute preliminary to any attempt at union. I said: "Mr. Baker, how can I talk about union or recognition of you as a Church under existing circumstances? There are many who know the facts of these cases, and they will naturally ask why we should unite with a Church which has banished our people to Tofua and to Fiji for no crime whatever, but simply because they are Wesleyans, and which still keeps those men and women there, though you profess now that the Church to which they belong has full right to exist in Tonga, and you seek to unite

with it. There are men there in exile for no crime, unless it be a crime to go to family prayer at Mr. Moulton's house; and there are others who were sent for an alleged refusal to take the military oath whose sentences have long since expired, but are still kept, in defiance of all law and justice. Why," I asked, "should men like David Tonga and others be exiled from their own land? For there are many in Fiji against whom no charge of crime has ever been made. Surely," I said, "your own sense of justice will compel you to set these matters right." His reply was that the men at Tofua would have been attended to long before had it not been for the interference of Mr. C—— and the British Consul.

Another matter to which I referred was the injustice of imposing upon us restrictions with regard to our worship which were not imposed upon Roman Catholics or Free Church people. But with regard to all these, and many other acts of injustice which I brought under his notice, I got only vague promises that they would be attended to, which were never carried into effect.

The conclusions which I arrived at during this first stay in Tonga were, that the action taken by the General Conference was decidedly right, and that we were in a better position in consequence thereof than we had been for a long time previous; that in view of the fact that there was no real desire for union on the part of Mr. Baker or Mr. Watkin, it was not, in my opinion, desirable to press that matter upon our people, but to wait patiently until the disabilities under which they were placed were removed, and until the persecutions which were inflicted on them had ceased; and my recommendations to the Tongan Committee were that we should still stand by our people and wait as patiently as we could for brighter days; that the Rev. J. E. Moulton should be appointed to a circuit in the colonies; that Mr. Crosby should remain for the present, and that another minister should be appointed in Mr. Moulton's place.

I sailed from Tonga in the S.S. *Lubeck* on December 7, Mrs. Brown remaining in Tonga. We called at Samoa, and

arrived in Sydney on December 19. I met the Tongan Committees in Sydney and Melbourne, and submitted the first report and left for Adelaide on January 2, to meet the South Australia section of that committee.

On reading the accounts in the newspapers of these visits I find a paragraph in *The Spectator* of January 4 which I think might well be inserted here. One of the greatest difficulties I have in writing this memoir is to avoid inserting the many kind remarks made about myself, and I feel the same difficulty with regard to those made about one who has been a willing helper in all my work, and who has shared my sorrows and trials at all times without repining ; but I insert the following because the words spoken of one of their sisters may comfort some other faithful workers in the mission field by the assurance that their work and sufferings are known and appreciated ; and also because I wish to say that I fully concur in the statement made in the concluding lines : “ Mr. Brown went on to Adelaide on Wednesday last, to confer with the members of the Tongan Committee there, and he will meet our own Committee once more when he comes back to Melbourne on his way to Sydney. In the meanwhile Mrs. Brown is remaining in Tonga, awaiting his return. Our readers will remember—no Methodist is likely to forget—the message which that noble woman sent along the telegraph wires to her husband when the General Conference asked him if he could go to Tonga : ‘ If you think it is your duty to go, I am willing.’ We must not forget what this willingness involved, and what it still involves. It meant leaving her children behind her, and it means that still. While her husband, in the execution of his duty, has the joy of greeting the loved ones again, the wife and mother still remains patient and steadfast at her post, as she did before in New Britain under circumstances such as would have tried the faith of the boldest martyr who ever faced the stake for the sake of the Lord Jesus ; and she does this sort of thing after a quiet, matter-of-course fashion, as if it involved no more self-sacrifice than an interview with the butcher and the selection of the daily



joint. And when she comes home again she will just step into her vacant place as quietly as if she had only been visiting a neighbour round the corner of the street, instead of making a sacrifice which brings the tears into strong men's eyes whenever they think of it. We talk about what our missionaries have done, but some of our best missionaries tell us that they feel very small when they compare their doings with what their wives have done and suffered in the mission field."

After meeting the Tongan Committees I visited New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, South Australia, and Queensland, in company with Rev. David and Mrs. Tonga, to raise funds for clearing off the debt which pressed heavily on the Tonga District. This debt was the result of the disruption. The liabilities of 18,000 people had fallen upon 3,000, and they were unable to discharge them. At these meetings I simply told the story of what I had to do as Special Commissioner, and of the way in which my efforts for peace with honour to both parties had been met. Mr. and Mrs. Tonga were very effective speakers, and the simple, unaffected manner in which they narrated some of the incidents of the persecutions which they and others had suffered, produced a great effect.

Immediately after our return from Adelaide I left for Tonga, on my second visit as Special Commissioner. Leaving Sydney on April 26, 1889, for Fiji, I reached Suva on May 6, and had an interview with Sir J. B. Thurston on the same day. His Excellency received me very courteously, gave me full information about the exiles, and assured me that the Government were ready to do everything which it was possible to do for them during their residence in the group. On my arrival in Levuka, I chartered a small vessel, and visited the exiles at Koro. They were of course delighted to see me, and to receive the presents of clothing, kerosene, soap, boat-sails, paint, medicines, etc., with which I was able to supply them, and of which they were in great need. I had long conversations with the native ministers, and with all the people. The king's daughter, Princess Charlotte; Vaea, one of the principal chiefs in Tonga, who had just been



refused permission to land in Tonga; William Maeliuaki, and other chiefs, were all present. I called over the names of all, and asked each one as to his or her wish with regard to their return to Tonga. Without one single exception, they all stated that they were anxious to return to their own land as soon as possible. There were about a hundred of them, including several ordained ministers, who were members of the New South Wales and Queensland Conference.

On this visit I remained in Tonga until October 15, and during the five months of my stay I was constantly travelling about the group, visiting also the outlying islands of Niua Foou, and Niua Tobutabu, and was also engaged in a very voluminous correspondence with the King, the Premier (Mr. Baker), Rev. J. B. Watkin, and Tongan officials. This correspondence is very interesting as a matter of history as showing the injustice with which our people were treated, and also the great difficulties which I had to contend against in my endeavours to carry out the wishes and instructions of the General Conference, and to protect the Wesleyans of Tonga, as far as possible, from the underhand persecutions which were inflicted upon them; but it is not necessary or advisable to reproduce it here. I was never able in any of my reports, for obvious reasons, to give any information of what was being done quietly to prepare the way for the action which was subsequently taken by the then Governor of Fiji in practically deporting Mr. Baker from Tonga. It was my great privilege to enjoy the friendship of the late Sir J. B. Thurston for many years prior to my appointment as Special Commissioner, and I may say now that which I could not say at the time, that in the whole of my actions I was guided very much by the counsel and advice given me in the course of a constant friendly private correspondence with him, and that I was able from time to time to give His Excellency official information, either through the British Consul, or direct to himself, which enabled him to compel Mr. Baker publicly to withdraw many of his unfounded statements and insinuations, and to make public apologies for the same. I knew well what



BURIAL PLACE OF ONE OF THE SACRED KINGS OF TONGA.

Four raised terraces built of immense stones ; grave on top.



His Excellency's opinions were about Mr. Baker, and I well understood, also, the difficult position in which he was placed. I knew something, too, of his character, and was fully assured that he would not move until the way was perfectly clear, but that when he did move he would act in a way that would astonish Mr. Baker, and those who tried to defend or extenuate his actions ; and I was well content to wait for this. When I read now the correspondence, and remember how keenly I felt the great injustice with which so many of our people were treated, I often wonder at the patience which, by God's help, I was able to manifest. The editor of *The Spectator*, my old friend, the late Dr. Fison, knew me well, and knew at the time all that I was doing. When I read in a leading article of his, referring to my work, the words, " He has held himself completely in check, and has developed a fund of patience which nobody supposed to be latent in his constitution, and the existence of which was unsuspected even by himself," I fully endorsed his opinion.

The beginning of the end, so far as Mr. Baker's power in Tonga was concerned, may be dated from May 30, on which day I received a letter, which Mr. Baker had himself posted at Nukualofa. He had evidently written in great anger on hearing of the deep impression which had been made on the people in Australia by the story of the persecutions, as told by Rev. David and Mrs. Rachel Tonga during the meetings which we held on behalf of the fund for the relief of our Tongan Church. In this letter he made some statements concerning me which were afterwards described by a distinguished official as "mendacious and slanderous in the highest degree." I confess to having felt great satisfaction when I read the letter, for I knew well that he had given me abundant evidence in support of an action at law, either for criminal libel or for civil action for damages. This opinion was afterwards confirmed by some very eminent legal authorities. It was a great temptation, and for some time I determined to enter an action for libel, and took preliminary



steps in the Consular Court for the issue of a writ. I have often, however, felt very thankful since those days that I finally decided not to seek for any vindication of my character in this way. In the letter Mr. Baker had, however, in his anger against me, made a serious charge against the British officials, and I deemed it right to acquaint the High Commissioner with the fact, and to obtain his official reply, as this would be necessary in the event of any legal proceedings being taken by me. I therefore submitted the original letter to the British Consul, and obtained from him a stamped certificate that he had compared the extracts presented to him with the original letter, and that they were correct. These I forwarded to His Excellency, the Governor of Fiji, and High Commissioner, together with copies of correspondence thereon. I also asked His Excellency to inform me whether he was aware of any such agreement having been made, between the officials of the British Government and the late Revs. Chapman and Hurst, as Mr. Baker declared and affirmed. I also gave a short *résumé* of the facts connected with certain actions of mine in New Britain, and the subsequent inquiries thereon, and asked His Excellency whether he considered such *résumé* to be a correct statement of the facts.

On September 20 I received from the private secretary of the Governor a letter, dated Suva, September 9, informing me, by direction of His Excellency, that the allegations made by Mr. Baker respecting an alleged agreement between the officials of the British Government and Messrs. Chapman and Hurst were without foundation in fact. A reply in the affirmative was also given to my categorical inquiries whether the brief statements contained in paragraph 10 of my letter, and marked (a) to (g) inclusive, could be taken as a correct *résumé* of the history of the case in question. A copy of the officially recorded address or communication made to me by His Excellency Sir Arthur Gordon, on November 12, 1889, and an extract from *The Fiji Times*, of November 15, 1889, were also enclosed. The letter concluded as follows; "From the fore-



going and the enclosure it will be seen that the affirmation of Mr. Baker, that there was collusion between the officials of the British Government and Messrs. Chapman and Hurst for the purpose or object declared by Mr. Baker, or otherwise, is mendacious and slanderous in the highest degree, whether as regards yourself or such officers."

By the same mail Mr. Baker received a letter from the Secretary to the High Commissioner, in which he was informed of the contents of my letter, and was told that unless within the course of six weeks from the date of the arrival of the despatch in Tonga the High Commissioner should have received a full apology for, and a complete retraction of the libel against the Court of the High Commissioner, and "the officers of the British Government," contained in his letter to the Rev. George Brown and the Rev. J. C. Symons, dated on or about May 11 last, and of which an extract was enclosed, legal proceedings would be instituted. Mr. Baker had tried several times to withdraw his letter, but as I had sent it to the High Commissioner I was not able to accede to his request. He was ultimately compelled to write a letter to that gentleman, from which the following extract is given :

"Will you please inform His Excellency that before I received your letter I had already apologised to the Rev. George Brown and withdrawn the letter, and now, as desired by His Excellency, I would fully apologise for and completely retract the statement made in my letter to the Rev. George Brown, a copy of which was forwarded to the Rev. J. C. Symons, and of which an extract was enclosed in your despatch to me of September 9."

With regard to this part of his letter, Mr. Baker received from the Secretary a reply in which he was informed as follows : "As regards the libel contained in your letter to the Rev. Mr. Brown, as you have made a full apology and retraction, the High Commissioner will institute no prosecution in respect of it. Of course, it is out of His Excellency's power to debar the Rev. Mr. Brown from pursuing his civil remedy if he still wishes to

do so. Should that gentleman see fit to take this action, the High Commissioner does not doubt that the Court would mark its sense of a very gross slander circulated under the cloak of private and confidential correspondence."

This ended the matter of the libel case, so far as I was personally concerned ; but, as subsequent events proved, the fact of the charge having been made against British officials was not forgotten when the time came for decisive action. But a still more serious blunder was made at this time by the Premier (Mr. Baker). He published a Tongan Blue Book, which was circulated amongst the members of the General Conference held in Melbourne. This contained, amongst other papers, a report on the attempted assassination of Mr. Baker, purporting to be written by the Tongan Chief of Police, in which it was distinctly implied "that Mr. Vice-Consul Symonds supplied an escaped prisoner with ammunition for the rifles he and his fellows had stolen from the Tongan Government, and that one of those stolen rifles was subsequently found in the British Consulate, with the name of the bushranger cut upon it."

This gave great offence to the High Commissioner, and Mr. Baker was informed that His Excellency, while requiring redress for these insults on the part of the Government of Tonga, held Mr. Baker individually responsible for the offensive and unfounded charges against British officials, and against the administration of justice in the High Commissioner's Court, which he had printed and published in the Australasian colonies. Mr. Baker naturally did all that was possible to excuse the blunders, and to assure His Excellency that he did not mean to make any charges against British officials. But he evidently felt again that he was placed in a very perilous position, and so on January 8, 1890, he wrote a full apology on behalf of the Tongan Government, and also on his own behalf, at the close of which he "respectfully requested permission unreservedly to withdraw all the charges against the late Mr. Symonds, either of complicity in the attempted murder, or of supplying the outlaws or other Tongans with firearms, and



TWO TONGAN YOUNG WOMEN.

The one on the right was afterwards murdered in New Guinea.





also all other insinuations that an impartial trial was not accorded by the Chief Judicial Commissioner in the trial of Hanslip." He also offered a free and full apology for having circulated such charges in the Australasian colonies. These two matters had, in my opinion, a very important influence when the question had to be considered, at a subsequent period, as to whether it was expedient or not that Mr. Baker should continue to reside in Tonga.

During my second term of residence I conducted a very voluminous correspondence with the Premier on the many acts of injustice from which our people suffered, more especially by police court proceedings. I pleaded also for the release of the Military Oath prisoners, who had more than completed their sentences; for the return of the exiles from Fiji and Tofua; and for the abolition of ordinances with regard to public worship, which were evidently only intended to insult and humiliate our people.

I also wrote a letter to the King. This was couched in most respectful terms, and some of the highest chiefs in Tonga said that it was "exceedingly good and very respectful." It was well known at the time that the King was displeased with Mr. Baker on several matters, and after consultation and careful consideration I decided to write direct to His Majesty, and in such a manner as would ensure its being received by him. We all felt that we had now absolutely nothing to expect from Mr. Baker but the most determined opposition, while there was certainly a possibility, and apparently a great probability, of our being able to weaken his very undesirable influence over the King. In this letter I expressed the great love of the Conference to His Majesty; repudiated the assertion that the Conference wished in any way whatever to make money out of Tonga; said that I was of opinion that when the proper time came the Conference would not object to create Tonga an Annual Conference; stating, however, that the Conference had no faith in Mr. Baker, and believed that he was the origin of the unbecoming actions which were being



done in Tonga. I then formally and respectfully stated to His Majesty what I thought should be done to restore peace and union between the two Churches, viz., that he should grant freedom of worship to all parties; that he should graciously consider my respectful petition on behalf of the Military Oath prisoners, and also on behalf of the exiles in Fiji and Tofua. If these things were done I was of opinion that it would be possible to unite the two Churches, to obtain for Tonga a Conference the same as Sydney and Melbourne, and that all the land, leases, and buildings of the two Churches would be given to that Conference to be governed in accordance with the laws of the General Conference of Australasia.

Some doubted at the time whether it was wise for us to write that letter, but I myself had no doubt, and though I received an abusive letter written over the signature of the King, it was English and not Tongan composition, and the English was Mr. Baker's English. The letter contained only Mr. Baker's thoughts, arguments, and grievances, though these were written above the signature of King George. No harm whatever was done, and, as I shall relate further on, this was made very clear by the words and actions of the King when I met him in Haapai, after the dismissal of Mr. Baker.

During my stay at this time I felt that it was very desirable that I should visit the outlying groups of Niua Fooou and Niua Tobutabu. We left Tonga in the schooner *Olive*, Captain Ross, on August 12, reached Vavau on the 14th, and landed at Niua Fooou on August 17. The island seemed to be the summit of a large volcano. There was a terrible eruption in 1883, to which the people often refer. The quantity of lava disgorged in that eruption covered at least ten miles of country with solid rock, averaging from eight to fifteen feet in thickness. One village was entirely destroyed, having been swallowed up in an immense fissure from which a large stream of lava was expelled. The natives told us many wonderful stories of narrow escapes from death during that and some of the subsequent eruptions. There is a large lake in the crater on the top of the mountain, in

which there have been several eruptions of late years, and new land has been formed.

After doing what we could to cheer and encourage our people there, we left on the 24th for Niua Tobutabu, and reached Tonga again on September 6, after a period of almost incessant travelling. I left on September 10, and arrived in Auckland on the 14th, and during my stay there visited several places in New Zealand in the interest of the Mission. On November 10 I left for Fiji, and reached Suva on the 16th. During my short stay there I had several interviews with His Excellency Sir J. B. Thurston. I found him, as usual, well posted in all the affairs of Tonga, but I was able to give him definite information upon some matters which was afterwards of some use to him in connection with the affairs in that group. His Excellency very kindly placed the Government steamer *Chyde* at my disposal, to enable me to visit the exiles in Koro. I left Fiji on November 21, arrived in Auckland on the 26th, and Sydney on December 16. During my stay in Sydney I prepared a long report for the ensuing Conference, at the close of which I expressed my thanks for the very valuable help given to me by the Rev. E. E. Crosby, B.A., during each of my visits, and also the willing assistance which I had received from the Rev. C. E. James, and also from all our native ministers and office-bearers in the Church. Mr. Crosby's position in Tonga was indeed a most painful one, but no man was more loyal to our Church.

My report was adopted by the Conference, to be forwarded to the General Conference. The two recommendations which I made, to the effect that we should earnestly solicit the good offices of Her Majesty's Government to secure the fulfilment of the promises made by His Majesty King George to the late High Commissioner, and also that steps should be taken to bring the persecution of our people prominently under the notice of the Churches in England and America, were made by me after considerable consideration and with certain defined objects. I knew that Sir J. B. Thurston would give careful consideration

to the first recommendation, as he had so recently had a similar experience with Mr. Baker in connection with breaches of promises. I was also of opinion that the request of the respective Conferences would very much strengthen His Excellency's hands in the demands which he was quite ready to make for the fulfilment of the promises which had been given; and subsequent events showed that my judgment in this matter was correct. I also knew that the expressed opinion of the representatives in England and America would have great weight in Fiji and in Tonga.

Immediately after the Conference closed I visited Melbourne, and met the Tongan Committee there. It was deemed desirable that I should return as soon as possible to Tonga, so I left on March 20, arrived in Nukualofa on the 27th, and remained there until April 26. I left again in order to attend the General Conference in Sydney. Rev. C. E. and Mrs. James returned also at this time. We arrived in Sydney on May 8.

At the General Conference held in Sydney in May of that year, 1890, the consideration of Tongan affairs in connection with the report which I submitted occupied a considerable time, and excited much interest. The discussion was principally with regard to the recommendation that we should solicit, through the High Commissioner, the good offices of Her Majesty's Government to secure the fulfilment of the promises made by His Majesty (King of Tonga) to the late High Commissioner, more especially as regards the proclamation of freedom of worship, the removal of existing disabilities, and the return of the exiles in Fiji and Tofua. My position at the General Conference was a difficult one. I knew something, and strongly suspected more, of what the action of the High Commissioner was likely to be, but I was not in a position to state what I knew, much less to give utterance to mere suppositions of my own. It was, however, very apparent to me that the High Commissioner had lost all hope of effecting necessary reforms in Tonga through the Premier. I think that



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for many years Sir John Thurston entertained very kindly feelings towards Mr. Baker, and thought that he had been unwisely treated by the Conference ; but as time passed on this opinion was changed, and he quite despaired of being able to remedy the evils which were so very apparent in Tongan administration through Mr. Baker's help. It is very easy to see now—and I think Mr. Baker himself must often have seen it in late years—that he might, by the exercise of a little kindly forbearance and consideration for the welfare of others, have been a great power for good in Tonga. He had a grand opportunity but failed to use it aright. The Conference passed the resolution by a very large majority, I think by 99 votes to 5 ; and this, in my opinion, did much to strengthen the hands of the High Commissioner when he subsequently visited Tonga.

During this Conference, also, the New Guinea Mission was proposed, and I was requested to visit that country to make preliminary inquiries and arrangements. I found it necessary to leave at once, in order that I might reach Cooktown before the Government schooner *Hygeia* left that port, as I might thus be able to meet Sir William MacGregor at Port Moresby, and accompany him on a projected trip round the Islands. This appeared so important that I asked permission from the Conference to start immediately. On this being granted I left on Sunday night by the express train to Brisbane, and so caught the steamer from that port to Cooktown. The account of that voyage I must give further on, as I think it best to finish the story of my connection with Tonga before doing so.

On my return to Cooktown in August, I received a telegram conveying the startling intelligence that the High Commissioner had prohibited Mr. Baker from residing in Tonga for a period of two years, that the King had granted full civil and religious rights to our people, and that the exiles were returning from Tofua and Fiji. On my arrival in Sydney, on August 29. it was considered very desirable by our missionaries and people in Tonga, and also by the High Commissioner, that I should

leave as soon as possible for that District, so that I had only four or five days in Sydney, and left by the S.S. *Lubeck* on September 4.

My readers must now remember that in the time which had elapsed since my previous visit some important events had taken place in Tonga. I had prepared for this work an account of the visit of His Excellency the High Commissioner to Tonga, the proceedings which ended in his prohibiting Mr. Baker to remain within the Tonga Islands after July 17, and the effect of that action upon the Tonga people ; but want of space again compels me to omit this most interesting narration. No account, however, could convey any adequate idea of the great joy which was felt by all the people of Tonga, quite irrespective of creed or position, when the decision of the High Commissioner was made known. There were many proofs of this, and some most significant facts which showed most conclusively that King and people alike were deeply grateful to Sir J. B. Thurston for the action which he had taken. No one who has any knowledge of Polynesian customs can dispute the significance of King George's action in his interview with the Governor the day after Mr. Baker's dismissal, when "he thanked him as he had never thanked man before," by bowing his head before him and placing his own hand upon the back of it. No greater proof of his sincerity could have been given by any Polynesian chief, for it was practically presenting his life in token of his gratitude ; but that it should be done by such a grand old warrior as George Tubou, who had reigned as King of Tonga for so many years, who was beloved and revered by all as no one else had ever been, and who had never before bowed his head to any one but to the God in heaven whom he loved and served, was to all who knew him the most convincing proof of the sincerity of his gratitude. It was indeed the supreme act ; there was nothing more that he could do ; and I can readily imagine how deeply the chiefs and people of Tonga were impressed when it was made known

to them, and how profoundly moved the old warrior King was when he tendered that proof of the sincerity of his thanks.

The other incident was on July 17, when a ceremonial presentation was made by the Tongan nation to His Excellency the High Commissioner. I quote the following description of this unique ceremony, written by my friend, the late Dr. Fison, and published in *The Spectator* (Melbourne) of August 29, 1890, not merely for the information which it gives of the event, but also for its scientific value. The article, which is illustrated by an engraving from a photograph, taken on the spot, of King George's spokesman addressing the High Commissioner, is as follows:

"The foregoing engraving, which is from a photograph taken on the spot, represents the ceremonial presentation made by the Tongan nation to Sir John Thurston, K.C.M.G., Governor of Fiji, and High Commissioner of the Western Pacific. The phrase, 'By the Tongan nation,' is used designedly, for the presentation was most certainly a national offering, and the manner of it was full of the deepest significance. In order that this may be understood by our readers, a few words of preliminary explanation are necessary.

"In many of the Polynesian tribes, as in similar tribes elsewhere, there are two kings, one of whom may be called the War-king, and the other the Sacred King. The latter has been called the Priest-king, a convenient term, though scarcely accurate, for this chief does not necessarily hold priestly office. His special attribute is not power, but sanctity; his person is more than sacred; it is saturated with *mana*, or divine influence, impious contact with which is fatal to the inferior commoners. Not always, but in most cases, as in Tonga, the War-king has the real power and authority in his hands, while the Priest-king has to be satisfied with the unbounded reverence of his people, which takes substantial form in the offerings of food and property.

"The War-king in Tongatabu is the head chief of the elder branch of a clan called *Ngata* (snakes). His title

is Tui Kanokubolu (King of the Heart of Upolu, as rendered by the Rev. J. E. Moulton), and the present bearer of this title is King George himself. The Priest-king, or Tui Tonga, is the head chief of another clan. Hence, it will be seen that, according to ancient custom, both religion and authority, or, as we may say, both Church and State, are represented by these two kings, the Tui Tonga and the Tui Kanokubolu.

“But our preliminary explanation is not yet complete. When a Tui Tonga marries a daughter of the Tui Kanokubolu, the daughter of that marriage is a lady of special rank, and of the very highest sanctity. She is called the Tui Tonga *fefine* (female), and children born of her are almost more than mortal. They approach the gods. Bearing these things in mind, we may now be able to appreciate the significance of the part which these personages took in the ceremonial offering to the High Commissioner.

“On July 17 thousands of people, men, women, and children—in fact, the whole population of Tongatabu—turned out to *fête* His Excellency, by offerings of food, and fruit, and flowers, after the fashion of the olden times. Everybody gave something—a yam, *kava*, a comb, an egg, etc., those who had nothing else laying down a rose or two. The great multitude passed before Sir John in single file, each depositing his offering as he passed, and then taking his place among the crowd of spectators. We have already told our readers how King George thanked Sir John personally, ‘as he had never thanked man before,’ with the significant gesture of his hand placed on the back of his bowed head; and now, when all the thousands of natives had passed, and had taken their seats on the grass, the King’s spokesman arose, and, standing before Sir John, thanked him again in the presence of all the people for ‘freeing Tonga,’ as he said, ‘from tyranny and the devil; so that Tonga—oh, happy day!—is again a free land, and breathes and lives.’ Thus the whole people individually, and the King’s spokesman (Motuabuaka), on behalf of the King and people, expressed their thankfulness. But the two





TONGAN YOUNG WOMAN AND CHILD.





incidents which, next to that remarkable gesture of the King, are the most interesting and significant of all, remain to be told. We may add here that the King's gesture was accompanied by the word 'faimalie'—untranslatable, but expressing an acknowledgment of the deepest obligation and devoted thankfulness for a supreme benefit received.

"The first presentation made to Sir John was the grandson of Tungi, the Head of one of the Royal clans akin to that of King George. The child was borne in a man's arms, carrying in his little hand a model of a Tongan war club, which he gave to the High Commissioner. His Excellency said, as he received it, that it would be placed with King Thakombau's battle-axe, and other highly prized memorials of his life in the Pacific. We are almost afraid to say what the meaning of this act is. Our readers will note that the child was presented as well as the club, and the presentation of the grandchild is of special significance.

"The second and even more remarkable incident is as follows: The Tui Tonga fefine, at the head of forty-eight ladies—who advanced in close order, three deep, sixteen in each line—came forward, and placed round the High Commissioner's neck a garland of a certain special kind, which in the old days could be worn by none other than the Tui Tonga himself, and not even by him excepting on certain specially sacred occasions. It is not too much to say that, according to the old notion, this was actually paying Divine honours to the High Commissioner. This is by far the most astonishing of all the remarkable actions that were performed. Power, as represented by the club and the King's gesture, might be conferred upon an alien, but the gift of the garland was an acknowledgment of inherent hereditary sanctity. It was a distinct act of adoption and investiture. We congratulate His Excellency on his acquisition of the *mana*.

"The significance of these three things, from the native point of view—the King's gesture, the war-club, and the sacred garland—is something astounding. Our acquaintance with

native custom hardly permitted us to believe the evidence of our own eyes as we read the letter of our correspondent, a gentleman of long experience in the South Seas, who was an eye-witness of the whole affair; but even those who have no such special knowledge cannot fail to perceive in these incidents the profound sense of national obligation from which they sprang. This obligation was increased in no small degree by the manner in which Sir John Thurston conducted his negotiations. He came, not as 'the strong man armed,' but as a friend, and the high consideration which he showed to the old King from first to last went not a little way in gaining for him the affection of both chiefs and people. Sir John has evidently acquired an almost unbounded influence in Tonga, and we doubt not he will use it to promote the best interests of its people."

Dr. Fison well describes this as a scene which has had no parallel in the South Seas.

Another great event which had taken place was the return of the exiles.

This event, which had been so long hoped for, was at last accomplished through the good offices of the High Commissioner. On his return from Tonga His Excellency at once despatched the Government steamer to Koro, and brought all the refugees to Suva, and arrangements were made for their leaving by the S.S. *Pukaki* on August 16. During the time they were in Suva the exiles received much consideration and kindness from the foreign residents and their own friends. A few days before they left, Lady Thurston, though suffering from serious indisposition, invited the King's daughter, Princess Charlotte, and all the Tongan ladies, to afternoon tea. Charlotte, it will be remembered, was the King's only surviving daughter, and was over sixty years of age. She was the mother of Fatafehi, the Governor of Haabai, who was one of the very highest chiefs in Tonga, being indeed the representative of the old Tui Tongas or sacred kings. The next day Princess Charlotte and a number

of her women visited Government House again, and presented Lady Thurston with a large roll of tapa (native cloth); and in doing this the old lady made a very affecting speech. She informed Lady Thurston that the tapa had been made by her niece, and given to her when she was driven from Tonga. Her niece had told her that she would in all probability die in Fiji amongst strangers, and she was giving her this large roll of tapa that she might be wrapped up in it when dead, and be buried in something from Tonga rolled about her. The Princess, however, said: "By God's goodness I am not dead, and I am going back to Tonga through the help of your husband, the Governor, well and strong. Please accept this cloth. I know it is perfectly useless to you, but I want you to accept it, because I have nothing else to offer you." On Friday the whole of the Tongans, men, women, and children, numbering about a hundred and twenty, visited Government House to take a formal farewell of the Governor. His Excellency received them in the drawing-room attended by his staff; and Mr. Basil Thompson, Revs. Lindsay and Worrall, were also present by invitation. His Excellency gave them a most interesting address, and concluded by expressing his best wishes for them and for Tonga, and their safe and happy return home. The chief Maealiuaki gave a most appropriate reply, concluding with the words: "You have wiped away the tears from the eyes of the chiefs and people who sit here to-day, and not only ours, but those of the whole of Tonga."

On Saturday, August 16, the S.S. *Pukaki* was dressed with a gay array of bunting, and his Excellency the Governor, accompanied by his staff, a number of prominent officials and high chiefs, went on board to bid the exiles farewell on their return to their own land again. The wharf was crowded with Europeans, fellow country people of the returning exiles, and Fijian chiefs, who had gathered to see the departure. It was estimated that there were nearly a thousand people on the wharf at the time. The *Pukaki* reached Tonga on August 19, and the exiles had indeed a joyous welcome from their many friends.

it was a day of gladness to all, and I think most of the members of the Free Church were glad that the exiles had been brought back, for they naturally felt the implication on the sincerity of their profession, that the people of Tonga were free to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, whilst these people remained in Fiji. The King was delighted, and expressed his joy many times, and in many ways.

Soon after this I arrived in Sydney from my first visit to New Guinea. It was deemed desirable that I should at once proceed to Tonga, so that as soon as I could get a few slides made from the negatives which I had taken in New Guinea, I left again for that district.

We reached Tonga on September 12, and were kindly received by the Rev. J. A. and Mrs. Bowring, who had then been for some months in Tonga. I visited most of the towns, and showed the views which I had taken in New Guinea. The natives were deeply interested, and large numbers, both of our people and also of the Free Church, attended the meetings. My object was not only to interest the people, but also to stir up an interest in our new Mission. We left for Haabai on October 2, and whilst there I visited all the principal towns and islands. Whilst I was in Haabai I visited the King, as I have already mentioned. He was sitting on the verandah, and as soon as he saw me enter the grounds he called out my name and asked Mrs. Brown and myself to go inside. He handed a chair to my wife, and then sat down on the ground himself, saying with a smile: "I will be faka Tonga" (Tonga fashion). I, of course, also sat "faka Tonga" on the mat, and we had a long talk together. He was very interested in New Guinea, and asked me many questions about it and about the prospects of our work there. Nothing was said about Tongan affairs, but no one could have received a more convincing proof of the goodwill of the King to myself personally than I received from him at Haabai. This was confirmed by his many acts of kindly feeling and consideration when we returned to Tonga, as on several occasions when presents of fish or food were taken to him he sent a portion of it





THE LAST PHOTO OF KING GEORGE OF TONGA.  
Age at the time ninety-two or ninety-three years.



to us at the mission house. I always feel very thankful that the grand old man was delivered from the bondage of false councillors before he died, and that he felt free to follow the dictates of his own conscience. Nothing, I think, showed this deliverance more clearly than a speech which he made about this time to the bulekolos (town rulers), to the effect that God had been very good to them : that when they were doing wrong, sinning against the Bible, against the Constitution, and against God, He had been patient and loving, and had not punished them as they deserved.

We commenced our District Meeting on October 21, at Nukualofa. I had a lot of volunteers for New Guinea, and promised that some of them should be sent in the first draft. I was able to report that our people were behaving splendidly, that not a word of triumph was ever spoken, nor anything done that would irritate the members of the Free Church. I stated that our people evidently felt that the best policy was the one which I had urged upon them from the very beginning, that of conciliation, and, as far as possible, of forgetfulness and forgiveness of past acts of injustice. I saw the King again, and ventured to speak about the lands which had been taken away from us. The next morning he went to Tugi, the Minister for Lands, and told him very definitely to see that we got them all back again. When I asked him whether the teachers who had volunteered for New Guinea were free to go, he got quited excited, and replied : "Of course, they can go. Who shall hinder them? Let them please themselves." This was all very delightful to me and to all of us, and compared favourably with the painful experiences of former years. Resolutions were passed at the Synod expressing gratitude to God for the return of our ministers and people from exile in Koro and Tofua. Letters of thanks were sent to the President of the General Conference for the cheering and instructive letter he sent to the Church in Tonga ; to His Excellency Sir J. B. Thurston, for his kindness to the exiles while in Fiji, and for the assistance he had rendered to the cause of religious

freedom in Tonga ; to His Majesty the King of Tonga, for granting freedom of religious worship and for permitting the return of the exiles ; also to the Rev. J. B. Waterhouse, in affectionate and grateful recognition of his numerous and self-denying labours on behalf of our Church in Tonga. A letter of condolence was sent to the widow of the late Rev. W. G. R. Stephinson, who laboured for many years in those islands.

The following resolution of thanks was carried unanimously :  
“ We, the ministers and circuit stewards of this District, wish to thank you for your performance of the work of Special Commissioner allotted to you by the General Conference. It is true that the first point, the uniting of the two Churches in Tonga, has not been effected, but the second has been more than fulfilled, and we are enjoying its fruits to-day. Furthermore, you have accomplished your important and arduous task in the colonies, the uniting of the Australasian Conferences. For we recognise that that is the source of the good that has befallen us. We do not know who will be our Chairman next year, but we pray that prosperity may ever attend on your path and works. And we pray for the lasting welfare of yourself and of your beloved wife and children.”

We left Tonga on November 12, and reached Samoa on the 14th. On December 2 I left Apia by the *Wainui* for Fiji, leaving Mrs. Brown in Samoa to go direct to Sydney. At Niua Foou we landed the Governor of Haabai, the Premier of Tonga, and the Minister of Police for a short time, to inquire into some reported cases of persecution in that island. It is a most dangerous landing-place, but we managed to get ashore and back to the ship without accident. We reached Suva on December 4. After finishing my business with the brethren in Fiji, I found there was no passenger-boat leaving for the colonies at the time I wished to leave ; so I engaged a passage in a cargo-steamer leaving for Auckland. When I went on board the steward asked me in a most significant manner if I had a good pair of “ sea-boots,” for I would surely need them. I had no sea-boots, but I had very good sea-legs and a fair

appetite when on salt water ; and though the *O hau*, deeply laden with sugar, did certainly keep her decks well washed all the time, yet Captain Brewer and a genial lot of officers made my voyage to Auckland a very pleasant one. Some time afterwards I was sorry to hear that the *O hau*, under the same captain and on a similar voyage, was lost with all hands. We reached Auckland in about five days, and after doing some work there I left on December 24, and reached home safely on the 30th, after about ten months of travelling, during the whole of which time I was only about sixteen days at home.

With this voyage I practically concluded my work as Special Commissioner, and at the ensuing Conference (1891) I presented a report, which, as given in the official minutes of that year, page 126, is as follows: "The President, the Rev. George Brown, reported that he had visited Tonga twice since the last Conference in discharge of his duties as Special Commissioner. He stated that since the departure of Mr. Baker from that group, in consequence of the Order which was issued by His Excellency the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, prohibiting him from residing in Tonga for the term of two years, there had been a great change in the state of affairs in Tonga. The freedom of religious worship had been publicly proclaimed, and the vexatious laws and restrictions which were in force had either been repealed or were no longer acted upon. The exiles from Fiji and Tofua had been brought back to their homes again, and, principally through the kind offices of His Excellency Sir J. B. Thurston, all the prisoners who were unjustly confined had been set at liberty. The principal College Lands which had been forcibly taken from us had been restored, and His Majesty and the Government were anxious that perfect freedom should be enjoyed by all the members of our Church, and that full justice should be secured to them. The President also stated that he did not advise any continuation of the attempt to bring about a union of the two Churches, but deemed it most desirable



that our object should be to work quietly side by side with the Free Church, and by acts of kindness and conciliation endeavour to secure the present harmony and future union of the two Churches."

The Conference also recorded a resolution of thanks to me, and in another resolution resolved, "That, in view of the work accomplished in Tonga, and the improved state of our affairs there, in the opinion of the Conference it is not necessary to reappoint the Special Commissioner." I was very thankful indeed to be relieved of the extraordinary power with which the General Conference of 1888 had invested me.

I can look back now, I am glad to say, on this part of my life's work with some satisfaction. I have received the commendation and approval of my brethren and our people for the share which I have been privileged to take in some of the successful work which has been carried on by the Methodist Church in these lands, and in the Islands. For these I have always been very grateful, though conscious that I have sometimes received more than my fair share of honour; but I can honestly say now that I always regard the work which I did in Tonga as the best which I have been able to do for the Methodist Church. Very few can realise now how great the danger was to the peace of our Church in Australasia when I was appointed as Special Commissioner; and no one can know how hard a task was imposed upon me when I had to secure and retain the confidence of our own people, especially when I felt compelled to refrain from a course of action which would only have irritated the Free Church, or accentuated their enmity against us. It was not so very hard to be patient under insult and annoyance to oneself personally, but it was almost unendurable to see the injustice and positive cruelty which were heaped upon our people simply for their attachment to our Church. Yet it was not until Mr. Baker had shown most plainly that he and those associated with him would be satisfied with

nothing less than the abandonment of our people, and the withdrawal of our Church from Tonga, and that for the accomplishment of these purposes a system of intimidation and coercion was being carried on by acts which, though done in the name of the law, were in reality utterly unjust and which in many instances caused much cruel suffering to our people, that I determined to resist these acts of oppression to the best of my ability. That my presence in Tonga was some check upon the Premier and the Government of Tonga in their treatment of our people is a simple fact of history; but Mr. Baker had been spoilt by the possession for a long time of almost absolute power in Tonga, and he made the fatal error of regarding his own position as permanent and unassailable, and of underestimating the powers of all who might venture to oppose him. A wiser man would have read the writing on the wall long before the crash came, and a less presumptuous man would have given heed to the warning which he received from Sir Charles Mitchell, and would not have tried to deceive and trick such an astute and able politician as the late Sir J. B. Thurston. The later years of Mr. Baker's rule as Premier were indeed full of blunders. He might have brought about the reunion of the Tongan Church, he could have secured for this reunited Church everything for which the Free Church contended, and he could, by a course of wise and conciliatory action, have rehabilitated himself to a considerable degree with the Conference of our Church; but he preferred to allow the continuance of a policy of persecution, injustice, and cruelty, which ended with the order of prohibition, the loss of his property, the obscurity of a few brief years, and his sad and painful death in Haabai after his return to Tonga.



PIONEERING IN NEW GUINEA





## X

### PIONEERING IN NEW GUINEA

THE first proposal to establish this Mission was made in a letter addressed to the President of the New South Wales Conference by Rev. G. Woolnough, which stated that Sir William MacGregor, Governor of British New Guinea, who was then in Brisbane, had requested him to ask whether the Australasian Board of Missions would undertake a Mission to the eastern end of the territory. The letter set forth that the population was very great, and that in one part there were seven hundred Europeans engaged in gold-digging. No missionary of any Church was in that part of New Guinea. Sir William had laid the matter before the agents of the London Missionary Society, thinking that, as they were already within the possession, they might wish to make an effort to occupy the entire field ; but they held out no hope of being able to do more at that time. He therefore applied to the Wesleyan Board of Missions.

This letter was considered by the Board on August 19, 1889, and it was agreed that a communication should be sent to Sir William, informing him that the Board was favourable to the project, but needed fuller information. Mr. Waterhouse was also directed to inform the Sydney agent of the London Missionary Society of the application which Sir William MacGregor had made to the Board. Valuable information was afterwards secured from the Government Secretary of British New Guinea, A. Musgrave, Esq., whose report was printed, together with lithographs of that portion of the chart of New

Guinea which had been marked out as a suitable field for the operations of our Society. These were considered by the Board on December 30, 1889. A letter was read from the Rev. W. G. Lawes, of Port Moresby, expressing pleasure at the probable commencement of our Mission in New Guinea, and giving important information bearing upon missionary operations in that sphere. After discussion, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "The information supplied relative to the commencement of a Mission in the eastern portion of British New Guinea having been carefully considered, and a letter from the Rev. W. G. Lawes, of Port Moresby, expressing gratification at the prospect of our Missionary Society taking up that portion of the territory which the London Missionary Society is unable to work, having been read, this Board commends the undertaking to the favourable consideration of the approaching Annual Conferences."

This resolution was communicated by the Board to all the Annual Conferences. At the General Conference held in Sydney in May 1890 it was decided to accept the invitation of His Excellency Sir William MacGregor to enter upon a new Mission in the eastern end of British New Guinea, and the adjacent groups of islands, believing it to be a providential call to our Church. That Conference also instructed the General Secretary to visit New Guinea, and to report to the Board of Missions on his return; and authorised the Board to take action for the establishment of the Mission, should they consider his report to justify such action.

On receiving these instructions I found, as I have previously stated, that it was necessary for me to leave at once in order to catch the Government schooner at Cooktown. I left Sydney on May 18, and fortunately reached Cooktown four days before the arrival of the schooner from New Guinea. I found that Captain Thompson had received definite instructions with regard to my passage. We left Cooktown in the *Hygeia* on June 7, and arrived at Port Moresby on Monday, June 9. I was received with great kindness by the Governor, Sir William



PORT MORESBY.





MacGregor, who gave me a very hearty welcome, and cordially invited me to stay with him at Government House, but at the same time told me that I was to come and go just as I pleased. During my sojourn at Port Moresby I stayed with my old friends, Rev. W. G. and Mrs. Lawes. I knew, of course, that I should have many opportunities on the voyage of conversing with the Governor, and so I wished to learn all that was possible for me to get from friendly intercourse with the missionaries.

I soon found that there was some misunderstanding about the proposed field for our Mission, as the Rev. A. Maclaren had gone down with the intention of commencing a Mission in connection with the Church of England. From inquiries made, it was clear that the Louisiade, with other groups, had been offered, or rather suggested, to the Anglican Church as a suitable field, and that they had been for some time preparing to act upon the suggestion, and to undertake the work; but it was certain that they had never notified Sir W. MacGregor of their intention, and that when he offered that field to us he was not aware that the Anglican Mission were preparing to begin work there. It was also true that the London Missionary Society had not abandoned their claim to the north-east coast of the mainland, but that on the contrary they were preparing to extend their operations to that part of the country; and the announcement that it had been offered to and accepted by us was a great surprise to all, and a great disappointment to one of the missionaries who was preparing to visit that particular district. It will thus be seen that there were complications of no little difficulty to be dealt with, but these were happily overcome by the strong determination of all concerned, that the respective districts of the societies should be so arranged that all chances of collision or interference would be entirely prevented. How this was done will be found in the following resolutions, which were adopted at a meeting held at Port Moresby, on June 17, 1890, at which were present the Revs. W. G. Lawes, F. W. Walker, and H. M. Dauncey,



of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. G. Brown, Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and the Rev. A. A. Maclaren of the Anglo-Australian Board of Missions :

“We regret the misunderstanding that has arisen with respect to the field of labour to be occupied by the respective Societies, owing to the fact that the Louisiades and adjacent islands were suggested to the Anglo-Australian Board of Missions by the late Protectorate Government as a suitable field in which to commence mission work, and that they had been preparing to accept them ; whilst, in ignorance of this, the same field, together with the north-east coast of New Guinea from Mitre Rock to East Cape, had also been suggested in a memorandum of the Government Secretary to the Wesleyan Missionary Society of Australasia, and accepted by them as their field of labour, whilst the directors and missionaries of the London Missionary Society still desired to retain the north-east coast as part of their existing mission.

“2. That, in consideration of the foregoing facts, so as to use to the best advantage for the native population the force available for mission purposes, and in order to prevent as far as possible further complications *re* missionary boundaries, we express the opinion that, as the missionaries of the London Missionary Society have agreed to make the boundary of their Mission at Ducie Cape, on the north-east coast, that the Anglican Mission should occupy the coast from Cape Ducie to Mitre Rock on the north-east coast of New Guinea, and that the Wesleyan Missionary Society should occupy the whole of the outlying islands with the exception of those islands lying west of Rocky Pass, on the south-east coast of New Guinea.

“3. That these recommendations be respectfully submitted to the respective Missionary Boards for their consideration and approval.”

These resolutions were afterwards adopted by the respective Societies after a slight alteration in boundaries had been made, so as to provide that at least one station on the mainland of New Guinea should be allotted to our Society.



THREE NATIVES, NEW GUINEA, NEAR PORT MORESBY.



I wrote afterwards a long account of this my first journey to New Guinea, and the very interesting experiences which I had during the weeks which I passed on board the *Merrie England*, and with the missionaries on shore, but I can only now give a short outline of our travels.

On the Thursday after my arrival, Rev. H. M. Dauncey, Mr. Lawes' colleague, accompanied me on my journey inland as far as the Laroki River. When I expressed a wish to see a little of the country inland during my stay at Port Moresby, Mr. Lawes and Mr. Dauncey at once made all necessary arrangements, and we started with a well-equipped party for a three days' camp-out. I have had a pretty good experience in these matters, but if ever it should be my lot to go again on any such expedition, and Mrs. Lawes would again take the management, as she did on this occasion, I should certainly not allow any one else to interfere. No one knew better what was needed than she did, and no one could possibly have shown greater kindness in providing for all our wants than the good lady whose name was a household word in New Guinea, for her unwearying kindness to all sorts and conditions of men who were brought from time to time to the mission house at Port Moresby.

We camped on the bank of the Laroki, and kept a sharp lookout for crocodiles, but did not get a shot, though several were seen by our natives when we were not at hand. I was anxious also to get a specimen of the bird of paradise, but, unfortunately, we were not able to find one, though we were out each morning and evening looking for them. Birds were not very plentiful, and we got only a few specimens. On the day we left, however, one of our boys got a fine specimen of the large crested Goura pigeon, which I managed to preserve after we reached the station on Saturday night.

On Sunday I preached in the little English church at Port Moresby. I also attended the native service, and was much pleased with what I saw. The people are not so dark in colour as are New Britain and Solomon Islanders; in fact,



on looking at some of the nicely dressed students' wives at the morning service, it was difficult to believe that they were not some of the Polynesians amongst whom I had lived for so many years. In the background, however, were numbers of people who apparently were still under the impression that dress was not an essential either for everyday life or for public worship. The women, however, wore long grass girdles, which placed them, in this respect, a long way in advance of our New Britain women.

Soon after my arrival the Governor examined the students in Mr. Lawes' Training Institution, and also the school in the large village. He was well pleased with the results of his examination, and in a few kindly words did much to encourage both teachers and students. But the best of all was a gift which was received from him at the mission house next day. This was given to provide a feast for the more deserving of the pupils in all stages of education. Mrs. Lawes, with very characteristic energy, took this important matter in hand at once. A picnic was decided upon, and, of course, pigs (which take the place in New Guinea of tea and cakes) had to be bought. I had never seen a pig about Port Moresby, and they are always a scarce article there, but very soon three of them were brought, carefully inspected, and bargained for; and so on June 20 we all went with the excited but merry youngsters to a nice beach some few miles away. It was little wonder that the outing was a most pleasant one. Given a beautiful day, a beautiful beach, lots of children, plenty of games, with Revs. Messrs. Walker, Dauncey, and Maclaren and Captain Hennessey of the *Merric England*, all celibates at that time, and full of fun, to organise them, a good luncheon under a few shady trees for the whites, and three pigs and two cwt. of rice for the children, and lots of prizes to be competed for—the picnic was certain to be a success; and such it undoubtedly was. The tug-of-war was the most popular, but foot races and jumping also formed part of the programme. Then the natives also had one of their own games, which they





TWO NEW GUINEA GIRLS, PORT MORESBY.



enjoyed, but which seemed to us a very rough one, though very pretty. First a lot of girls formed themselves into a compact body on the beach. This was supposed to represent a ship. They commenced singing, while the young men and boys went and provided themselves with small branches, which they waved over their heads, making a hissing noise, which was supposed to represent a gale of wind. Then, advancing from a distance of two or three hundred yards, they came on, gradually increasing the pace, until they all rushed at once upon the interlocked body of girls with the object of breaking them apart, and so destroying the ship. The game then resembled a regular hard scrimmage at football. The girls stood firm for awhile, but gradually the superior weight of the attacking force prevailed, and the ship was broken up. One girl hurt her knee, and had to be assisted from the beach. The boys then formed the ship, and the girls represented the storm, but failed to break the ship, though for some time the issue was very doubtful. All the party, young and old, white and natives, thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and spent a most pleasant day.

On Monday, June 23, we left Port Moresby for Kerepunu, where we arrived at 4 p.m., and soon afterwards went on shore with Mr. Pearce, who came off to the ship and took us all to the mission house. The natives are of a darkish brown colour, with frizzy, curly hair. The women are tattooed, and all dressed in the long grass skirt. As soon as we landed the Governor examined the schools, and I think was much pleased with the results. Afterwards he addressed some kindly words to the chiefs and people, earnestly advising them to see that the children attended school regularly, that all should observe the Lord's day, and that they must live in peace with each other and the neighbouring tribes. He strongly impressed upon them the fact that equal justice would be shown by the Government to all people in New Guinea, and that there would be no distinction in the administration of law between white and black, that any injustice committed against them

by a white man would be punished, and that any wrongs done by them (the natives) against whites would be similarly dealt with. Altogether it was an address well calculated to do good, and I give it here as a sample of the addresses given by His Excellency at all the places we visited.

I was much interested at Kerepunu in seeing the native carpenters working with stone adzes. Six men were hollowing out a large canoe. They stood two and two, facing each other, on each side of the large log, and each man struck an alternate blow to that given by his partner, much like a blacksmith and the striker at the anvil; and they certainly made the chips fly fast. We were only a few days' distance in time from the nineteenth-century civilisation in Queensland, and yet amongst a people still living in the stone age.

Still proceeding down the south coast, we next called at Aroma, on June 25. The name of the village where we landed was Parramatta, which is also the native name of a well-known town near Sydney. There was a native teacher stationed there, and evidently a very large population. From Parramatta we walked for about a mile and three-quarters along the beach, attended by a great crowd of natives, to Maopa, by far the largest village we had visited, and got some idea of the dense population of that district. The town consisted of about two hundred houses, all built very closely together, and arranged in very narrow streets. The chief's name was Koapena, and for a New Guinean chief he appeared to have considerable influence. A photo which I took of him gives a fair idea of his personal appearance, but scales and weights would be necessary before any proper idea could be suggested of his capacity for food when a good opportunity occurred, as was the case during our visit.

The Dubu, or sacred meeting-place, was adorned, in the opinion of the natives, by some human skulls, which swayed about in the wind from the cords by which they were suspended. The Governor requested that these should be buried, but as no one seemed willing to do this—for fear, I suppose, of





HOUSES, KERPUNU, NEW GUINEA.





some misfortune afterwards—a party of the men, with Mr. English, the magistrate who accompanied us, took them down and buried them, the natives offering no opposition. I noticed here that a great many of the people had their faces and bodies blackened, the universal sign of mourning in all the islands. The women were heavily tattooed over face and body.

On Friday, June 27, we reached the small island of Toulon, the native name of which is Mairu. The village consisted of some eighty-three houses, built on both sides of the one street. They were of the shape usual in this part of New Guinea, built on high posts, with a platform in front, and an upper storey, reached through a trap door from the main room. They were about thirty feet long, and twenty-seven feet high to the top of the steep roof.

On the following day, June 28, we anchored at Suau (Stacey Island). The dress of the men at this place varied somewhat from the small string or bandage worn farther west, which is here changed to the pandanus leaf. Suau is the station once occupied by the late Rev. James Chalmers, and is associated with some of the stirring events of his early pioneer experiences in New Guinea.

On Sunday, June 29, we anchored at Samarai (Dinner Island). As we neared the island I got the first sight of the islands which it was proposed should form part of our District, and was much pleased with all I saw. The islands at the east end are much more green and bright than those in the west and the mainland. We went on shore, and I remained most of the day at the house of the late Hon. B. A. Hely, who was then the Government Resident and Magistrate of the Eastern District. Rev. A. A. Maclaren conducted service and preached to the ship's company and some visitors from the shore and the ships in port. Samarai is only a small island, but is of importance as being the residence of the Government Officer in charge of the District, and the only port of entry for that part of the possession.

Monday, June 30, we left Samarai early, and steamed

through the beautiful Mayri Passage. In a short time we opened up the splendid bay called Milne Bay. We landed at Killerton Island, and spent a short time there, and, as usual, had a heavy downpour of rain. It is very singular that the months which are the dry season everywhere else in the South Pacific should be the rainy season in that eastern end of New Guinea. So far as I could learn, the rainy season is from June to September, and fine weather and calms from October to January inclusive.

After leaving Killerton we anchored at Mita in Milne Bay about 2 p.m. Most of the canoes there, I noticed, have no outriggers. The *Merrie England*, with the Governor, Mr. Winter, the chief judicial officer, and Mr. Hely, had to return to Samarai on official business, and for coal; but as a party were to remain I elected to remain with them, so as to see as much of the mainland natives as was possible. We were given a good native house raised on piles, and were very comfortable. The house was about thirty feet long by twelve feet wide. Sir William, amongst many other special qualifications for his office, was an indefatigable collector and explorer, and all who sailed with him were expected to do their best to pick up something, so that as soon as the vessel left we all started out; but I had no success. We could not speak the language; the natives did not then know what we wanted; and I got led away amongst swamps and native gardens, where there was nothing to get in the short time before dark which was at our disposal. It was some little satisfaction to me to find that none of the others had been any more successful. I know this was wrong; but after tramping through mud swamps and getting one's skin torn with the bush lawyer vines, human frailties are generally strongly developed!

At night I was much pleased to see the natives gather together for evening prayer, in a shed just outside the house which we occupied. There was no teacher there, but Iakopo the chief, and his brothers, acted as such, and were certainly very successful. About seventy people assembled when the



VILLAGE ON ISLAND ELEVA, PORT MORESBY.





call was made. They sang one or two hymns to some of our own tunes ; Iakopo gave an address, and then called upon one of his brothers to pray. It was a most cheering sight to me to see these poor people so gathered together. It was only an old shed in which they worshipped ; there was no light except that of the moon outside and the flickering gleam from a small fire inside the shed ; the people were but very scantily dressed ; the language used was an unknown one to us, and probably the speaker knew only the very rudiments of the Christian faith ; but I felt that God, the Great Father of all, was there, and the feeble utterances of the old New Guinea chief brought hope and strength to one who could catch only a word or two occasionally, not sufficient indeed to indicate the tenor of the remarks, but quite enough to show that Iakopo in his own way was teaching his people the same great truths which are preached to all men as the rule of life and character, for time and for eternity, for the life that now is and for that which is to come. I was indeed much pleased with all that I saw and heard, especially as I knew that this was not done simply because we white men were present, but that the morning and evening prayers were regularly attended by most of the people in the village. After our own evening prayer the natives sang some hymns outside in the moonlight. They had no books, but the words seemed familiar to them, and I did not once hear them stop because they "could not remember the next verse." One of the most cheering statements made to me in Port Moresby by Mr. Lawes was that the New Guinea converts made first-rate teachers amongst their own people ; and my experience at Mita went far to confirm this.

Next morning we all started early on a shooting expedition inland. The day was wet and gloomy, so that we were not very successful in finding birds, but we had a very fair sample of New Guinea roads and mud. We first traversed the low, flat lands near the coast, wading through thick mud and water, crossing some small streams, then across some of the sticky plantations, with occasional patches of very high, thick grass,

through which we had to force our way, guarding ears and face with arms and elbows held at right angles to the head. After this we had a long climb up a slippery track, under occasional heavy showers of rain, until we reached an altitude of about twelve hundred feet. It was pretty hard work, especially as we were not favoured with a sight of the birds which we went to seek. We heard the well-known cry of the bird of paradise occasionally, but the birds themselves had sense enough to keep quietly under shelter in such weather. Our boys got great fun out of our naturalist, Mr. H——, especially when he went into ecstasies at the sight of a tiny land-shell which was handed to him. I felt certain, from old experiences, that the remarks made by them about his sanity in coming so far to seek such objects as he was evidently so deeply interested in, were neither favourable nor flattering. However, he smiled very pleasantly at them. None of us knew what they were saying, and they worked very well for him, so that he alone of all the party congratulated himself on having made a good bag. The day which was so unfavourable for us was a grand hunting day for land-shells and "molluks" of all kinds, as they were irreverently called by some of our party.

Just after noon we began to descend, and were soon holding on by branch and tree as we worked down one of the steep spurs of the range. After this we had to walk for some distance in the bed of the river, and if any one wishes to know what difficult walking is, I would advise him to walk down and across one of those mountain streams in New Guinea some distance from the coast. After a good walk across slippery stones and large boulders, through a rushing stream and deepish pools, with an occasional climb up the muddy bank, and a short cut across the bends in mud over the ankles, and with lots of bush lawyer vines asking him to "wait a bit" every now and then, or clothes would be torn and skin scratched, we were glad to get to level ground again and sit down to rest in a plantation through which we were passing. One of the boys found an old cocoanut, which he speedily husked and



MARINE VILLAGE, TUPUSELEI.



POTTERY-MAKING, PORT MORESBY.



began to eat, and, with a reckless defiance of the demon of indigestion, I joined in, for one great compensation for the discomfort of those bush walks is the good appetite which is in most cases gained. After we had pretty well finished the cocoanut, I made a great impression on the natives by putting a good specimen of my friend Dr. Slate's dentistry to a use which, I am sure, he never contemplated when he exercised his skill in its production. I went through the pretence of twisting and pulling very forcibly the aforesaid work of art, and then succeeded, after many contortions, in extracting before their very eyes the whole of the teeth under which the junk of cocoanut had just disappeared. I then showed them the empty mouth, and with an apparent great effort put the teeth back, and proceeded, amid great exclamations of wonder, to grind up the last remains of the cocoanut. I very calmly offered to repeat the operation upon any of them, but both hands were at once firmly placed over the mouth of the youngsters I proposed to take in hand; and I am sure that if I had pressed my offer they would all have bolted, and left us in the bush. All the evening after our return they were talking of it, and I saw the lads who were with us pointing me out to the others, and going through the movements which I had made. At last I had to repeat the operation before the whole crowd, and loud were the exclamations of wonder, not unmixed with fear, which came from all sides. I again very pleasantly offered to operate on one of the lads, but on reaching out my hand to lay hold of him he fairly bolted, amid the laughter of all the crowd.

On Wednesday we were all out early in the morning and went through the same experience of trudging muddy roads, wading creeks, climbing the range, and walking in pouring rain. It is said to rain more in Milne Bay than in any other part of New Guinea. I thought that my third day out was going to be as fruitless as the others, but just as we were about to descend from the range I got my first shot at a bird of paradise. It was a long shot, but fortunately I secured



it, and had the pleasure of skinning it after we reached Mita in the evening. The Governor returned from Samarai in the afternoon in the *Merrie England*; and next day, as the steamer had again grounded, the steam launch was got ready, and a party of us started to visit as many places as we could in Milne Bay. We called first at Ralei, but found most of the people were absent at the feast at Mita. We then crossed the bay, about six miles in width, to a village which, strange to say, bears what was to those of us who were from New South Wales, the familiar name of Wagga Wagga. Milne Bay is said to be very unhealthy, but it is certainly very beautiful. We got back to the ship at 6 p.m., and soon afterwards, much to our delight, the *Merrie England* floated off into deep water again, and we were soon speeding merrily along to Samarai, where we anchored about half-past nine.

On Friday, July 4, we left Samarai early, and had a fine run to Ware (Teste Island), where we landed at 11 a.m., and there for the first time I was actually on shore in our proposed District. Ware is a small island, with a number of very picturesque islets about it. As we were nearing the island we passed a large canoe under full sail. These people are great traders, and Ware must always be an important station, as the people are so well known in the other groups, and of course are very useful as interpreters and pilots. I think the Governor did not intend to visit Ware, but, with his accustomed kindness, he went there in order that I might see the island.

During the next few days we visited the Conflict Group, passing Basilaki, Slade, Bentley, and a number of other islands, to St. Aignaud Island (Misima) on July 5. From there we passed through the large Calvados chain of islands, and anchored at Sudest on July 7. We landed early the following morning, as the Governor intended to cross the island. The track inland led over very fine, grassy, undulating country, with thick bush in the ravines and gullies, forming a very beautiful park-like country, and the walk was very enjoyable.



TWO NEW GUINEA WARRIORS, PORT MORESBY DISTRICT.



I noticed many fine specimens of the curious pitcher-plants as we passed along. After crossing the open country we began to ascend the main range, which is covered with thick bush. About half way across the island our party divided, the Governor and a small party going on, whilst the others were left to collect, and await his return. Mr. Maclaren and I stayed with the latter party, and found our way to one of the small hamlets, where we were to await the Governor's return. I had a curious experience one day when I was out shooting on this island. I was passing over some open grass country when I saw some white object in the distance, which I at first took to be some new kind of pitcher-plant. On reaching it, however, I found it to be a leaflet extolling the virtues of Keating's cough lozenges. Up to that time I had thought that no white man had been there before, but some prospector had evidently been ahead of me. It was quite interesting to pick up that reminder of civilisation in such an out-of-the-way place.

On Wednesday, July 9, we reached Rossell Island. Rossell is but little known compared with the other islands of the Louisiades. It is, indeed, the outpost of that group, and is not more than 180 or 200 miles from the Solomons. It has long borne an evil character, because of the wreck of the *St. Paul* there some years ago. A number of the crew of that vessel, and some three hundred Chinamen, were killed and eaten by the natives, only two of the survivors being rescued by the French ship-of-war *Styx*. It is said that the Chinese passengers were confined on an island, and killed at the rate of two or three per day. The natives at first were very shy. When we landed we found all the houses deserted, and all our efforts to communicate with them were unavailing. All we could do was to get our interpreter to sing out as loudly as he could, and to leave some presents in their deserted houses. On the following day the Governor, with Mr. Maclaren and a boat's crew, started for a journey up the north coast. The rest of our party, including Mr. Winter, the chief judicial officer, Mr. Moreton, and myself, went in the steam launch, with the



dinghy in tow. We first visited High Island, lying off the port, and then steamed round the bay. We could not get near the people on the island, but on the mainland we succeeded much better; and once we got near them we managed quite easily to secure their confidence. We went up to their villages inland, and on our way we saw one of the peculiarities of this island, for, instead of the narrow bush tracks which we found on other islands, the natives on Rossell made wide-open roads through the bush, and kept them well cleared from all trees and undergrowth. It was quite a nice change for us. When we reached the village we found the women and children had all fled, and they did not come back during our stay, though the men got very friendly with us. To those who have visited Rossell Island it is unnecessary to say that it rained nearly all day. It is indeed a land of rain, and the dense vegetation affords a fine field for the botanist.

On Friday, July 11, we started early, intending, if possible, to get to the top of the coast range. The natives were very friendly, and went with us willingly, but the rain came down in such force that we had to halt about half way up, in the vain hope that we might yet have a few hours of fine weather. For some time we got up some excitement by hunting for land-shells and other animals, much to the satisfaction of Mr. H., our collector of "molluks," who always got most in weather such as we then had. But as the rain poured steadily down this excitement subsided, and even the discovery of a new "diplomatina," which sent Mr. H. into an ecstasy of delight, failed to arouse us at last. We tried in vain to light a fire, and at last had to retrace our steps, fairly beaten by the rain. The people were all very quiet and friendly, and no spears were seen by any of us except in the houses. The language is very full of nasal sounds, and in this respect differs from those we heard in the other groups. The native name of the island is Rowa.

On leaving Rossell we called at Proclamation Creek, on Sud Est, and landed our interpreter; then proceeded to the





VILLAGE OF KADAWAGA (TROBRIANDS GROUP).



large island of Misima (St. Aignaud), and from there to Murua (Woodlark Island), where we arrived on July 14. We anchored at Guisopa, a fine, large, safe anchorage. The principal island appeared to be T-shaped—a large mountainous range at the west end, and then a long leg of comparatively low land running north and south. We saw more of the high, single, outstanding trees on the ridges here, which are such a marked feature in the other groups which we had visited. The women and children remained in the village when we landed, and all were very friendly indeed. There was, however, a curious ceremony performed here. I was standing amongst the crowd when one of the principal men came quietly behind me, and before I knew what he was going to do, he blew a full mouthful of chewed betel-nut, masooi bark, and spittle over me, which fell in fine spray on my head, neck, and shoulders. The Governor and his party, as I found out afterwards, had been treated in the same manner prior to my arrival. I suspected the reason for this proceeding, and so did not say anything to the man. It was done, I think, to guard against any evil spirits who might be accompanying us, and as a sign of amity, and that we were now free to remain and trade.

On Tuesday, July 15, the Governor and party landed to try and secure some men who were accused of the murder of two white men here some eight months ago. I did not go on shore, as it was not desirable that I should be mixed up in any affair which, however right and proper, might affect prejudicially our subsequent relations with the people. Mr. Maclaren also remained on board. The expedition on shore was very successful, as three of the men were secured without a shot being fired.

On Thursday, July 17, we left Woodlark at 6.30 a.m. and reached Lachlan Islands at 12.30. This is a most beautiful group, consisting of seven islands, which form an almost complete circle. They are all low, sandy islands, full of coconuts. At low water it is practicable to walk from one island to all the others, with one or two exceptions. At night we

went ashore, by invitation from Mr. Tetzlaff, to see a native dance, but it was a very tame affair. We left one of our interpreters here. We had been teasing him often on board about his wife, from whom he had been absent for some time; and one of our party, who was still fresh to the habits of South Sea Islanders, was very anxious to witness the meeting between the long-absent husband and the sharer of his joys and sorrows. He was, however, very much disgusted when Jack marched up to his wife and children, and without one word of recognition or sign of joy from either side, coolly touched her with his hand and said: "Here she is. This woman belong me, pickaninny belong me." The utter absence of sentiment or gush was very disappointing.

On Friday, July 18, we returned to Woodlark Island on the north coast. After some time spent in examining the island, we left there on July 20, and soon passed close to the islands of Gawa and Kivoiruata. These two are of the same shape and formation, though the latter is much smaller than the former. The Governor was not at all well, and so desired to land at the next island, Ewe or Journey Island; but though we passed close to it we could not get anchorage, even when quite close to the beach. The high coral cliffs of the island spring right out of the deep blue water, and are almost perpendicular. It was a most beautiful sight as we steamed quite close to those high cliffs on a calm sea and under a bright, sunny sky. In many places the cliffs have large cracks and caves in them, and in several places we could see large stalactites hanging over the sea-face of the cliff. With good fenders out it seemed to be quite practicable in some places to take a large ship alongside the island, and moor her. In many parts we saw long ladders reaching down from the first terrace of the shore-line, which seemed to be the only means by which natives could reach the shore or return from it inland. The natives were running about on a reef, which ran out from one end of the island, whilst others in canoes joined with them in urging us to anchor; but with no bottom at





YAM HOUSES, KIRIWINA, NEW GUINEA.





forty-five fathoms, we had to steam away, much to their disappointment, and to ours also.

These islands had evidently been formed during a long period of subsidence followed by another of upheaval, which is still, I believe, going on. We reached Kitawa, or Jurien Island, about 3.30, and after spending some time there steamed over to the large island of the Trobriand Group, and came to anchor about noon, at a large village called Kadawaga. There were about two hundred houses in the village, of which I took four photographs. We were told that the most populous village was on the other side of the island, where there is no anchorage. I fancied that I could detect more similarity between the New Britain language and that spoken by those people than in any other dialect which we had heard. Some of the words indeed were exactly similar.

The following day the Governor called me up on deck in the early morning to hear the call of the Manucodia. It was very sweet indeed, and reminded me very much of the sound made by the bell of a leading mule or pack-horse, when heard some distance away; or perhaps a better illustration would be the tinkling sound of a church bell. But, after all, no simile can give an adequate idea of the sweet sound. It is the call of the Manucodia, and nothing else.

After leaving the Trobriands we found the navigation very difficult, owing to thick weather and many reefs and shallow patches, and we were all glad to reach Moresby Strait, with Goodenough Island on the right and Ferguson Island on the left hand. Goodenough is very steep at this part, two of its peaks being seven thousand feet high. There are large tracts of open country covered with bright, coarse grass on the mountain sides, with lines of forest in the valleys and other parts of the range. In the early morning this land presented a most gorgeous combination of colours, large black patches of burnt grass contrasting with the deep brown of the cultivations, and with green of every shade on the grassy slopes and in the dense forests. On the coast the land was low

and densely wooded, forming, as it were, a sombre frame, which gave additional beauty to the lovely picture above it. The whole scene, indeed, from the deck of the *Merrie England* was extremely beautiful. On our right was the picture I have attempted to describe; in front was the end of Goodenough, or rather of Dodogessa Island, rising into a conical mountain, which is evidently an old crater at its extreme end; whilst behind that, in the far distance, we could see the mainland of New Guinea. On the left was Mount Maybole, on Ferguson Island, rising almost from the water's edge, its steep sides covered with dense forest, whilst in some places the land seems to have fallen almost perpendicularly from the highest peaks for two-thirds of their entire height, thus leaving immense precipices on the side of the range. A unique bird of paradise, which is very valuable, is found on Mount Maybole. As we passed through the Strait we could see the smoke, and certainly could smell the odour, from the sulphur hills in Seymour Bay.

After clearing Moresby Strait we had a quick run over to Chads Bay, on the mainland, reaching our anchorage at 4 p.m. This is the place where two of the natives who murdered Mr. Ancell were hanged, an event which did more to quieten this end of New Guinea than any other means. The Governor landed first in the dinghy, in order that the people might not be alarmed if they saw a large boat's crew going on shore. At this place I had to leave the *Merrie England*, as the Governor found that he could not possibly visit the north-east coast of the mainland and the D'Entrecasteaux Group also, on which latter group I had not been able to land. It was absolutely necessary that he should visit the north-east coast, whilst it was also necessary that I should see the largest and most important group in the district allotted to us before I left New Guinea. In order that these objects might be accomplished, Sir William very kindly proposed that I should return at once to Samarai in the *Merrie England* with Mr. Hely, leaving the rest of the party at Chad's Bay; that he



NATIVES AND AUTHOR AT MURUA, NEW GUINEA.





would give instructions to Captain Thompson, who was in command of the *Hygeia*, which was daily expected in Samarai, to take Mr. Hely and myself round the islands which I wished to visit; whilst the steamer, after coaling at Samarai, was to return and take the rest of the party with himself up the coast of the mainland as far as Mitre Rock, which is the boundary-mark between German and British New Guinea. I need not say that I very readily accepted this kind proposition, and subsequently left Samarai on July 20 in the *Hygeia*. This part of the voyage was full of interest, but I can only say here that we went again to Teste Island, Pitt Bay (Basilaki Island), Tubetube (Slade Island), Flynn Bay (Basilaki), Pitt Island, and Normanby, but I did not see any place which I could recommend as being in all points a suitable one on which to commence our Mission.

On Monday, August 4, we were off Goulvain Island (Dobu). There was no wind, and the day was intensely hot; but as time was very precious, I decided to take the boat and pull to the island. We had heard a great deal about the fierce character of the people, and many friendly cautions were given me to keep a good lookout when we landed. One of the last remarks made to me by the Governor before I left him at Chad's Bay was: "Now, Brown, take care of yourself at Dobu, or they will knock you on the head. They are about the worst natives I know in New Guinea." Then there was another reason why we should be very careful, and that was because it was in Dawson Straits, and very near to Dobu, where some of the horrible atrocities had been committed, for which the men on board the labour vessel *Hopeful* were tried and condemned. We found the distance to be much greater than we thought, as, owing to the very clear atmosphere, the island appeared to be much closer to the ship than it really was. We pulled for two hours under the hot sun, and then landed at one of the villages. A great crowd came about us, most of whom were very shy at first, but they soon got confidence. We went into several villages, and all the people seemed

glad to see us. On one house which we passed I saw twelve human skulls over the doorway, on a kind of shelf. I took some notice of them, and on our way back we found that the natives had taken the skulls down after we passed. I think they did this simply because they knew that we did not care to see such trophies. I thoroughly enjoyed this day on shore. As soon as we landed I took notice of some babies, and hung a string of beads on the neck of the first two or three which I saw; after that I had lots of them brought to me to decorate. In fact I caught one or two women presenting the same babies twice over. We passed through village after village, until we came to some boiling springs on the beach, which were very curious. The water came out of some fissures and holes in the rocks near the sea—indeed, I think they are covered at high water. There was a strong smell of sulphur, and the rocks about were covered with a sulphur deposit, which I tried to tell the natives would cure the ringworm disease, to which they are subject. I noticed here that the natives did not tattoo as in the other groups. I was soon satisfied that Dobu was by far the best place I had seen on which to form a head station, as it was very populous and in the centre of a very dense population on Normanby and Ferguson Islands.

Tuesday, August 5. This morning there were scores of canoes round the ship, all anxious to trade. I went on shore with two or three boys, and shot some manucodias. This is a bird which I believe belongs to the same genus as the bird of paradise. It is black, with brilliant metallic markings on the whole body. The strange peculiarity, however, of the bird is that the windpipe in the male birds, instead of entering the lungs direct from the throat, is carried down the body between the skin and the body as far as the tail, and then back again (sometimes making a round turn as well) to the breast, before it enters the lungs. The females have not got this very peculiar development. It is no doubt owing to this arrangement that the bird is enabled to make such a



SPECIMEN OF HOUSES AND "DECORATION" AT DOBU IN 1890.





long-sustained tremolo call. We left Dobu at 10 a.m., and had first calms and light winds, then a good breeze, so that we reached Seymour Bay on Ferguson Island at sunset, but too late to go on shore.

On landing the following day we saw one or two natives, and did everything we could to get them to come near us, but in vain. We sent a native ahead of us, and they stayed to talk with him, but as soon as we advanced they started off. We found the track, and went to the sulphur holes, which we found at about a mile inland. We passed out of the forest on to a grass plain, and saw in front of us a bleached-looking mountain, out of which fumes were coming thick and fast. Turning to the right, we passed lots of fumaroles, each with its cap of sulphur over it. We went close to the mountain, and then to a great hot spring, which was boiling most furiously and throwing out great clouds of steam. Then we came to some springs of boiling mud, which reminded me very much of Tikitiri in New Zealand, though they were not so large as the New Zealand springs. We ascended a spur and had a most lovely view. We were evidently watched by natives, and at last they mustered courage enough to come to us. We made them happy by some presents of beads, red cloth, etc. Their sign of friendship is to nip the nose, and then touch the navel. We got on board at 1.30 and found that all the white paint on board was stained brown by sulphur fumes. Next day we crossed over to Goodenough Island, but landed first on an island which lies off the mainland. The natives were shy at first, but soon got friendly. This was covered with thick, coarse grass, which looked very beautiful at a distance, but no one said it was pleasant work walking through it on a wet day. After visiting two villages, one with forty-seven houses in it, we followed the *Hygeia* into a very deep bay, when crowds of natives came round the ship in canoes. Goodenough Island at any rate has a very dense population, most of whom are fairly accessible, as we saw large villages on the beach. We fortunately got



a good breeze, and managed to clear Dawson Straits before dark, after having had a very busy day.

On Saturday, August 9, we anchored in Samariai, and were at Port Moresby on the 11th, from which place we sailed on the 14th, and reached Townsville on August 20. Our voyage was a very pleasant one. Captain Hennessey, his officers, and all on board the *Merrie England*, were very kind indeed. Captain Thompson of the *Hygeia*, and Mr. Evanson, his chief officer, were equally kind, and, thanks to them, our life on board was a very happy one. To Sir William MacGregor the Board of Missions presented their thanks for his great kindness, and for the very valuable assistance he had constantly given us in our preliminary work. The value of the help he so freely gave can be known only by those of us who accompanied him on the voyage. I can only say that he did all that any one could do to make my mission a successful one, and my stay on board as happy and as pleasant as it was possible to make it; and for this I was, and ever shall be, very deeply grateful.

On my return I presented my report, and steps were at once taken for the foundation of the Mission. A number of European ministers who had volunteered for the work were accepted, and a large party of native teachers from the Island Districts, who had also volunteered to go, were brought to Sydney. The three-masted schooner the *Lord of the Isles* was chartered, houses were built and put on board, together with the varied and extensive outfit necessary for such a large party. It would not have been possible for any single individual to arrange all these matters in the short time at our disposal, but by apportioning the work we were able to be ready at the time appointed. Mr. G. J. Waterhouse very kindly took charge of all details with regard to the provisioning of the ship, the engagement of the crew, and all matters connected with the vessel. Mr. and Mrs. Bromilow and the other missionaries had the responsibility of selecting furniture and household requisites;



WOMEN AND GIRLS, DOBU.



whilst I attended to a number of other details. Seeing that we formed, I think, the largest party that ever left any port to establish a new Mission, I felt just a little pardonably proud when our subsequent experience showed that nothing essential to the comfort of the missionaries or the success of the Mission had been forgotten.

We left Sydney on Wednesday, May 27, 1891. Our party consisted of the Rev. W. E. Bromilow, the chairman of the Mission, Mrs. Bromilow and daughter, Revs. S. B. Fellows, J. T. Field, J. Watson, and Mr. Bardsley, for New Guinea; Revs. R. H. Rickard, W. Brown and Mrs. Brown, for New Britain; and myself, together with a large number of teachers, their wives and families, which, with the crew, made a total of over seventy people.

I have not attempted any account of the reception of the missionaries and teachers in Sydney, or of the farewell services. I am well aware they ought to have been given, and some day I hope to do so, but at present I can only give a very short account of our voyage and work.

We arrived at Samarai on Saturday, June 13. On Sunday Mr. Bromilow preached in Fijian, Mr. Rickard in English, and I in Tongan. On the Monday evening I gave a lantern entertainment to the natives, which was highly appreciated by them. I showed the photographs which I had taken on my previous visit, and there was great excitement, especially when photographs of the prisoners who were arrested for murder, and one of whom was hanged, were exhibited, and also when some of the audience saw their own photos on the sheet. We were able to finish all our customs business in one day. This was due in no small degree to the courtesy and kindly assistance given by Mr. Ballantyne, the collector of customs at Samarai, who did all in his power to help us. We had a tedious voyage of three days from Samarai to Dobu. We were becalmed outside Dawson Straits, but very fortunately the *Merrie England* arrived in port, and as soon as His Excellency knew that we were becalmed he instructed Captain Hennessey to go out to

us and tow us in, thus adding another item to the long list of kind actions for which we were indebted to him.

I cannot give the account in detail of the proceedings of the next few weeks. During a long experience of the South Seas, I have had many examples of good work done, but I never knew as much achieved in such a short space of time as was accomplished in the first weeks of our Mission in New Guinea, nor have I ever laboured with better men or more earnest workers than those who formed the mission party on board the *Lord of the Isles*. There was a little difficulty in the first place, as to the site, as I was very unwilling to establish the station on the land which had been selected for us. We were able, however, to purchase another site in a more suitable position, and then the work proceeded very rapidly. When we commenced clearing the ground the natives were quite willing to help until we came to a small piece where some evil spirit was located, and this they positively refused to touch. Some of us, however, undertook the job of starting the objectionable resident off the premises, and the land was soon ready for the reception of the posts. My old experiences had shown me the value of lightning cross-cut saws in procuring posts, and we were well provided with them ; but, in spite of these, the work was very heavy. We had to go day after day to Normanby Island and cut down large trees of suitable wood, called "vesi" in Fiji (the greenheart of India), a species of teak which is very durable. Some of these were very heavy indeed ; and as they had to be brought over in boats some five or six miles from Normanby, it was comparatively slow work, and we were all very glad of the rest of the Sabbath. On Sunday, June 28, Mr. Bromilow preached from, "One is your Master, even Christ," and in the afternoon I preached from, "Say not therefore there are four months," etc. Nearly every one was ill with fever, and some of them were very down-hearted, and we spent some time afterward trying to cheer them up.

It will give some idea of the work done, if it is considered that the land had to be cleared ; temporary storehouses erected





CHIEF GAGANAMOLE AND WIFE, DOBU.



for furniture and stores; 126 hardwood piles, many of them nine and ten feet in length, cut and boated over from Normanby, erected in position on the ground and levelled; all the timber for two large houses to be landed; houses for teachers to be erected; and a large mission house, sixty-six feet long by thirty-five feet wide, to be built. All this was done in the short space of three weeks, and the missionaries were in possession of the house, which, though not finished, was quite habitable when we left for New Britain. This result, I need hardly say, was only achieved by hard work from daylight until dark each day, often in pouring rain or under a tropical sun. The Rev. R. H. Rickard and Rev. J. T. Field, from their experience and knowledge, were of inestimable value in building operations, and I cannot say too much in praise of their work. Where all worked well it seems almost invidious to single out individuals, but in this instance I am in no danger of grieving any of our pioneer party, for we were all of one mind in this matter. Mr. Rickard, indeed, was named "Quick, quick," by the natives, from his saying that word to them so often.

During the time in which building operations were being carried on I paid several visits in the whale-boat to Ferguson Island, and to the villages on Dobu and Normanby Island. We landed at many places, bought provisions, and made the acquaintance of the people. One village consisted of about a hundred houses built in a circle, and thus enclosing a circular piece of ground, which appeared to me to contain a number of graves. I made several long trips in the boat, and was quite satisfied that there were enough people within a radius of twenty miles to employ all the teachers we had taken with us, if we could spare them, leaving none for the large district beyond which was committed to our care.

On Sunday, July 12, Mr. Field preached in the morning, and I gave a few words of advice and counsel to the mission party and friends in the evening. The missionaries were then on shore in their new house, and though it was, of course, not finished, they were all glad to get away from life on shipboard.

Next day, July 13, the *Merrie England* arrived again. The Governor came on shore, and seemed both pleased and surprised at the progress which had been made. He was much impressed with the size and stability of the piles on which the house was built, and evidently regarded it as a proof that we meant to stay. He complimented Mr. Bromilow on possessing the finest house in New Guinea, a far better one indeed than he himself had at Port Moresby.

On Tuesday, July 14, we set sail for New Britain. We left the mission party fairly comfortable, with the teachers also well housed, and the station fixed in the midst of a dense population, amongst whom there was every prospect of establishing a most successful Mission. Early in the morning Mr. Rickard and I went ashore, at 4 o'clock, to get the teachers off as soon as possible. We had prayer in Samoan, Tongan, Fijian, and English, just at dawn, in an empty house on the beach. It was a strange gathering, and I could not help wondering what was to be the future of the members of the party thus met together for the last time. We had voyaged together to the new field, had prayed and worked together, and had been all privileged to take some part in the establishment of this great Mission, and now we were to part, some to enter again upon their work in New Britain, others to labour there for the first time; some, again, to return home to the colonies; and the remainder to live and labour, we hoped for years, in that large and important district. It was a solemn meeting in the morning light, which was just spreading over the skies, and some of us felt it to be prophetic of the yet more glorious light which was to break upon the darkness of that great land in which our Mission was just commenced. Before we had fully finished our meeting, the *Merrie England* had moved towards our ship, and we could hear the rattle of the windlass pawls as the crew were heaving up the anchor. So good-bye had to be said to all on shore, and the sick wife of one of the teachers to be helped down to the boat; then a hurried shake of the hand with the teachers, and soon we were pulling off to



TWO TYPICAL GIRLS OF DOBU.





the ship, leaving our friends to their work in New Guinea. As we left them we could hear their kind farewells in Samoan, Fijian, Tongan, and English, until we were almost alongside the ship. In a few minutes we were in tow of the steamer, and soon we passed safely the difficulties about which we had been troubling ourselves for some days past. We all felt deeply grateful to Captain Hennessey and to His Excellency for that great act of kindness. We should probably have had some difficulty in getting out of the Straits, even when we got the breeze. As it was, we were safely towed out in the calm of the early morning to a safe offing, and then the captain and the many kind friends on board waved their farewell.

When we got to sea I wrote in my diary as follows: "I have been feeling very unwell lately, but this morning all sense of bodily weakness and pain seemed to leave me, as my heart was full of devout thanksgiving and gratitude to God for His great goodness to us all. I have felt deeply the great responsibility of this voyage, and have had many fears and much anxiety at times; but now I have no other feeling than that of great thankfulness. God has been very good to us, and, so far, we have had no accident, nor any serious illness on board. All our valuable freight and cargo for New Guinea is safely landed, the station selected, land bought, the teachers and missionaries safely housed, and this great Mission fairly begun, and we again on our way to New Britain, in less than seven weeks since we left Sydney."

We arrived in New Britain on July 20, and did not leave there for Sydney until August 1. During this time I visited nearly all the places so familiar to me in days gone by. My old friend, Mr. Hershheim, on landing, asked me to go with him to Matupit, and I very gladly accepted his kind invitation. Mr. Hershheim was the first visitor we had after our arrival in 1875, and since then he had been engaged in business in that group. On our way down we talked a good deal about old times, and especially of his first visit to Matupit, when we

found the people hiding behind the reed fences round their houses, with spears in their hands, preparing to fight us if necessary. Now all had changed, and Matupit was as quiet and safe as any part of the world. Messrs. Hershheim & Co. had a very fine station; and a large wharf, coal-sheds, stores, and dwelling-houses stood on the land where Mr. Hershheim and I landed sixteen years previously. I had some interviews with the Imperial Chancellor, Herr Schmiele, on matters affecting our Mission, and he assured me that the Imperial German authorities were most anxious to assist us, and that all help possible would be given to us in the prosecution of our work, as they were fully sensible of its great importance as affecting the welfare of the people then under their charge.

On Saturday, July 25, we reached Duke of York. I was once again on familiar ground, though much changed in some respects since I saw it ten years before. Every inch of the road seemed familiar to me, and as we walked up the hill to the mission house each part served to recall the incidents of past years. I wrote a full account of this visit at the time, and cannot reproduce it now. I will only mention one or two incidents connected with it. On the Sunday following our landing I preached at Molot, the first time since 1880. I was a little doubtful as to whether I could manage the language, but I found no difficulty in making myself fully understood, and I preached with pleasure to myself, and, I hope, with some profit to the people. In the afternoon I preached again at one of the other villages. On Monday we had grand school examinations. It was a most interesting sight, and one which filled me with wonder, and with gratitude for the success which God had given us. Aminio, the sole survivor of the pioneer band, still lived in the district, and had built a beautiful house for himself. No man in the group was so highly respected and so dearly loved by the people. He had a large school, and the change which had taken place in Molot since the days when we landed was such as no stranger could possibly appreciate. After leaving Duke of York I visited the north coast, where

Mr. and Mrs. Oldham were stationed, and had a kind reception by them. On our way we passed the spot where my old friend Taleli lived. Poor fellow! He often sent me messages telling me to come down again. He wanted to eat me once, but we became good friends after that, and no one would have been more glad to have seen me than old Taleli had he been living.

On August 1 we left New Britain on our return voyage. We had a good ship, the *Lord of the Isles*, and a skilful captain, but I never had more narrow escapes from shipwreck, and never experienced a more anxious time at sea than I did on this voyage. Our chronometer, as we found on our arrival in Sydney, had altered its rate very seriously. On Sunday, August 9, at 1.30 a.m. we found ourselves almost ashore at Woodlark Island, before any one realised the fact that we were running on to the cliffs with a seven-knot breeze. The captain was on deck, but had just fallen asleep, when the man at the wheel, who was alarmed by the sea getting very suddenly smooth, woke him to ask if there was any land about, as there was a heavy dark mass just ahead of us. I must have woke just at the same time, as I heard the captain say: "Yes, that is land right enough," and the helm was put hard-a-lee instantly. Fortunately we had a fine breeze and a good ship, and so we came round in good style, and were soon standing right away from the danger. It was certainly a very narrow escape, for we were not more than half a mile from the land, which was "steep-to," when we discovered it. No vessel could have survived the shock with which we should have struck at the rate we were going; and as the water was very deep close in-shore, we should certainly have been in a most dangerous position. Next day we again sighted land ahead, which surprised us a great deal, as we were not expecting to see any in that direction. On the following day the captain decided to run down to the island, in order to verify his position. We found that it was the island of Misima (St. Aignaud), and as we were thus quite close to Panaieti, which had been suggested as a very suitable place for the second station on New Guinea, I decided to

call there ; and I was very glad afterwards that we did, as I was able to leave a letter there telling Mr. Bromilow that I considered the place to be suitable for a mission station.

On August 13 we made another start, passing through Jomard Passage. A week after that we had a very heavy sea, but fortunately sighted Magdalene Kay, thus discovering that we had again drifted a long way from our proper course. Three days after this we had another very narrow escape, as we found ourselves at 3 a.m. close to an extensive reef, which we took to be a part of Lihou Reef. We had not the slightest idea that we were anywhere near this great danger. It was fortunately light enough to enable us to see a small sandbank, or we should not have known of the reef until we were on it. Next morning we sighted the reef again, but at the weather end, where there was no sandbank, but only an angry reef far out at sea. Had we made the weather end in the night instead of the sand islet, we should probably have lost the ship. We finally weathered the danger in the evening, and so kept on our course, I, for one, hoping that I should never see it again. On August 26 I wrote : " At length we have a fine day. Last night many of our sails gave out. There was a heavy sea running, and as if to spite us until the last the wind blew the hardest just before it changed. The last few puffs were too much for our sails. The lower top-sails and mizzen especially were so damaged that they had to be taken in and unbent, whilst nearly all the others were split or torn. This was the first fine day we had had for nearly a fortnight. Three days after this we ought to have seen Kenn Reef, as our sights and dead reckoning made us to be close to it at noon, but we could not see anything of it though a good lookout from the topsail yard was kept all day. This showed us again that our chronometer was wrong, and so we had no confidence as to our position. As we were amongst great reefs in the Coral Sea, this was far from being pleasant. On August 31 we had another escape, as we found at 8 a.m. that we were heading right in for Breaksea Spit, on the Great Barrier Reef. Had we gone a little faster during the night,





GROUP ON MISSION STATION, DOBU, 1897, SIX YEARS AFTER COMMENCEMENT OF THE MISSION.



we should have found ourselves on this dreaded reef before it was light enough to show us our danger. We landed in Sydney on Sunday, September 6, and I was very grateful indeed to God that our important and eventful voyage was safely over, and our New Guinea Mission fairly begun without accident to any of the party or to the ship.

My third visit to New Guinea was in 1897, just six years after the beginning of our Mission. I left by the ss. *Titus*, Captain Williams, an old friend, who, as captain of the *Borough Belle*, was associated with the Mission in its early days. We left Newcastle on May 13, reached Cooktown on the 20th, and left that port the same day, arriving at Port Moresby on Saturday, May 22. I gladly again accepted Mr. Ballantyne's invitation to stay with him. On landing I was met by another old friend, the late Rev. J. Chalmers, so well known as one of the grand pioneers of Missions in New Guinea. He told me that the Rev. Mr. Cribb was seriously ill with fever, and on seeing that gentleman I strongly advised Mr. Chalmers that he should leave the district, for awhile at all events, in order to get medical treatment in Australia. Mr. Chalmers placed the mission schooner *Niue* at my disposal for a visit to Tupuselei, a town some thirty miles down the coast, which several of our passengers and I were anxious to visit. One of the photographs which I reproduce will give a better idea of the village than any other description could do. The resident teacher could not talk in English, and we got on very badly until, to my utter astonishment, he told me he was a Tongan. This changed matters at once, and the old man's face beamed as he heard me speaking the language he himself had well-nigh forgotten. He left Tonga some forty years before, lived at Rurutu as a canoe builder, then went to Rarotonga and became a teacher there, and was sent to New Guinea at his own request.

We reached Samarai on May 28, and left in the *Dove* on June 1, with Mr. Bromilow on board. I have given elsewhere a long account of this voyage, which was to me a most interesting

one, but am compelled in this account to omit all but the bare narrative. We anchored at Mudge Bay at Basilaki the first night, and at Tubetube, the station occupied by Rev. J. T. Field, the next day. Mr. Field's house occupied a fine site, and the mission house was very comfortable indeed. It undoubtedly testified most highly to the courage and hard work of the man who planned and built it almost single-handed, at a minimum expense to the Society. Our next call was at Ware, Teste Island; and on the following day, June 4, we sailed for Panaieti, reaching there on the 5th. We landed within a short distance of the spot where I landed with Mrs. Oldham in 1891, on my way from New Britain to Sydney. We found Rev. A. and Mrs. Fletcher living in a native house, and delighted to welcome us to their lonely and difficult station. No one but an old missionary can realise what excitement there was on our landing, and what pleasure was experienced by the missionaries and by the visitors. A few hours on shore were sufficient to show us very clearly that Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher had not only done a grand work amongst these people, but that they had endeared themselves to them, and secured their love by the kindly interest which they took in every part of their life.

On Sunday the first service which was held was at a village some twenty minutes' walk from the mission station. It was in that village that Seluaia, the wife of the Tongan catechist, had been brutally murdered some few months previously, by a native to whom neither she nor her husband had ever given the slightest cause of offence. He was angry with a native policeman, and as he was not able to attack the policeman he vented his brutal rage on the teacher's wife. She was in our family during the time we were in Tonga, and as I sat in the church I thought much of the good, noble woman, whom we esteemed so highly, and who came so cheerfully with her husband to their work in New Guinea. I gave a short address at the principal service in the afternoon, which Mr. Fletcher interpreted.

The next day was fully occupied with business connected with the Mission, and on Tuesday morning we left for Dobu, about



a hundred miles distant, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, with some of their converts, accompanying us in the *Dove*. It was quite an education for these people to be taken to a large flourishing station like Dobu, and did much to strengthen them and to deepen their interest in the work. I was much affected by the prayer of one of Mr. Bromilow's students on board the *Dove*, at our united family worship. He said: "O Lord, help us to behave ourselves aright whilst these our Panaieti friends are with us. Oh, help us, that we may do nothing which would discredit 'taparoro' (Christianity). Help us, Lord, that we may not show them anything that is wrong, but may all our conduct be such that they may see what true religion is." This was a good prayer, and was offered by a lad who was a wild savage when we landed in Dobu six years before. It abundantly proved here, as in every other place, that "if any man be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature." On Wednesday, June 9, we reached Dawson Straits at night, and, as the *Dove* could not make much progress for want of wind, we took the boat, and after a pull of eight miles reached Dobu at 10 p.m. As we landed we found that the *Meda*, our mission schooner, had dropped anchor about an hour before us. She had made a fine run of sixteen days to Fiji, and of twelve days from Fiji to Samarai.

On the evening of June 10 I wrote the following in my journal: "This has been one of the memorable days in my life. I have wandered about the station locating various points of interest, and comparing the present state with that of six short years ago, when we first landed here. Then it was all wild bush; the first sound of the Gospel had not been heard in the land; the people were wild, dark, and ignorant, and they neither knew us nor the message which we came to deliver. To-day there is a beautiful station, well-kept gardens in front of all the houses, a good church, a small hospital, teachers' houses, houses of students, nearly a hundred people resident on the station, boys and girls saved from a life of immorality and sin, students being prepared for the blessed work of preaching



Christ to their own countrymen, five dear little intelligent children, who would have perished either by being buried alive or by desertion, but for the loving care of Mrs. Bromilow (who rescued them) and her helpers in this good work, and five missionary Sisters with hearts full of love to God and to the people for whom Christ died, who are devoting their lives very lovingly and earnestly to the work of reclaiming for Christ the women and girls in Dobu and in the large populous districts on Ferguson Island. Mr. and Mrs. Bromilow are greatly honoured of God in being privileged to initiate and superintend this great work ; but, over and over again, as I heard the tale told and saw the effects produced by these devoted servants of God and their fellow-labourers, my heart said, in devout gratitude, ' It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' "

On Friday Gaganamoli, the principal chief of Dobu, came to see me, and made a short speech, in which he alluded to my first visit. He said : " You are the one who came here first, and saw us in our darkness, and then went back and told the people of our Church in Sydney of our darkness and ignorance ; but now the light is shining, and by-and-by all will be light and the darkness will pass away."

Sunday, June 13, my first Sunday at Dobu on this visit, was, by a strange coincidence, the anniversary of our landing there six years before. It was one of the most interesting Sundays I ever spent in the mission field. The large church was packed with people, there being at least six hundred present. As I looked on the large congregation, my eyes were so full of tears of joy that I could not read the words of the hymn. During the opening services I had the privilege of baptizing ten adult converts, who, after a long trial and careful teaching and supervision, were received into full membership in our Church. I had then, therefore, baptized converts in six different languages. I preached to the people from Romans x. 12 : " There is no difference between the Jew and the Greek," etc., Mr. Bromilow interpreting for me with great



GROUP OF NATIVES, NORMANBY ISLAND, NEW GUINEA.



freedom. The remainder of the day was fully taken up in visiting and holding services on the mainland of Ferguson Island. We got back to Dobu at night, tired out, but very thankful for such a day's work. The following days were spent in visiting the surrounding districts.

On Friday, July 9, the *Mervie England* arrived at Dobu. Mr. Bromilow and I went on board, and were kindly received by His Excellency Sir William MacGregor. As the Governor's visit was of necessity a very short one, he came ashore at once. My readers will remember that in 1890, when I paid my first visit to Dobu, Sir William warned me before setting out that I must take great care or I might get knocked on the head, as the natives bore a very bad character. I landed on that occasion on August 4, 1890, and again on June 13, 1891, when the Mission was commenced; so that it was not quite seven years from the time when His Excellency gave me that good advice, and just six years from the commencement of the Mission, when he again landed at Dobu. But this time about sixty students, and the girls under the care of the Sisters, were drawn up on shore, all neatly dressed, and as His Excellency stepped on the beach they sang the National Anthem in English. His Excellency took off his hat, and stood both amazed and pleased at such a reception. He then went to the church, saw the girls put through some drill, and heard them sing, and highly complimented Sister Minnie on the success of her work. He also expressed himself as very pleased with the system pursued, of endeavouring in every way to make school work as attractive to the children as possible. I have often recalled a remark made by him during our conversation that day. He asked me what was the great change I had noticed in the appearance of the people since we first landed. I mentioned several things. But he replied: "No, that is not it at all. Don't you see the people have quite a different expression on their faces now? The change is not a matter of dress, or even of manner, but an entirely different appearance and expression." I had often noticed this, and we



missionaries had often talked of it. As the people are brought under the influence of Christian teaching there is not only a softening of their facial expression, but also the signs of intelligent interest, which were certainly absent before. His Excellency manifested great sympathy when Mr. Bromilow and I spoke to him of the necessity of our having some land for the purpose of establishing a District Training Institution for New Guinea teachers. He quite agreed with us that if our work was to extend as it ought to do, we must train our own teachers in New Guinea.

During the following days I was fully occupied in visiting the respective villages, and in arranging for my voyage to New Britain. It will be remembered that I expected to meet with the mission schooner *Meda* in New Guinea, and to proceed in her on my voyage to New Britain. The *Meda* arrived safely at Dobu, as I have mentioned. On her return to Samarai to bring some cargo which had been left there, she was unfortunately wrecked near East Cape. There was no chance, therefore, of my reaching New Britain except in our little schooner. The *Dove* is only fifty-one feet long over all, and thirty-six feet six inches on the keel, so she is only a small vessel of about fourteen or fifteen tons measurement; but I decided to take her, as otherwise my voyage could not have been completed. On Sunday, July 18, after the morning's service Mr. Bromilow and I gave tickets to a hundred members, as well as members on trial, and I delivered a short address. After the service Mr. and Mrs. Bromilow started to open another new church at Normanby, and I went to Numanuma to preach there, on my way to the *Dove*, thus taking my farewell of Dobu for that visit. We left Ravia early on July 19, and reached Kiriwina the following day, where I was very kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Fellows. I spent a full week in this very important Circuit, every hour of which was fully occupied in visiting the teachers, chiefs, and people in the respective villages. On July 27 I started for our long sea voyage to New Britain in the little *Dove*. We had a wet, dirty passage, with



strong currents, which often made it difficult to ascertain our correct position. However, we fortunately reached Herbertshohe early on Saturday morning, having made the voyage from New Guinea in exactly four days, much to the astonishment of the people there. I should much like to give an account of this visit, which was full of interest to me, but this is not possible in this work.

On Thursday, August 5, I went with Mr. and Mrs. Fellmann, Mr. Crump, and Mr. Chambers, to Matupit, where we held services in our beautiful large church there, and I had the privilege of baptizing nearly a hundred adults, and giving a short address to the workers. Amongst the number baptized were some who had taken part in the murder of Sailasa, our native minister, and the three teachers in 1878. On one Sunday I preached at Molot in a large church, which was crowded with a most attentive audience. The language came back to me, and I had no difficulty whatever in finding words to speak to them again of the love of God as manifested in the gift of Him who came to this earth of ours, and lived and died for us that we might live through Him. All the people were neatly dressed, and as I recognised some who were wild, naked savages when they first heard the truths we came to proclaim it was difficult to believe that they were the same people. It was a pleasure to me to wander again over the old familiar places, and to recall, when talking to the older men, the stirring events of the past; though this was not unmixed with sadness as I visited the graves of our little ones, and remembered those dark days when I and one very dear to me had to pass together through the deep waters of affliction, and what then appeared as hopeless sorrow.

Next day, August 9, as I was desirous to see the whole of the District, we started early on a visit to New Ireland, though this was rather risky at this season, owing to the heavy surf which often broke on the coast of that island during the south-east monsoon, and so made the landing difficult, and often prevented a boat from leaving for several days. I did

not want to be shut in there, but I was very anxious to see the place and people again, and ascertain what progress, if any, had been made in the District, which at first seemed so difficult and unfruitful. So I determined to take the risk. We held services at Kabanot, and I had great freedom in speaking to the people. At the close of my address I made a special appeal to the unconverted to decide for Christ that very day; and this appeal was not made in vain. As we were sitting in the teacher's house at night, a chief came and called the teacher out, when he told him that he had decided to give his heart to Christ. He said: "You know, teacher, I remember the first time that Mr. Brown came to New Ireland, and I heard him often during the years which he spent in this land, and I remember the story which he used to tell us then; but I was never troubled until to-day. As I sat in the church and listened, I said to myself: 'That is the same story he told us years ago. It is not altered at all. He tells us now, as he told us then, about the same great Father, the same Saviour, the same way of salvation, the same heaven, and the same hell,' and I thought what a wonderful story it is. Then I have been thinking about my life during all these years; my heart has been full of sorrow, and I have determined to seek the loving Saviour about whom I have heard so often." Some others also came and entered themselves as seekers of salvation. Sunday, August 15, which I spent at Kabakada, was the anniversary of my landing in this group twenty-two years previously.

The missionaries and residents were very unwilling for me to return to New Guinea in the little *Dove*, and begged me to remain until a French ship-of-war returned from New Guinea on her way to New Caledonia. The captain was made aware of the fact of our rescuing some forty-two members of the unfortunate Marquis de Rays' expedition many years previously, but, unfortunately for himself, he neglected the opportunity which was offered him of showing that the French nation was not ungrateful for kindness shown to its distressed people.



MEN AND BOY, FRIEDERICK WILHEMSHAFEN, GERMAN NEW GUINEA.



Next morning, August 24, we started on our return voyage to New Guinea. We had a very uncomfortable passage, as we were four days becalmed off Cape St. George, and this in a small 14-ton ketch, with a vertical sun in latitude 5° south, the cabin insufferably hot, no shade on deck, and no awning possible from the swinging of the booms, was not at all a pleasant experience. After this we had heavy rains, thick, dirty weather, thunder and lightning, but with little wind, except during occasional violent squalls. However we reached Dobu on September 2, very glad indeed to get ashore. I left next morning for Samarai, and was detained there waiting for the steamer *Titus*. I determined, however, to prepare against the contingency of her nonarrival, and occupied some time in cleaning the *Dove*, taking out and restowing the ballast, in case I deemed it necessary to go in her to Australia. This I finally decided to do; and, much against the advice of Captain S. and others at Samarai, we left for Cooktown on Monday, September 20, at 3 p.m. and passed Brummer Island at 6 p.m. This passage is often a very rough one, and so we found it to be, but we fortunately had a good breeze, and next day at noon the little *Dove* had run 176 miles in twenty-four hours. This was good work for a little 14-ton ketch in a heavy beam sea, and it is not difficult to realise that those on board of her had often to hold on pretty firmly, and that her decks were kept well washed down by the seas which she took on board. At noon, on Wednesday, the 22nd, we found that our little craft had placed 178 miles to her credit, as the result of twenty-four hours' hard running. This was a very creditable performance, but, unfortunately, we were prevented from taking full advantage of it, as we were compelled to heave-to for eight hours to avoid running on the Great Barrier Reef of Australia in the night. At daylight, Thursday, the 23rd, we entered the reef, but not by the regular passage, and reached Cooktown at 4 p.m., just three days and one hour from Samarai, having averaged about seven knots an hour. Two days afterwards



I left Cooktown in the steamer *Cintra*, Captain Butcher in charge, and reached Sydney on Monday, October 4, glad to be at home again, and in good time for the General Conference.

On my fourth visit to New Guinea, I left in the ss. *Moresby* on June 18, at 4 p.m. As soon as we were started and were fairly outside the Heads we were able to take stock of our passengers, and from the missionary point of view we certainly had a very miscellaneous collection on board. Beginning with the representatives of the Roman Catholic Church, we had Bishop Vidal of Fiji, Bishop Broyer of Samoa, one priest, two nuns, and two lay brothers. The Lutheran Church was well represented by Rev. Pastor Flierl, his wife, and family, for German New Guinea. Rev. E. Price Jones, from Madagascar, who was going to his new station in New Guinea, and Miss Wells, on furlough from China, represented the London Missionary Society. Rev. E. M. Hines and Miss Kerr represented the Anglican Mission in New Guinea. And Rev. A. and Mrs. Fletcher, Miss Tinney, Mrs. Andrews and I were representatives of the missionary workers of our own Church. In addition to these there were on board fourteen of our teachers from Fiji, with their wives and children; whilst the Roman Catholic Mission had on board a similar number of teachers from Samoa, Wallis Island, and Fiji, who were going to the Solomons. Mr. and Mrs. Dobbie and Miss Chewings, from Adelaide, and Mr. Beckett from Surrey Hills, Melbourne, a member of the Victoria and Tasmania Conference Missionary Committee, all of whom were deeply interested in our mission work, were on board; and we had also a number of other passengers who were making the round trip for health, pleasure, or business purposes. Captain Williams, my old friend, was in charge, and the voyage certainly proved that he had with him a company of as genial and capable officers as I, at all events, had ever travelled with. We called at Cooktown, and Thursday Island, and reached Port Moresby on July 7. On July 9 we landed at Yule Island, which was the headquarters of the

Roman Catholic Mission in British New Guinea. All our passengers were received very kindly at the mission station by Archbishop Navarre; the priests, and lay brothers, and the sisters were all very kind and attentive to the ladies of our party. I had a long and interesting conversation with the Archbishop. He expressed his pleasure at the opportunity of meeting me, stating that he had heard of me so often during his stay in New Britain, and also more recently from Sir William MacGregor, that I scarcely seemed a stranger to him.

Early on July 12 we reached Samarai, and I found the *Dove* at anchor awaiting our arrival. I transhipped at once to the *Dove*, with a few of our passengers, and we started at 11.30 a.m. One great object of my visit was to meet with Mr. Bromilow and the missionaries, and consult with regard to the establishment of a Training Institution in New Guinea, and for this purpose we deemed it necessary to examine first a portion of the coast of Normanby Island. We reached Bunama, the station of the Rev. J. T. Field, at 6.30 p.m.; and as we had sailed some fifty miles from Samarai, the *Dove* again averaged about seven miles an hour for the whole distance. The missionaries and teachers in New Guinea used to say that I brought the good winds with me when I visited them. I was delighted with the new station at Bunama, which bore abundant evidence of Mr. Field's hard work. We could not, however, remain long there, and next day we proceeded on our way to Dobu along the coast of Normanby. We anchored at Sewa, and then at Ubuia, in order to ascertain which of them was the best for the establishment of our Training College. On leaving Ubuia we had a quick run to Dobu. My stay in New Guinea was again full of interest and pleasure.

On Tuesday, the 18th, we left Dobu for German New Guinea. The students and teachers were gathered together in front of the mission house, and frequently shouted their musical "kaioan" (farewell) in one full chorus as we passed along. All our passengers were loud in their praise and admiration of the people of Dobu, and of the wonderful work which had

been accomplished amongst them by our missionaries and teachers. On Wednesday, the 19th, we were fortunately able to land the Rev. Pastor Flierl, his wife, and family, at their own station at Simbang, in German New Guinea, much to their satisfaction and comfort. On Thursday we arrived at Friedrich Wilhelms Hafen, and afterwards at Stephensort. On Tuesday, the 25th, we steamed up the coast of New Britain. As we passed the Father and Sons mountains, and other places, many an incident of our long boat-journey down that coast some twenty years before came back to my memory very distinctly. We anchored at Herbertshohe at 11 p.m.

On this, the first day of our landing, I called on my old friend, Mrs. Kolbe, of Ralum Plantation. There was a visitor in the house at the time, Mr. L——, recently arrived from Melbourne, who was very ill, and the medical officer who was with him when we called, decided that the only hope for his recovery was that he should at once leave the group; and, whilst we were sitting there, he was carried out of the house to be taken down to another part of the station, so as to be ready to go on board the *Moresby*. He evidently felt the great kindness of his hosts, and, as he left the verandah, he called out to us, in a loud, clear voice: "Well, good-bye, everybody." We little expected that this was a final farewell, but in a few hours afterwards, Mr. Fellmann received a note saying that he had died soon after he left the station, and asking him to conduct the burial service. We went to Mr. Parkinson's residence at Ralum, but it was not until some time after dark that we were able to start for the cemetery. I have attended many funerals in wild countries, as well as others in our own lands, but I do not remember any which were so impressive as this one. There were about fifteen foreign residents present, and a large number of natives. The cemetery was some distance away, and the road to it was through groves of cocoanut palms and dense tropical bush. The night was quite dark, but we could see the path very clearly by the light of large torches of dried palm leaves, which were carried by a number of New





WOMEN AND GIRLS, FRIEDERICK WILHEMSHAFEN, GERMAN NEW GUINEA.





Britain and other natives who were employed on the station. It was indeed a weird sight as the waving torches flashed their light on the coffin, covered with black, borne by dark-skinned islanders, and on the white dresses and clothing of the mourners. Some of the natives ran on ahead, others were on the sides of the track, and others again followed behind, and the light from the torches which they carried was reflected from leaf to leaf of the waving palms, and from the dark glossy leaves of the tropical forest trees, until it was lost in the dark shadows of the thick bush. Mr. Fellmann and I conducted the service; and very rarely have the words of our beautiful burial service been read in circumstances more calculated to impress those who heard them than on this occasion. The coffin had several beautiful wreaths placed on it by the loving hands of those ladies who had so kindly tended him in the last days of his life here. These were placed there on behalf of his own loved ones who were far away, and to testify at the same time to their own sorrow for his early death, and their respect for his memory. His friends and relatives were all unknown to most of those who were present, but we all mourned for them, and special prayer was offered by the side of the open grave that He who is "the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort" would comfort and sustain them in their great sorrow.

The next day, Thursday, July 27, was a great day at Matupit. We held services in the fine large church there, which I described on my last visit, and I baptized forty-four adults, who had been carefully prepared and taught during their long probation. After service, we went to the native minister's house, where the people were all assembled, and the New Britain natives gave us an exhibition of one of their festive dances. Then the Fijians gave us a very good Fijian *meke*, and afterwards the Samoans exhibited their skill in gesture-singing. When this was finished I got one of the greatest surprises of my life, when the people from the different villages came up and presented me with a valuable lot of spears, stone clubs, shells, baskets, etc. There was no speech-making on their

part. Each man came up, stuck his spear in the ground, or laid down his present in front of me, and went away. Then one of the teachers came forward, and made a short speech on their behalf, saying that these articles were of little or no value, but they were given as an expression of their love to the man who first brought the Gospel to New Britain, and also to manifest the joy which they felt at seeing him again in their land. I was naturally much affected, and had great difficulty in trying to express my thanks to them for their gift. This presentation was as great a surprise to the missionaries as it was to me, for these New Britain people had little idea of present-giving. They buy and sell among themselves, for they are keen traders, but they give no presents, except on the clearly understood rule that they are to receive another and larger one in return ; but there was no such expectation in this case. We all knew that it was quite easy for them to sell the articles which they had brought ; indeed, some of the missionaries had been trying for several years to purchase some of the same things, but had failed to do so. They had literally nothing to gain, except the satisfaction of being able to testify their gratitude for the blessings which they had received from the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, which we had been privileged to bring to them ; and the assurance that it was this feeling alone which prompted their action made it very acceptable indeed to us all. Some of the articles were almost valueless, except as the expression of their love, but some of the spears which they brought could readily have been sold by them to the traders for ten shillings each in trade, as they are worth that amount at the place where they are made. We did not reach Raluana until late in the evening. I am fairly well accustomed to native gatherings, but I confess that the events and excitement of this day affected me so deeply, that I was unable to sleep much during the night.

On July 28 we landed at our new station at Ulu, where the Rev. J. A. Crump had done a grand work, both for the Mission and for the people, at the Training College on that island. The

whole station was a proof of the energy, patience, endurance, and hard work of Mr. Crump and all who had taken part in it. Mr. Crump lived for several months in a tent on the island whilst the preliminary work was being done, and his work was made possible during those trying times by the self-sacrifice and devotion of his good wife. She herself said nothing about it; but those of us who knew how bravely she did her work, and how patiently she bore her share in all the discomforts and hardships which had to be endured, could fully appreciate the value and devotion of her service. On our passage to Sydney after leaving New Britain we spent some weeks in the Solomons, but this I will describe in my account of that group. We reached Sydney on August 22.

My fifth visit to New Guinea was made in 1905, when I joined the mission yacht *George Brown* at Samarai, on my return from the Solomon Islands *viâ* New Britain in that year. We met the Rev. W. E. Bromilow at Samarai, where he had gone to send Mrs. Bromilow, who was very unwell, to Sydney. After the *Willehad*, in which Mrs. Bromilow was a passenger, had left for Sydney, we embarked on board the yacht, and proceeded to Ubuia, where active preparations had for some time been carried on in the commencement of the large Training College for that District. Whilst the vessel was discharging the large cargo which she took, Mr. Bromilow, my daughter, and I, went on to Dobu, where I had again the great pleasure of meeting with all the members of the District, who were gathered for their Annual Synod. I was delighted to hear the good report which they were able to give of the work of God in their respective Circuits. Mr. and Mrs. Bromilow were the only two left of the pioneer party which I conducted there in 1891, and Mr. Bromilow had recently crowned his great work in that District by the completion of the translation of the New Testament into the New Guinea language.

We left in the *George Brown* on October 17 for New Britain, in order that we might proceed to Sydney from there

as no suitable opportunity offered from New Guinea. Owing to calms and light winds, we had a long passage of about eight days to Herbertshohe, at which port we arrived on October 24. After waiting for about a week we were enabled to leave by the fine mail steamer *Prinz Waldemar*, and reached Sydney on November 8, after a very fine passage. When we returned from New Britain in 1881, with my wife and children, we had to make the voyage in the *John Hunt*, a small vessel of about thirty tons, and were several weeks on the passage; so I felt very thankful that the change of circumstances enabled us to make such a pleasant voyage as we had just completed.

SOLOMON ISLANDS, FIJI—AND EVENTIDE





## XI

### SOLOMON ISLANDS, FIJI—AND EVENTIDE

MY first acquaintance with this large and extensive group was in the year 1879, when I passed through it on my return to New Britain from Sydney, after the hurricane in which the *John Wesley* was dismantled. It will be remembered that Captain Ferguson, of the auxiliary steamer *Ripple*, very kindly offered to take me to New Britain rather than allow me to go in a small ketch. Captain Ferguson was well known in the Solomons, and it was a great advantage to me to be able to travel in his company. We called at most of the trading stations in the group, and I had a good opportunity of seeing the islands and becoming acquainted with the people. It was at the same time the beginning of a friendship with some of the traders there which has continued until the present time. I found that both chiefs and people were very much opposed to any mission work being carried on. I was quite unable, however, to find any adequate reason for the objection of the New Georgia natives, as no missionaries had ever landed amongst them. I think they must have heard some stories about mission work in the eastern islands which had most unreasonably prejudiced them against it. The natives bore then a very bad character, and few vessels cared to go near the group. Captain Ferguson, however, was respected and trusted, and, as will be seen afterwards, the fact of my friendship with him was useful to me in subsequent years.

My next visit was paid in 1899, when we called there in the s.s. *Moresby*, on our way from New Britain to Sydney. We

landed first at Faisi, in the Shortlands Group, and whilst the vessel was discharging cargo I took the opportunity of visiting several of the villages. We spent one day in the village Mokosaia, the residence of the great chief Wari. This man had great influence in his own district, and in the surrounding islands. Both he and some of the other chiefs often acted with great cruelty towards their people when they had offended them. I could give some shocking details about the doings of the old chief Gorai, which I first heard on undoubted authority many years before our visit. Alu was formerly one of the stations of Captain Ferguson, and when the people knew that I was not only an old friend of his, but was also the legal guardian of his son, they were much interested and pleased. We visited one of the "tambu" houses, and saw the carved image or totem pole, which made the house prohibited to any woman or uninitiated person. A few days afterwards we called at Ruviana, where our head station now is. It may be well for me to say here, in view of the decrease of population which is now so noticeable in the Solomons, that even then I noticed a great apparent decrease in the population from that which I had seen some twenty years before; and the opinion which I expressed, that there had been a great decrease, was confirmed by the traders to whom I spoke.

At Ruviana I met again my old friend Mr. Frank Wickham, one of the oldest residents in the group, and we all received a very hearty welcome from him. He himself had to leave his home to attend to business matters on the *Moresby*, but with genuine island hospitality he gave up his house and all it contained to my absolute disposal. He took me round, showed me where his stores and trade were kept, and said: "Take anything that you want, use the boats and boys as you need them, and make yourselves as comfortable as you can, and for as long as you please." We certainly took full advantage of our privileges. The Ruviana natives were the most notorious head-hunters in the Pacific, and were continually making raids on the neighbouring islands to obtain those ghastly trophies



BURIAL PLACE, RUVIANA, SOLOMON ISLANDS.





especially when a new "tambu" house was built, a canoe landed, or when some great ceremonial feast was to be held. The large island of Ysabel, where the Spaniards under Mendana first landed about three hundred years previously, was at that time very populous, but, owing to the raids of the Ruviana head-hunters, there were at the time of our visit only a few villages left, except at the east and west ends of the island; and the same effects were noticed on Choiseul. Since Great Britain assumed the protectorate of the group, and a Resident Commissioner was appointed, this horrible custom of head-hunting has been practically stopped, though there are occasional instances of it at the present time when it can be carried out without the knowledge of the officials.

The principal chief, Ingava, was not well, and was staying at an island some miles away, so we did not see him. I wrote in my diary at the time: "For some reason or other neither he nor his people want missionaries to live here. I wish, however, that our Church would give some of us the opportunity of beginning Christian work amongst them; it would be a glorious work to win these souls for Christ, and I am sure it can be done." At the time I wrote this I had no expectation that our Methodist Church would so soon undertake the work, and that it would be my privilege to commence it. On our return from a visit to a place called Kokorapa, where we went to inspect a large wooden idol or "totem" pole we called again on Mr. N. Wheatley, and much enjoyed a talk with him. As we sat on his verandah we saw the large island of Rendova in the distance, on which, Mr. Wheatley told us, some sixty-two white men and women had been murdered in the past few years. We called also on this visit at Savo and Gavutu. At the latter place Mr. Nielson had a very fine station, to which he gave us a very hearty welcome, and did all he could to make our short stay as pleasant as possible. We also called at Neal Island and Aola. On August 11 we reached Marau Sound, and had a walk to the little cemetery on the top of the island on which the trading station was located.

We saw here one of the skull-houses which are a prominent feature in all the villages in the Solomons. The bodies of relatives are first exposed, either on some small island or in canoes amongst the mangrove bushes, and when decomposed the skull is brought away, and placed in a small model house, set up on a post or, in some instances, on small cairns. Offerings of food are placed near it, especially when any feasts are held.

At this time several of our passengers and some of the crew were ill with severe remittent fever, which I have no doubt was contracted in German New Guinea. Two of the passengers especially were very ill, and we had to arrange to keep watch each night with them; and on Monday, August 14, Mr. T. J. Hawley, from England, died at 7 a.m. He expired in his sleep so quietly that it was some little time before we knew that he had passed away. A coffin was prepared by the carpenter. This was placed in the boat, covered with the old English flag, and then a sorrowful party went on board the steam launch. The boat was towed to Crawford Island, and in a beautiful spot on the top of that lovely island the remains were interred. The solemn burial service was read, and fervent prayers were offered for the bereaved ones in the far-away English home. On Saturday, August 19, one of the cooks died, and many on board witnessed for the first time the impressive sight of a burial at sea. Our list of sick was still a large one, and some of the cases gave us much anxiety, but we fortunately reached Sydney on August 22, and were able to place them under proper medical treatment.

The necessity for this Mission was first brought under the consideration of the Board of Missions by the receipt from year to year of requests and petitions from a number of Solomon Islanders living in Fiji, many of whom had been converted under the ministry of the missionaries there, some of them being local preachers and officers of our Church, who earnestly desired to return to their own land, but refused to go unless a missionary or teacher went with them. The Board, whilst sympathising



MAN WITH CLOCK PLACED IN LOBE OF HIS EAR TO SHOW THE SIZE OF THE ORIFICE.  
CIRCUMFERENCE OF CLOCK, THIRTEEN INCHES.



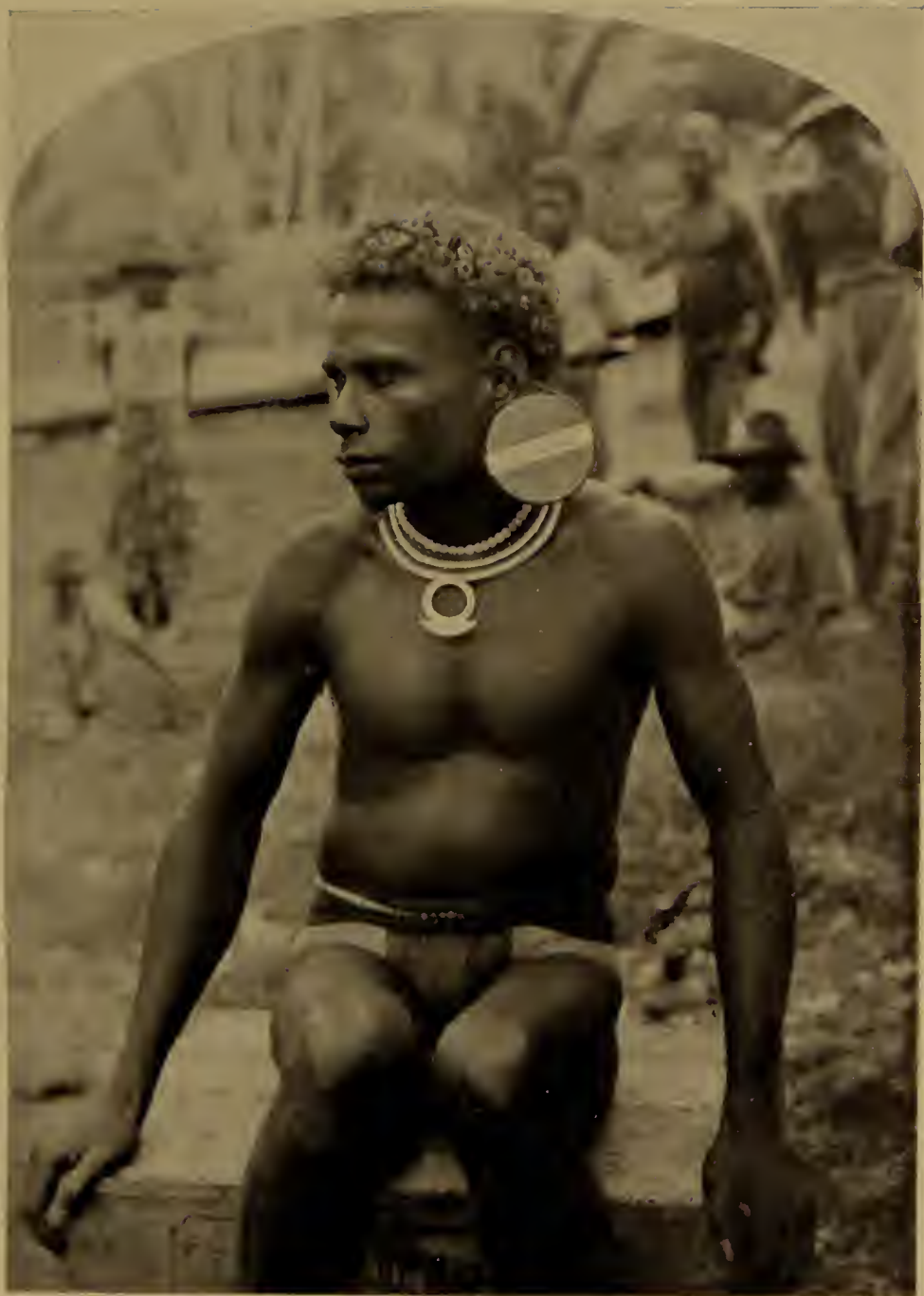
with their wishes, did not feel free to incur the responsibility of any Mission at that time. In the year 1901, however, the matter was fully discussed by the General Conference, and it was resolved, "That, in view of the whole facts, and the earnest call of the Solomon Islanders in Fiji, and in view also of the fact that the vast portion of the Solomons is at present absolutely without Gospel teaching, this Conference directs the Board of Missions to start a Mission in the Solomons in such parts as may seem most desirable and practicable, and at the earliest possible time." In accordance with this resolution, I was directed by the Board to visit the group to make all possible inquiries, and to collect the information necessary to enable them to decide upon the best measures for carrying out the instructions of the General Conference.

I left Sydney with my daughter in the s.s. *Titus*, on July 3, and encountered very heavy weather. The vessel was deeply laden, and in the heavy cross-sea shipped a great deal of water, so much so that the captain decided to pump out some sixty tons of fresh water in order to lighten her. We called at Norfolk Island, where I had an interview with the Bishop of Melanesia and the other missionaries. After leaving Norfolk Island, we visited Vila in the New Hebrides, Aola, Gavutu, and then entered the beautiful Maravo Lagoon, at the south-east end of New Georgia, by the Yokohama passage. We were all amazed at the beautiful scene which presented itself to our gaze. It is absolutely impossible to convey any adequate idea of the wondrous beauty of the lagoon. It commences at some islands lying to the south-east of New Georgia, running in a north-east direction about forty-five miles, in a direct line. The width varies from three to ten miles in the main portion of the lagoon, and then decreases to a narrow channel at the north-east end. The whole of the lagoon is studded with beautiful islands of varying sizes, all of which are wooded, the bright foliage contrasting very charmingly with the blue of the deeper parts of the lagoon and the brighter green of the shallow patches. The outside line of long low islands evidently marks the line of an



old barrier reef. We were not able to land on the mainland ; but it was very evident, both from the formation of the beach and by the white rocks which were visible, that all these islands are of coral formation. The people were very friendly, but, so far as I could gather, there was no great centre of population near our anchorage. Soon after our arrival I met the chief, Bera, a fine old man of good physique and genial expression. I went ashore with him, and took the opportunity of telling him the object of my visit, and tried to give him some idea of the success of mission work in our other Districts. He was not at all sympathetic, and expressed himself very decidedly against any missionaries living with or near him. He said : " Suppose missionary come, we will die : all same man Bagotu " (Bagotu is the principal station of the Melanesian Mission on Ysabel). I asked him if none of his people had been to Fiji, and he said, " Only one." I replied : " Go and ask him what the missionaries have done for Fiji, and then you will see that it is a good thing to have missionaries with you."

We reached Ruviana on the 26th, and found the people in a state of great excitement over a large feast which Ingava, the principal chief, was about to give to celebrate the opening of a new house which he had just built. A few years before this the house would not have been opened without a number of heads had been secured for the occasion ; and the fact that this was not done was a proof of the influence which had already been exerted by the Resident Commissioner, Mr. C. M. Woodford, and his colleague, Mr. Mahaffy, since the establishment of the Protectorate. It was soon very clear to me that great caution would have to be exercised in dealing with the chiefs and people, as they were evidently strongly opposed to any Mission being commenced. I talked with Ingava, without, however, speaking to him directly of our wishes. I gave a lantern lecture in the evening, and showed the people what the Gospel had done for other people like themselves. The views showed what the people of Fiji, New Guinea, and other places were before the introduction of Christianity, and what they were afterwards. I



MAN WITH BOX OF SPARKLET CARTRIDGES PLACED IN THE LOBE OF THE EAR,  
TO SHOW SIZE OF THE ORIFICE.



have said before that Mr. Wickham, one of the best known traders there, was an old personal friend of mine, and he did all he could to help me. No man had more influence with Ingava than he had, and it was through him that I made most of my communications to that chief. I soon, however, decided not to risk a refusal by asking for Ingava's permission to come. I was quite convinced that there would be no danger in our coming, and that any objections some of the chiefs and people might make would soon be removed. I therefore contented myself with doing the best I could to make a favourable impression on the old chief and the people; and this I think I succeeded in doing. Mr. Woodford kindly placed the Government schooner *Lahloo* at my disposal, in order to enable me to visit the island of Simbo, and Mr. Mahaffy, the Deputy Commissioner, accompanied me on the voyage. I had an interview with the principal chief, Belangana, a fine old man, with a most benevolent expression; and yet he was one of the greatest head-hunters in New Georgia. It seemed hardly credible that such a quiet-looking old man had been a leader in so many sanguinary expeditions. After returning to Gizo I had several long talks with Ingava and the people, but carefully avoided making any direct proposition to him. Mr. Mahaffy was very kind indeed, and in every possible way did his best to assist me. I left Gizo in the *Lahloo* for Ruviana, but joined the whale-boat at Ferguson Channel, and reached Mr. Wickham's station after being two hours in the schooner and eleven hours on board the boat. On Monday, August 5, I joined the steamer outside the reef, after a very narrow escape from being swamped as I crossed the bar in a whale-boat. On the return voyage we visited Santa Cruz, where Bishop Patteson and Commodore Goodenough were murdered. Our voyage back was by way of Vila and Norfolk Island, arriving in Sydney on August 28.

After communicating my report to the Board of Missions, it was decided to begin the Mission, and I was instructed to make the necessary preparations; but it is not necessary for me to describe the work which this involved. The Island Districts

of Fiji and Samoa were applied to for volunteers, and, as on previous occasions, the appeal was nobly responded to. The Rev. J. F. Goldie, from Queensland, and the Rev. S. R. Rooney, from South Australia, also volunteered. Mr. Rooney's appointment was exceedingly appropriate. He is the grandson of the late Rev. Stephen Rabone, a well-known missionary, and General Secretary of Foreign Missions. His father, the Rev. Isaac Rooney, spent some twenty-four years in the Pacific, and his mother died whilst on her way to New Britain, and was buried on one of the islands of the group to which her son was going. The offer of Mr. J. R. Martin, a Methodist layman, well known as a Christian worker in New South Wales, in response to an appeal for a missionary carpenter, was gladly accepted by the Board. Mr. Martin volunteered for the Mission because he desired to assist as far as he could in the noble enterprise of the Church to which he belonged; and I should like here to record that he rendered splendid service in the erection of the mission houses in the Solomons, after which he proceeded to New Britain, but was compelled to leave that District by failing health, and died some years afterwards in Orange. He was a good man, a devoted Christian, and an earnest worker for the good of the natives amongst whom he lived.

At a special meeting of the Board of Missions, held on April 30, resolutions of sympathy and love to the missionaries and teachers were passed by the Board, and these were afterwards presented at a large valedictory meeting held in the Centenary Hall. At this meeting, which was under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary Society, there was a large gathering of missionaries, as, in addition to the Solomons contingent, farewell was taken of the Rev. C. O. and Mrs. Lelean, Rev. W. E. and Mrs. Crawford, Rev. C. and Mrs. Bleazard, who were all going to Fiji; Rev. E. W. and Mrs. Caust to Rotuma; Rev. E. G. and Mrs. Neil to Samoa; Rev. C. and Mrs. Doley to New Britain, and Rev. E. J. Piper to Cairns. We left in the s.s. *Titus* on Friday, May 22, 1902. I have already given the names of the missionaries, and now place on record those of





RETURN OF FLEET OF TOMAKOS (WAR CANOES) FROM AN EXPEDITION.



A WAR CANOE STARTING ON EXPEDITION.



our native colleagues. From Fiji: Joni Laqere and Miriami his wife, Aparosa Rakuita and Keleraani his wife, Wiliami Gavidu, Rusiate Sawatabu, and Samu, a native of the Solomon Islands who had been converted in Fiji. From Samoa: Muna and his wife Tupuaga, Saiasi and his wife Tupuai, Seru and his wife Avane, and Ulu, a New Hebrides islander who had lived a long time in Samoa. We reached Gavutu on May 22, and were joined at that port, much to my satisfaction, by Mr. Woodford, the British Commissioner, on a visit to the western part of the group on business connected with the Government.

We anchored at Ruviana on May 23, 1902, a day which will be historical as that on which the Solomon Islands Mission was definitely commenced. I had great pleasure at a later date in conveying to Mr. F. Wickham and Mr. N. Wheatley the sincere thanks of the Board of Missions for the assistance which they rendered to us in those days; but that can express only very inadequately the gratitude which we on the spot all felt for the kindness we received from them. Our reception by the people was just as I had expected, and fully justified the action I had taken on my previous visits. There was no active opposition from the chiefs or from the people. They did not receive us with any enthusiasm or cordiality, but, on the other hand, they took no steps to prevent our landing. One old chief, however, from the island of Ruviana was very excited, and as he was haranguing the natives, and trying to make them as excited as himself, I thought it time to interfere. After a few kindly words I asked him where he came from, and he told me from Ruviana. "Well, go back and stay at Ruviana, and do just as you like there. We will not interfere with you until you ask us to go. I have got a little island on which we intend to live, and you need never come near us unless you wish to do so." After a little more quiet talk he went away, and I did not see him again for some weeks.

On Sunday, May 25, I conducted the first service ashore in this Mission, and I think it well to give a brief account of it, as

it will show the principles on which we acted, and the advice which I continuously gave to the teachers. I pulled over to Mr. Wheatley's station early in the morning, and we all assembled in front of his house in the open air. I had to speak to the teachers in Fijian and Samoan, and this made it rather a mixed kind of service. I gave out the hymn "My heart and voice I raise," in English, then gave the number of the translation of the same hymn in the Fijian, and then in the Samoan hymn-book. The Fijians and Samoans sang the hymn to the same tune, 'Ascalon,' whilst we sang it in English. I was the only one who understood the three languages, but I have no doubt it sounded all right to people at a distance. Then I read the lesson alternately in Fijian and Samoan, and gave the address separately to each company of the teachers. I felt the responsibility of my position very much indeed, and was very thankful afterwards for the assurance that the words of counsel and advice which I offered created a deep impression on the minds of the teachers. I knew well from my experience in the past the mistakes which men placed in the position in which they were were liable to make in their intercourse with the people, and the trouble which might easily be caused by any assumption of superior power, or by the appearance of any overbearing conduct on their part towards the natives amongst whom they lived. I told them, very earnestly, that the greatest power in the world was that of love, and that we could only hope to win the people by proving in every way that we loved them, and that we had come to them because God loved them, and because Christ died for them, and had sent us to preach His Gospel to them to save them from their sins, through faith in His name. I followed this up from time to time by a few kindly words of advice with regard to their intercourse with the people.

Our time was fully occupied in the hard work necessary for the commencement of a large station. We could not get local labour as we were able to do when we commenced the New Guinea Mission, and our work consequently took much longer



THREE GIRLS OF LUA NIUA, ONTONG JAVA.





than it would otherwise have done. Mr. Wickham and Mr. Wheatley were very kind in lending us some of their native labour, and after we had secured a site on the mainland Mr. Mahaffy kindly brought a large number of the constabulary, who rendered us very valuable help. Previous to this, however, our time was fully occupied in cutting the heavy piles required for the foundation of the house at Nusa Songa, boating them over to the island, and conveying some of the timber and goods to the station.

NOTES OF VOYAGE TO YSABEL ISLANDS, LORD HOWE  
(ONTONG JAVA), AND TASMAN GROUPS.

Mr. Woodford, the British Resident Commissioner, having very kindly offered me the opportunity of visiting these little-known groups, in the Government schooner, which was being sent on a visit of inspection, I gladly availed myself of his kind offer, as, from previous information and knowledge, I was strongly of opinion that these groups, peopled, as they were said to be, by a Polynesian race, would be a grand field of work for our Tongan and Samoan teachers, which could easily be supervised from Ruviana. I have written a long account of this most interesting voyage which was printed in the *Missionary Review*, but can only give a brief abstract here.

We left Ruviana on June 13, and after reaching Ysabel we passed through a large sound, about twelve miles south-east of Manning Straits, where the island is pierced by a deep water-way dotted with islands of varying size. We were, in fact, on the track taken by the Spaniards three hundred years before, when they first discovered the group. On Monday, June 16, we reached Kia, near Port Praslin, and after a rough passage from there we entered the large lagoon on the evening of Tuesday, the 17th, very thankful to be in a safe and good anchorage. The atoll, which is called by the natives, Lua Niua, and is known on the charts as Ontong Java, is, I believe, the largest single atoll in the world. The natives, we soon found,

were of the Eastern Polynesian race, for I and the Samoan teacher who accompanied me could understand many of their words and some of their sentences.

We landed on June 18. As we neared the beach two natives came out on the reef, each holding the end of a long string of cocoanut leaves, with some very young nuts tied on it. One of them went on each side of the boat, and brushed the leaves, etc., over our heads, whilst the old priest on shore offered up some prayer or incantation. This was to drive away any sickness or ill-luck that we might be bringing with us. The atoll is about a hundred and twenty miles in circumference, and at some places is very wide; in fact, when we were beating up in the schooner we were often out of sight of the reef on both sides of us. The reef is dotted with islands, containing a great many cocoanut palms. None of the islands, I think, exceeds half a mile in width. There are also a number of islands in the lagoon itself. We first called on the chief, Uila, and found him to be a typical Polynesian chief, very dignified and very polite. He had evidently very great influence amongst the people, and occupied a position very different to that which is held by most of the Melanesian chiefs I have known. On our way back we looked in at the heathen temple, but were not allowed to go inside. The chief priest and his attendants were seated in it, but did not come out to see us. The building was not in good repair. It was about fifty feet in length, by about twenty feet wide. At one end there were two large, rudely carved figures, considerably over life-size. We were told in pidgin-English by a man who had been to sea, that one was a "male devil," and the other a female of the same genus. On a lower platform, at the feet of the figures, were two images of children, to complete the family. The house was full of carved representations of every kind of fish, and of all the animals with which the people have any acquaintance. So far as we could gather, the principal functions of the priests are to make spells for the cure of sickness, avert misfortune, control the winds and weather, and, generally, to do everything which the people wish them to do.



LARGE GENERAL CEMETERY, LUA NIUA, ONTONG JAVA.





It is a pretty large order, but, from all I could hear, the people have full confidence in their powers.

We then walked to what I consider one of the most interesting places I have visited, namely, the very peculiar graveyards in these islands. Contrary to the general custom in the Pacific, all the dead are buried together, and not, as is the usual custom, near the houses where they have lived. The cemeteries here are in open cleared spaces covered over with white sand, and they are kept most scrupulously clean, not a leaf or piece of dirt being allowed to remain upon them. Every grave is marked by a large upright coral slab, which, in many instances, is highly coloured, and the top of the slab is also frequently covered with pandanus leaves. It was a most affecting sight to see some of the mourners for a child, which had been dead some months, sitting over the grave with heads bowed down, and in complete silence. They had erected a small rude hut close to the grave, and in this way lived for at least a year, most of which time was spent in sitting or lying on the grave by day and night. One poor widow was carefully and tenderly sweeping the sand over her late husband's grave. Some of the large slabs were in the shape of a cross. On one of these places there was a rudely carved figure. In the cemetery of the chief's family a number of women were sitting over the grave in which his deceased wife had been lately buried, and for whom the chief was still in deep mourning.

My intercourse with these people was made much easier by finding one native who had lived some years in Samoa, another who had lived in Tonga, and a third who had been for some years in Fiji. All these knew the respective languages, and, as I understood them all, I was able to talk with them, and get them to explain the object of our coming. The women, I noticed, had their hair cropped very close, but the men had the same wavy black hair that the Samoans have, and in many instances they wore it just as the old heathen Samoans used to do. All the men were very much disfigured by the custom of slitting each nostril, in which they inserted a pendant

made of tortoise-shell. The men had two distinct kinds of tattooing, which, I am inclined to think, were distinctive badges of their respective "totems." Some of them had beards, but the majority had little or none at all. Every time we landed we had the string of cocoanut leaves dragged over our heads ; so I think they kept free from all diseases.

On June 22 we ran down to the island of Pelau, in the lagoon, about thirty-three miles distant, and from there we visited the Tasman Group, the native name of which is Numanu. This a fine atoll, like an elongated horse-shoe in shape, with the entrance through the reef at the open end. There is no entrance all round the circular part. It was very wonderful to see these atolls in the midst of the wide, open sea, with deep blue water right up to the great breakwater of coral which enclosed the comparatively shallow lagoon inside. The reef is dotted over its whole extent with islands and islets, all of which are evidently growing in size year by year. Each island has a bank of pure white sand at either end, showing newly made land ; in some cases two or more islets are nearly united, and others show that they have been united in years past. We had one very interesting fact made clear to us. In a chart (the most recent one) made of Numanu in 1888, there was only one island at the entrance of the passage by which we came into the lagoon, and a number of stones were marked on the chart a little farther south ; but at the time of our visit that place was an islet, with a number of cocoanut trees on it, most, or all, of which appeared to be in full bearing. We noticed also that in another passage where a reef was marked in the 1888 chart there were then four cocoanut trees growing on it. We found good deep water in the lagoon, and were most of the afternoon beating up with a nice breeze.

Whilst on this group I visited some curious wells, where some hawksbill turtles were kept confined. There were eleven wells, which formerly were all filled, but at this time only two of them were occupied by the turtles. They are caught young, and placed in these wells, which are connected with the tide, and the



ANOTHER VIEW OF CEMETERY, ONTONG JAVA.





animals are fed regularly every day with shell-fish. The top of each well is covered over with logs and cocoanut leaves, so that the turtle lives in a state of semi-darkness, and this, I think, is to cause the shell to preserve the amber or yellow colour which the people value so much. Each turtle is stripped of one or more plates of shell every year, and then put back into its well to grow more. It seemed very cruel to us, but the natives appeared to think that the turtle does not object to the process, as he is well fed every day with shell-fish.

Some old ladies there gave us a series of very vigorous dances, which appeared to consist of some kind of challenge by the orchestra, which was responded to by the dancers by voice, gesture, and dancing. It was all very good-natured, and provoked great laughter, without the slightest appearance of anything objectionable either in word or gesture. Two of the *old* ladies got so excited that, amid roars of laughter, they attempted to rub noses with me, which is the nearest approach to kissing that they have. I objected, of course, but when the dance was over, and we were coming away, they both came forward, took my hand, and we rubbed noses together in the most friendly manner.

We, of course, visited the temple of the patron saint, or "devil-devil," Puapua. The temple is a very large building, but is nearly falling down. The pillars were all covered with plaited sinnett, and when the building was new it must have been very imposing indeed. The idol was by far the best I have seen, and it seemed to us that it was regarded by the people as being the representative of the deity or devil, and that it was worshipped by them. The remains of the old Puapua were visible around the feet of the new one, notably the remains of his helmet, with long points indicating spears. Our guide told us with great gravity that the old fellow used to kill too many people, so when he got into a state of disrepair, and they made a new idol, they made his head-gear much smaller, and did not put so many spear points on it, nor make them as long as in the previous case, and so sought to curtail his powers of mischief.



We went ashore at night, and I gave them a lantern exhibition, which amazed and delighted them. It was a calm night, and we hung the sheet under the cocoanut trees, where it was very dark indeed. They had never seen anything like it before, and I certainly never showed the views under more peculiar circumstances. The place, a lonely atoll standing alone in the waste of water in the broad Pacific, the crowds of wonder-stricken natives, and only two or three white men present; and yet we felt as safe as in any city in our own land, whilst the joy one felt at being able to give so much pleasure, the curious remarks made by the people, especially by our interpreter, Bob, all combined to make the night memorable to us. After the views had been shown I took out the burners, and the brilliant light of four acetylene gas-burners completed the amazement of the people. As there was plenty of carbide unused, I left the light burning, and so they soon had another and larger dance organised; and this they kept up until we were all tired, and I put out the light, packed up, and went on board. Bob and the natives came on board the following morning, and we were soon under way. He said the people were all full of wonder at the exhibition the previous night. They said: "You no all same man, you all same devil." This was meant as a great compliment to me. We had a narrow escape from shipwreck on our way back, but finally reached Ruviana again on July 4.

I could not induce the people to take a teacher that time, nor did I think it wise to press the matter until we were in a better position to occupy the group. The Rev. J. F. Goldie took teachers the following year, but they refused to allow them to land. He went again, after waiting another twelve months, but the natives still refused to receive them. Mr. Goldie was about to return, when the two teachers, a Tongan called Jemesa Nau and a Samoan called Pologa, absolutely refused to leave. They said to Mr. Goldie: "You take our wives and children back, but leave us the boat, and we will stay here until the people are of a better mind, for it is God's will that the Gospel should be



ANOTHER CEMETERY, LUA NIUA, ONTONG JAVA.



preached amongst them, and we will wait until the door is opened for us to enter." And so those two brave men lived in a small boat anchored near the shore of the lagoon for more than three months, during which time they were often short of food, and for some days without water, until a native swam off at night with some cocoanuts for them to drink. They were very rarely allowed on shore, and were compelled to sleep in the boat during all those weeks. At length a chief from another island asked them to go to him, and they commenced the work there, with the result that in the course of two years they had three large churches built in the principal places of the group, including the town in which they were at first forbidden to land, and the great bulk of the people were regular attendants at the schools and services. No more heroic act has been recorded in modern missions than that of those two devoted men.

On our return to Ruviana I succeeded in purchasing a large piece of land for the principal station, on which a good house was subsequently erected, and a flourishing Mission conducted by the Rev. J. F. and Mrs. Goldie. Rev. S. R. and Mrs. Rooney subsequently removed to the island of Choiseul, and they also have been signally successful in the work which they have been privileged to do in that large island.

I visited the group again in 1905, and was much pleased with the wonderful progress which had been made. Mr. Goldie had planted the whole of the land which we purchased with cocoanuts, and this in itself was a valuable object-lesson for the people, in teaching them the value of their waste lands.

#### FIJI

I can say but little of my experience in this great Mission. The story of Fiji, and the wonderful success which has been achieved there, would require far more space than can possibly be occupied in this work, and I content myself with giving an extract from a "Brief Account of Methodist Missions," which I wrote some time ago: "Up to the year 1835 the darkness of a most cruel and revolting heathenism still covered the whole



of the islands, and gross darkness the hearts of the people. In no other land in these seas were the people more cruel than in Fiji, and nowhere did the chiefs wield a more despotic power. We owe this grand Mission, as also our Samoan Mission, to the constraining love of Christ in the hearts of men who accepted Him as their Saviour in that great Pentecostal outpouring of the Spirit of God in Tonga in the year 1834. The men and women who were so abundantly blessed in that great revival were filled with an intense longing that all the world should be partakers of the peace and joy which filled their own hearts. They pleaded for Fiji with a power which was irresistible, and in a few months Messrs. Cargill and Cross, yielding to their entreaties to be led to preach Christ to the heathen, took charge of a number of these devoted men, and together they landed in Fiji on October 12, 1835.

“No more apparently hopeless task could have been undertaken, when those two solitary white men and a few of their Tongan converts landed to attack the very citadel of Satan, and were confronted by at least 140,000 of the most fierce and cruel savages in all the Pacific groups. But God was with them ; and when the history of the Church of Christ in the last century is written, one of the most marvellous facts which the historian will have to record will be the wonderful work of God which has been done in Fiji, and the glorious success with which He has blessed the labours of His servants there. Few people realise the magnitude of the work done, and the greatness of the success which has been achieved. We can give statistics which tell of the numbers of our churches, the extent of our Circuits, and the number of the members and adherents, but these can give no correct idea of the actual result. We cannot tell of the thousands whose lives were changed by the power of Divine truth, to whom new ideals were given, who were led step by step from low to higher levels of Christian experience, and were made new men in Christ Jesus, who testified by their daily life to the reality of the change, and passed from earth to heaven in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. In





Photo by Mr. H. P. M. Berry.

"A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE."



every Fiji village to-day may be found good and noble men and women who 'adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things;' and from those little-known places have gone many of those devoted labourers who, not counting life dear unto them, have left their homes to live and labour in the mission field—to do, to dare, and to die for Christ's sake, that the heathen might be brought to know Him whom to know is life eternal. Some of these heroic lives we know, but we rejoice in the assurance that around the throne of God in heaven are gathered many thousands of those dark-skinned Fijians whom the world has never known, but who, being redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and having accepted Him as their Saviour, are now for ever with the Lord."

I have been many times in Fiji, but have never laboured there. I have at different times been in every one of the Circuits, and with two or three exceptions have been on all the mission stations, and I never visited the place without being filled with wonder and gratitude to God for the grand work which has been accomplished in that District.

#### RETIREMENT FROM OFFICE

Having notified the Board of Missions of my intention to retire from the office of General Secretary at the General Conference, a very kind resolution was recorded on the Minutes; and at the General Conference held in Sydney in June 1907, I tendered my resignation. I cannot here set down the many kind words which were spoken by representatives from all the Conferences. I can only, in justice to the General Conference, give the resolution which was adopted by a standing vote, the Conference remaining standing whilst the President presented the resolution and expressed to me the good wishes of my brethren. The resolution was as follows: "In connection with the retirement of the Rev. George Brown, D.D., from the office of General Secretary of Missions, the General Conference hereby records its sense of the value of the services rendered by him during his long and distinguished missionary career. First,

as a missionary to Samoa, then as the founder and pioneer of the New Britain Mission, and, for the past twenty years, as General Secretary for Missions, he has had a term of almost unbroken missionary service of no less than forty-seven years. During his connection with the Society its operations have extended to New Britain, New Guinea, and the Solomon Islands, and it has been Dr. Brown's distinguished honour to have played a prominent part in founding all these new Missions. As Special Commissioner to Tonga, at a critical stage of the history of our work there, he also rendered valuable service. Full of missionary enthusiasm, and possessed of a unique knowledge of the Polynesian races, Dr. Brown has been a trusted leader in all our forward movement, and a brother beloved and revered by all the missionaries in the field. He has also enjoyed the confidence and affection of the native races in all the Districts under our care. The Conference regrets his resignation, and prays that to him may be given a prolonged and restful eventide after his long, strenuous, and successful missionary toil." The Conference also decided that this resolution should be suitably engrossed, and presented to me at the ensuing New South Wales Conference. At a later stage of the Conference I was appointed Honorary Secretary of Missions.

I had to remain in office until April 1908, the end of the Connexional year, thus completing twenty-one years' service as General Secretary. At the New South Wales Conference of 1908 I became supernumerary, and on that occasion the Conference passed the following resolution: "On the retirement of the Rev. George Brown, D.D., from the office of General Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society, the Conference hereby places on record its appreciation of the distinguished services rendered by him throughout a strenuous ministry, extending over forty-eight years. Imbued with the missionary spirit, he offered as a candidate for service in the foreign field, and for nearly half a century has devoted himself to the work of God in connection with the Foreign



THE MISSION YACHT, "GEORGE BROWN."





Missionary Society. After labouring for fifteen years in Samoa, and a short term in circuit work in Sydney, he was appointed in 1887 to the office of General Secretary for Foreign Missions, the duties of which he has performed with distinguished ability and fidelity. The new Missions to New Britain, New Guinea, and the Solomon Islands were established by a faithful band of missionaries led, in each case, by Dr. Brown, whose courage, sagacity, and fostering care contributed largely to the success those new Missions have achieved. As General Secretary of Foreign Missions, Dr. Brown holds a unique place in the affections and esteem of our missionaries; as a Christian man he is widely known and universally respected and trusted by officials and commercial men, by Governors and other high functionaries of the Crown, as well as the less-known traders in the Pacific; as a member of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science, and a frequent and welcome contributor to its discussions, he has won hearty and appreciative recognition; and as a Methodist minister he is esteemed as a 'brother beloved.' In 1891 the Conference conferred on Dr. Brown the highest honour in its gift, by placing him in the Presidential Chair, and in this position, as well as in others, he discharged its obligations with credit to himself and honour to the Connexion. The Conference assures Dr. Brown, who still retains his connection with the Foreign Missionary Department as Honorary Secretary, of its warm affection, and prays that while released from the actual responsibility of office, he may be spared to further enrich the literature of missionary history by a permanent record of 'the wonderful works of God' in the South Pacific."

I was also presented with the illuminated address of the General Conference, and a cheque representing an amount contributed by many friends in the respective States and New Zealand. The Home Committee in London also recorded on their Minutes an appreciation of the work which I had been privileged to do. This was highly appreciated by the Australasian Board of Missions, and also by myself.

*Progress to end of 1907 of our latest Missions, all of which were absolutely heathen at the time when they were begun by the Australasian Board of Missions.*

	New Britain, begun 1875	New Guinea, begun 1891	Sol. Islands, begun 1902
Churches . . . . .	155	57	22
Missionaries . . . . .	7	7	4
Missionary Sisters . . . . .	4	4	1
Native ministers and catechists . . . . .	15	11	4
Teachers . . . . .	153	56	13
Local preachers . . . . .	174	37	—
Church members . . . . .	3,119	908	43
Sunday-school scholars . . . . .	5,506	3,597	820
Attendants on public worship . . . . .	19,594	19,776	5,050

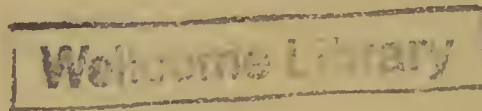
#### PROGRESS DURING TWO DECADES

The following figures will be interesting to many as showing the progress made in our mission work in twenty years. There were—

{	1886.	Full members . . . . .	29,546
	1906.	„ . . . . .	40,562
{	1886.	Adherents . . . . .	110,242
	1906.	„ . . . . .	131,809
{	1886.	Income . . . . .	£11,632
	1906.	„ . . . . .	25,066
{	1886.	Expenditure . . . . .	£12,403
	1906.	„ . . . . .	27,434

The contributions from native churches in 1906 were as follows :

Chinese, £23 7s. ; Samoa, £858 os. 3d. ; Fiji, £4,842 1s. 8d. ; New Britain, £1,389 3s. ; New Guinea, £216 2s. 9d. ; Solomon Islands, £4 2s. Total, £7,332 16s. 8d.





# POLYNESIA

ON MERCATORS PROJECTION

Steamer Routes ——— Telegraph Cables ———  
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